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A DICTIONARY
QUOTATIONS FROM THE
ENGLISH POETS.

BY

HENRY G. BOHN,

F.R.S. F.L.S. F.R.H.S. F.S.C. F.R.G.S.

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AUTHOR OF 'A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GEOGRAPHY,'

'A COLLECTION OF FOLK-LORE PROVERBS,' 'THE PROGRESS

AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE KENTISH LITERATURE.'

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COVENT GARDEN.

1881.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE present edition of my "Dictionary of English Poetical Quotations" is a verbatim re-issue, with a few slight corrections, of a volume printed for private distribution in July, 1867, of which the history is given in the original preface hereinafter annexed. That volume was printed in a conventional form, rather larger than the present, under the auspices of the *Philobiblon Society*, of which sometime previously I had the honour of being elected a member. The edition consisted of 500 copies, a number which seemed to me sufficiently large for its object; but these were speedily dispersed among literary and social friends, an extra demand for the book having been created by an elaborate and complimentary review of it in the *Times*, *January 7th*, 1868, from which review, braving the charge of egotism, I indulge in quoting the subjoined extracts. Out of the said 500 copies, printed nearly fourteen years ago, it is somewhat remarkable that only four should have turned up at public auctions, three of which sold for 5 guineas each, and the fourth for £4 14s. 6d.; this last at the sale of the late Mr. De Lane's library, in November, 1878. As applications for the book continue to be made, many of them with considerable earnestness,

occasionally coupled with a remonstrance against my making it so exclusive, I have at length consented to comply with what seems to be a public demand, and hope the result will justify my concession.

It seems, perhaps, necessary that I should say something about the verses marked MS., as they have excited occasional inquiry: they are all, as far as my memory serves, my own composition, being portions of longer poems written in my sentimental days, between fifty or sixty years ago, chiefly for ladies' albums, of which I occasionally had several at a time on my table. Unfortunately I have no longer any complete record of these poems, for the volume containing them, as well as my wife's album, in which there were many, have both been stolen, the attractiveness of the volumes to thieves having no doubt been the morocco bindings and gold fittings.

The only poetry I have ventured to attempt of late years has been a few translations from Martial, Petrarch, and Schiller, for various volumes of my Standard and other Libraries, which have now become the property of my successors in that department, Messrs. George Bell & Sons, at my old residence in York Street, Covent Garden.

HENRY G. BOHN.

NORTH END HOUSE,
TWICKENHAM.

EXTRACT FROM THE *TIMES*,

JANUARY 7TH, 1868.

“MR. BOHN has been successful in making an honest and
“worthy book of Quotations from English Poets. It is im-
“possible to define its exact value without searching it for
“verses which are needed ; we have tried it, however, in this
“way to a limited extent, and found it to answer the demand
“upon it in every instance. The principle of the arrange-
“ment is reference to the *subject* of a verse, and not, as in
“some cases, to the chief word of a first line, or to initial
“letters. Mr. Bohn has spent his life among books, and has
“consequently caught the trick of extracting from them the
“valuable essence they may contain, and of keeping it where
“it may readily be found when wanted. This acquirement
“he uses to the best advantage in a volume of over 700 pages,
“stored with lines from nearly 450 poets. One special and
“distinctive merit of this careful work is that in many in-
“stances chapter and verse are given for the references, so
“that anyone who searches for a verse may find not only the
“answer, but the particular poem in which it occurs. Mr.
“Bohn’s volume has the rare recommendation of being en-
“tirely free from the rubbish which is commonly thrust into
“similar collections. His selections have been made from a
“long and extensive course of reading, and it everywhere
“bears evidence of a scholar’s eye and taste. There must be,
“as we judge, nearly 8,000 quotations in this volume, ranging
“from Chaucer to Tennyson, and they are all pithy, apposite,
“and good. We have not attempted to verify all the 8,000,
“but those we have compared are faithfully given ; and we
“may safely award credit to Mr. Bohn for the accuracy, as
“well as the labour, of his work. The large number of ex-
“tracts alone will show that, although no great pretensions
“are put forward on behalf of the work, it forms a useful
“addition to the literature of the class to which it belongs.”



PREFACE.

THE present volume is the result of a taste for collecting poetical quotations, which beset me in the days of my nonage, now more than half a century ago. At that time I belonged to a society of exuberant youths, who rivalled each other in spicing their conversation with scraps of poetry, sometimes Latin, but oftener English; and one of them, who had an extraordinary memory, never failed to be profuse in this kind of embellishment. Being of an age and temperament to imbibe the contagion, and naturally emulous of distinction among my companions, I read the poets diligently, and registered, in a portable form, whatever I thought apposite and striking.

At that period there existed scarcely any books of English quotations practically accessible: Allot's 'England's Parnassus,' published as long back as 1600, and which gives only the earlier poets, used to sell for upwards of five pounds. Poole's 'English Parnassus,' which followed in 1657, was comparatively useless, being ill digested and entirely without authorities; and Hayward's *British Muse*, published in 1738, though very satisfactory as far as it goes, and always within reach of a moderate purse, stops short at Herrick, and consequently omits Milton, Butler,

Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, Gay, Pope, Swift, Thomson, and a great many others who flourished within his time; and these were precisely the poets we most cared to cultivate. In later years, but too late for my youthful purposes, Messrs. Whittaker brought out a Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets, in 3 vols. post 8vo., one for Shakespeare in 1823, another for Blank Verse in 1824, and the third for Rhyme in 1825, *all anonymous, but known to be by Wm. Kingdom.* This work, which subsequently became my property, is a very careful and excellent compilation, and has been largely used by subsequent compilers, English and American, especially the latter, without in any instance, as far as I can discover, having been acknowledged or even mentioned by them.

Within the last few years there has been a perfect deluge of Quotation books of every kind, some consisting merely of short consecutive extracts from a few of our principal poets, which it seems to me any intelligent reader might make quite as well for himself; others inconveniently arranged under initial letters, or the principal word of a first line, which often carries a quotation far away from its natural place; others again, without any authorities whatever, or giving them so sparsely, imperfectly, or faultily, as to render their books teasing and of scarcely any literary value. The most exempt from these short-comings, and the most satisfactory, so far as my examination has extended, is Mr. Grocott's small volume entitled an 'Index to Familiar Quotations.' This gives the authorities with exemplary precision, and possesses

a good Index, which is a great convenience for tracing required lines ; but the selection is very limited, without the least observance of chronological order, and the arrangement, though professedly according to subjects, is too often determined merely by a leading word ; for instance, Pope's fine lines on Providence, ending with "whatever is, is right," are placed under the word "All," because they so commence. Mr. Friswell's recent volume entitled '*Familiar Words*' has exactly the same advantages and disadvantages, even to the extent of placing the same lines in the very same place. But principles of arrangement have ever been open to discussion, and some may prefer what I disapprove to what I have adopted ; neither is it my province to criticise my predecessors, and I do so, in the present instance, only by way of shewing my divergence from their plans.

My own volume must speak for itself : it has grown by slow degrees from its original embryo to the portly shape it now assumes, and has been especially enlarged since I came to the determination, some four or five years since, to prepare it for press. The arrangement of subjects, as will be seen, is alphabetical, in the manner of a common place book, and the quotations, so far as printing convenience would permit, are placed chronologically. Some few duplications will be found under synonymes ; a defect, if it is one, which I have found unavoidable.

I had not in my early selections affixed chapter and verse references to the extracts, but merely the author's name ; in some instances trusting to my memory, in others unable to give them, owing to the then prevalent

want of editions in which the poet's lines were numbered. And in connection with this explanation, I take leave to say that no edition of a poet should be printed without a proper numbering of the lines or stanzas, so as to afford ready means of reference; and the few which I have myself edited or published are so provided; but I regret to see that many editions, even of recent date, are in this respect conspicuously deficient. Although I have endeavoured to remedy my early neglect of minute references, by subsequent reading, I have not in all instances been successful, even in respect to poets with which I presumed myself to be perfectly familiar, such as Butler, whose *Hudibras*, I have had occasion to read through, for editorial purposes, some three or four times. I hope, however, to remedy whatever omissions or imperfections may from time to time be discovered by an *Appendicula of Curæ posteriores*; for which object I court criticism and communications.

I have only to add that this volume, whatever its merits or demerits, will have cost me, independently of my personal labour, several hundred pounds; and that it is not printed for sale but exclusively for presents to my friends and acquaintances, or persons of public esteem, with whom I have had, or may hereafter have, social relations.

HENRY G. BOHN.

NORTH END HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

July, 1867.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED,

WITH DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH AS NEAR AS THEY CAN BE ASCERTAINED.

*An * asterisk prefixed to either date denotes uncertainty.*

*An explanation is introduced of such abridgments as seem to require it.
Where the titles are distinctly quoted they are not repeated here.*

- ADDISON, Joseph, born 1672. died 1719. *Camp. Campaign, a Poem.*
AKENSIDE, Mark, 1721—1770. *Pl. Im. Pleasures of Imagination.*
ALEYN, Charles, 1600—1640. *H. VII. Henry VII.*
ARBUTHNOT, Dr. John, 1675—1735.
ARMSTRONG, Dr. John, 1709—1779. *A. P. H. Art of Preserving Health.*
BAILEY, Philip James, 1816, living. *Fest. Festus.*
BAILLIE, Joanna, 1764—1851. *D. M. De Montfort, a Tragedy.—
Ethw. Ethwald, Tragedy.*
BALFE, Michael William, 1808—1870.
BARBAULD, Anna Letitia, 1743—1824.
BARHAM, Richard, (*pseud.* Thomas Ingoldsby), 1788—1845. *Ingold.
Ingoldsby Legends.*
BARLOW, Joel, (American), 1755—1812. *Col. The Columbiad, a Poem.*
BARNARD, Lady Anne, 1750—1825. *A. R. G. Audit Robin Gray.*
BARON, Robert, *1630—1680.
BARRETT, Elizabeth (Mrs. Browning), 1805—1861.
BARTON, Bernard, 1784—1849.
BASTARD, Thomas, *1560—1618.
BAYLY, Thomas Haynes, 1797—1839.
BEATTIE, Dr. James, 1735—1803. *Min. Minstrel.*
BECKINGHAM, Charles, 1699—1730.
BEAUMONT, Francis (and FLETCHER), 1585—1616. *Capt. Captain, a
Comedy.—Four P. Four Plays in One.—H. M. Fort. Honest Man's
Fortune, a Tragi-Comedy.—Loy. Sub. Loyal Subject, a Tragi-Comedy.
—Sp. Cu. Spanish Curate, a Comedy.*
BEAUMONT, Sir John, 1582—1628.
BENJAMIN, Park, (American), 1809—1864.
BICKERSTAFF, Isaac, *1735—1805.
BISHOP, 1731—1795.
BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, *1650—1729.

- BLAIR, Robert, 1699—1746. *Gra. Grave, a Poem.*
 BLOOMFIELD, Rob. 1766—1823. *F. B. Farmer's Boy.*—*R. T. Rural Tales,*
 BOWLES, William Lisle, 1762—1850.
 BOWBING, Sir John, 1792—1872.
 BRATHWAITE, Richard, 1588—1673. *S. A. The Smoking Age.*
 BROME, Richard, *1600—1652. *Nov. Novella, a Comedy.*
 BROOKE, Henry, 1706—1783. *Earl of W. Earl of Westmoreland.*
 BROOKE, Lord (Fulke Greville), 1554—1628. *Ala. Alaham, a Tragedy.*
 BROWN, Tom, *1650—1704.
 BROWNE, Dr. John, 1715—1766. *Athel. Athelstan, a Tragedy.*
 BROWNE, William, 1590—1645. *Past. Britannia's Pastorals.*
 BROWNING, Mrs. See BARRETT, Elizabeth.
 BRYANT, William Cullen, (American), 1794—1878.
 BUCKINGHAM, John Sheffield, Duke of, 1649—1720.
 BUCKINGHAM, Villiers, Duke of, 1627—1688.
 BULWER, Sir Edward Lytton (Lord Lytton), 1805—1872.
 BUNYAN, John, 1628—1688.
 BURNS, Robert, 1759—1796. *Cot. Sat. N. Cotter's Saturday Night.*
Henp. Husb. Henpeck'd Husband.
 BUTLER, Samuel, 1612—1680. *Hu. Hudibras.*—*M. T. Miscellaneous Thoughts.*
 BYROM, John, 1691--1763.
 BYRON, George Gordon, Lord, 1788—1824. *B. Ab. Bride of Abydos.*—
Ch. II. Childe Harold.—*Cors. Corsair.*—*Doge V. Doge of Venice.*—
D. J. Don Juan.—*Eng. B. English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*—
Sard. Sardanapalus.—*Cor. Siege of Corinth.*—*Vis. J. Vision of Judgment.*
 CAMPBELL, Thomas, 1777—1844. *P. II. Pleasures of Hope.*
 CANNING, George, 1770—1827.
 CAREW, Lady Elizabeth, temp. James I. *Mar. Marmion, the Fair Queen of Jewry, a Tragedy.*
 CAREW, Thomas, 1589—1639.
 CAREY, Henry, *1690—1743. *Chron. Chrononhotonthologus.*
 CARTWRIGHT, William, 1611—1643. *Siege. The Siege, or Love's Convert, a Tragi-comedy.*
 CARY, Henry Francis, 1772—1844.
 CAWTHORN, James, 1719—1761.
 CHAPMAN, George, 1557—1634. *C. and P. Cæsar and Pompey, a Tragedy.*
 CHATTERTON, Thomas, 1752—1770.
 CHAUCER, Geoffrey, 1328—1400. *C. T. Canterbury Tales.*
 CHURCHILL, Charles, 1731—1764. *Ap. Apology.*—*Cand. Candidate — Farew. Farewell.*—*Ni. Night.*—*Ros. Rosciad.*
 CIBBER, Colley, 1671—1757. *Dou. Gal. Double Gallant, a Comedy*
 CLARE, John, 1793—1864.
 CLARK, Willis Gaylord, (American), 1810—1841.
 CLEVELAND, John, 1613—1659.
 COLEBRIDGE, Samuel Taylor, 1772—1834. *Anct. Mar. Ancient Mariner.*
 COLLINS, William, *1720—1756.
 COLMAN, George, 1733—1794.

- COLMAN, George, (the younger), 1762—1836. *B. G. Broad Grins.*
P. V. Poetical Vagaries.
- COLTON, C. C., *1790—1832.
- COMBE, George, 1788—1858.
- CONGREVE, William, 1672—1729. *Mo. Br. Mourning Bride, a Tragedy.*
- COOK, Eliza, 1818—living.
- CORBET, Bishop, Richard, 1582—1635.
- COTTON, Charles, 1630—1687.
- COTTON, Nathaniel, 1707—1788. *Vis. Visions, in Verse.*
- COWLEY, Abraham, 1618—1667. *David. Davideis, an Historical Poem.*
- COWPER, William, 1731—1800. *Conv. Conversation.—Exp. Expostulation.—Pr. Er. Progress of Error.—Ret. Retirement.—T. T. Table Talk.—Raven. Tale of the Raven.—Ta. Task.—Tiroc. Tirocinium.*
- CRABBE, George, 1754—1832. *Bo. Borough, a Poem.—Strug. Consc. Struggles of Conscience.—Ta. H. Tales of the Hall.*
- CRASHAW, Richard, 1613—1650. *Steps. Steps to the Temple.*
- CREECH, Thomas, 1659—1701.
- CROLY, George, 1785—1864. *Peric. and Asp. Pericles and Aspasia.*
- CROWNE, John, *1640—*1703. *Amb. Stats. Ambitious Statesmen.—Dar. Darius, a Tragedy.*
- CUMBERLAND, Richard, 1732—1811. *Menander.*
- CUNNINGHAM, Allan, 1784—1842.
- DANA, Richard Henry (American), 1787—1879.
- DABORNE, Robert, 1590—1660.
- DANIEL, Samuel, 1562—1619. *E. of South. Earl of Southampton.—Phil. Philotas, a Tragedy.*
- DARCY, James, 1700—1762. *Love and Ambition.*
- DARWIN, Erasmus, 1731—1802.
- DAVENANT, Sir William, 1605—1668. *Distr. Distresses, a Tragic Comedy.—Gond. Gondibert.*
- DAVIES, Sir John, 1569—1626.
- DAWES, Rufus (American), 1803—1859.
- DEFOE, Daniel, 1661—1731. *T. B. Eng. True Born Englishman.*
- DEKKER, Thomas, *1580—*1639. *Honest Who. Honest Whore, a Comedy.—Old For. Old Fortunatus, a Comedy.*
- DENHAM, Sir John, 1615—1668.
- DENNIS, John, 1657—1734.
- DE VERE, Sir Aubrey, 1814—living.
- DIBDIN, Charles, 1745—1814.
- DINNIES, Mrs. Anna Peyre (American), 1830—living.
- DODDRIDGE, Philip, 1702—1751.
- DODSLEY, Robert, 1703—1764.
- DONNE, John, 1573—1631.
- DORSET. *See SACKVILLE.*
- DOW, Alexander, *1740—1779. *Sethona.*
- DRAK Joseph Rodman (American), 1795—1820.
- DRAYTON, Michael, 1563—1631.
- DRUMMOND, William, of Hawthornden, 1585—1640.

- DRYDEN, John, 1631—1700. *Ab. Absalom and Achitophel, a Poem.*
—Auren. Aurengzebe, a Tragedy.—*Cym. and Iph. Cymon and Iphi-*
genia, from Boccaccio.—*Don. Seb. Don Sebastian, a Tragedy.*—
D. Guise. Duke of Guise, a Tragedy.—*Ind. Emp. Indian Emperor, a*
Tragi-Comedy.—*Mar. à la M. Marriage à la Mode, a Comedy.*—
Œd. Œdipus, a Tragedy.—*Pal. and Ar. Palæmon and Arcite.*—
Pyth. Phil. Pythagorean Philosophy, a Poem.—*Riv. Rival Ladies.*—
Span. F. Spanish Friar, a Tragi-Comedy.
 DUNCOMBE, William, 1689—1769. *Jun. Brut. Lucius Junius Brutus,*
a Tragedy.
 DYER, John, 1700—1758.
 DYER, Sir Edward, *1540—*1610.
 ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, 1781—1849.
 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo, (American), 1803—living.
 ETHEREGE, Sir George, *1636—*1694.
 FAIRFAX, Edmund, *1570—1632.
 FALCONER, William, 1730—1769. *Sh. Shipwreck, a Poem.*
 FANE, Sir Francis, *1650—*1715. *Sacrifice, a Tragedy.*
 FANSHAW, Sir Richard, 1608—1666.
 FARQUHAR, George, 1678—1707.
 FENTON, Elijah, 1683—1730.
 FIELDING, Henry, 1707—1754. *T. Thu. Tom Thumb, a Burlesque.*
 FLATMAN, Thomas, 1633—1672.
 FLETCHER, Giles, 1582—1628.
 FLETCHER, John, 1576—1625.
 FLETCHER, Phineas, 1584—1650.
 FOOTE, Samuel, 1722—1777.
 FOX, Charles James, 1749—1806.
 FORD, John, 1586—*1640. *Love's Sacr. Love's Sacrifice, a Tragedy.*
 FRANCIS, Philip (translator of Horace), *1710—1773.
 FRANKLIN, Dr. Thomas, 1721—1784.
 FRANKLIN, Dr. Benjamin, 1705—1790. *Poor R. Poor Richard.*
 FREEMAN, Sir Ralph, *1620—*1660. *Imper. Imperial, a Tragedy.*
 FROWDE, Philip, *1670—1738. *Sa. Fall of Saguntum, a Tragedy.*—
Phil. Philotas, a Tragedy.
 GARRICK, David, 1716—1779.
 GARTH, Sir Samuel, *1665—1719.
 GASCOIGNE, George, *1537—1577.
 GAY, John, 1688—1732. *Shep. and Philos. Shepherd and Philosopher.*
 GIFFORD, Richard, 1725—1807. *Contempt. Contemplation, a Poem.*
 GIFFORD, William, 1756—1826.
 GLANVILLE, Joseph, 1636—1680.
 GLOVER, Richard, 1712—1785. *Leon. Leonidas.*
 GOODRICH, Samuel Griswold (Peter Parley), 1793—1860.
 GOFFE, Thomas, 1592—1629. *Cupid's Whirligig.*
 GOLDSMITH, Oliver, 1728—1774. *Des. V. Deserted Village.*—*Ep. to*
Sis. Epilogue to the Sisters, a Comedy.—*Retal. Retaliation.*—*She*
Stoops. She Stoops to Conquer.—*Trav. Traveller.*—*V. W. Vicar of*
Wakefield.

- GOMERSAL, Robert, 1600—1646. *Lodov. Sporza, Duke of Milan.*
 GOULD, Hannah Flagg, (American), *1805—1865.
 GRAHAME, James, 1765—1811. *Sab. Sabbath, a Poem.*
 GRANVILLE. See LANSDOWNE.
 GRAVES, Richard, 1715—1804.
 GRAY, Thomas, 1716—1771. *El. Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*
 GREEN, Matthew, 1697—1737.
 GREENE, Robert, 1550—1592.
 GREVILLE, Sir Fulke. See BROOKE, Lord.
 HABINGTON, William, 1605—1645. *Queen of Ar. Queen of Arragon, a Tragedy.*
 HALE, Sarah Josepha, (American), 1795—living.
 HALHED, Nathaniel Brassey, 1751—1830.
 HALLECK, Fitz-Greene, (American), 1795—1869. *Bozzaris. Marco Bozzaris.*
 HALL, John, 1627—1656.
 HALL, Louisa Jane, (American), 1802—living.
 HAMMOND, Anthony, 1668—1738.
 HARRINGTON, Sir John, 1561—1612.
 HASTINGS, Lady Flora, 1806—1839.
 HAYARD, William, 1710—1778. *K. C. I. King Charles the First, a Tragedy.—Reg. Regulus, a Tragedy.—Scanderbeg.*
 HAYNES, Joseph, 1650—1701. *Fa. M. Fatal Mistake.*
 HAYLEY, William, 1745—1820.
 HAYWOOD (or HEYWOOD), Eliza, 1693—1756. *F. Cap. Fair Captives, a Tragedy.*
 HEATH, Robert, *1600—*1660. *Clar. Clarastella, a Poem.*
 HEBER, Bishop Reginald, 1783—1826.
 HEMANS, Felicia Dorothea, 1794—1835.
 HEMINGS, William, 1630—1687. *Jews' T. Jews' Tragedy.*
 HERBERT, George, 1593—1632. *Temp. Temple.*
 HERBERT, Hon. William, 1778—1847.
 HERBERT of CHERBURY, Lord, 1581—1613.
 HERRICK, Robert, 1591—1674. *Am. O. Amatory Odes.—Aph. Aphorisms.—Hesp. Hesperides.*
 HERVEY, Eleanor Louisa (Mrs. Kibble), 1811—1859.
 HERVEY, T. K., 1804—1859.
 HOUGHTON, Lord. See MILNES, Monckton.
 HEYWOOD, John, *1500—1565.
 HEYWOOD, Thomas, *1570—1659. *Roy. King. Royal King, a Tragic-Comedy.*
 HIGGINS, Bevil, 1670—1735. *Gen. Conq. Generous Conqueror, a Tragedy.*
 HILL, Aaron, 1685—1750.
 HILLHOUSE, James A. (American), 1789—1841.
 HOFFMAN, Charles Fenno, (American), 1806—living.
 HOGG, James, 1772—1835.
 HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, (American), 1800—living.

- HOLFORD, Miss (now Mrs. Hodson), *1790—living (?). *Mar. Anj. Margaret of Anjou, a Poem.*
- HOLFORD, Mrs. M., *1775—*1820.
- HOME, John, 1722—1808. *Do. Douglas, a Tragedy.*
- HOOD, Thomas, 1798—1845.
- HOOK, Theodore Edward, 1788—1841.
- HOPKINS, Charles, 1664—1699.
- HOWARD, Sir Robert, 1626—1698. *D. Lerma. Duke of Lerma, a Tragedy.—Surpr. Surprisal, a Comedy.*
- HOWELL, James, 1594—1666.
- HOWITT, Mary, 1800—living.
- HOWITT, William, 1795—1879.
- HUMPHREY, David, (American), 1753—1818.
- HUNT, Leigh, 1784—1861.
- HURDIS, James, 1763—1801.
- JEFFREYS, George, 1678—1755.
- JEPHSON, Robert, 1736—1803. *Bra. Braganza.*
- JOHNSON, Charles, 1679—1748.
- JOHNSON, Dr. Samuel, 1709—1784. *Ir. Irene, a Tragedy.—Lond. London, a Poem.—V. H. W. Vanity of Human Wishes.*
- JONES, John, *1600—*1660. *Adras. Adrasta, a Tragi-Comedy*
- JONES, Sir William, 1746—1794.
- JONSON, Ben, 1574—1637. *Cynth. Rev. Cynthia's Revels, a Comedy.—Every Man. Every Man in his Humour, a Comedy.—Ep. on Co. of Pem. Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.—Sej. Sejanus, a Tragedy.—Sil. Wo. Silent Woman, a Comedy.—Tale of T. Tale of a Tub, a Comedy.*
- KEATS, John, 1796—1821.
- KEBLE, Rev. John, 1789—1866.
- KENNEY, James, 1780—1849.
- KENT, James, 1700—1776.
- KING, Bishop Henry, 1591—1669.
- KING, William, 1663—1712.
- LAMB, Charles, 1775—1834.
- LAMB, Hon. George, 1784—1834.
- LONDON, Letitia Elizabeth (Mrs. Mc Lean), 1802—1839.
- LANGHORNE, Dr. John, 1735—1779.
- LANSLOWNE, Lord (George Granville), 1667—1735.
- LEE, Nathaniel, *1656—1691. *Ces. Borg. Caesar Borgia, a Tragedy.—Alex. Death of Alexander the Great (or 'The Rival Queens'), a Tragedy.*
- LEWIS, Matthew Gregory, 1775—1818.
- LILLO, George, 1693—1739.
- LILLY (LYLY), John, 1554—1602.
- LLOYD, Robert, 1733—1764. *The Poet, an Epistle to Churchill.*
- LODGE, Thomas, *1563—1625.
- LOGAN, John, 1748—1788.
- LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth, (American), 1807—living. *Birds of K. The Birds of Killingworth.*

- LOVELACE, Sir Richard, 1618—1658.
 LOWELL, James Russell, (American), 1819—living.
 LYDGATE, John, *1375—*1461.
 LYTTELTON, Lord, 1709—1773.
 LYTTON, Lord. *See* BULWER.
 MACKAY, Charles, 1814—living.
 MADDEN, Dr. Samuel. 1686—1763. *Themist. Themistocles, a Tragedy.*
 MALLETT, David, *1700—1765. *Eur. Eurydice, a Tragedy.*
 MARLOWE, Christopher, 1564—1593. *Lust's D. Lust's Dominion, a Tragedy.*
 MARMION, Shakerley, 1601—1639. *Ant. The Antiquary, a Comedy.*
 MARSTON, John, *1575—*1635. *Ant. and Mel. Antonio and Melinda, a Play.*
 MARTYN, Benjamin, 1699—1763. *Timoleon.*
 MARVELL, Andrew, 1620—1678.
 MASON, William, 1725—1797.
 MASSINGER, Philip, 1584—1640. *Duke Mil. Duke of Milan, a Tragedy. Pict. The Picture, a Tragi-comedy*
 MATURIN, Charles Robert, 1782—1824.
 MAY, Thomas, 1595—1650.
 MERRITT, Thomas, 1775—1845.
 MERIVALE, John Herman, 1779—1844.
 MIDDLETON, Thomas, 1570—1627.
 MILMAN, Henry Hart, Dean of St. Paul's, 1791—1868.
 MILNES, Richard Monckton (Lord Houghton), 1809—living.
 MILTON, John, 1608—1674. *Com. Comus.—P. L. Paradise Lost.—P. R. Paradise Regained.—S. Ag. Samson Agonistes.*
 MOIR, David Macbeth, (*pseud.* Delta), 1798—1851.
 MONTAGUE, Lady Mary Wortley, 1690—1762.
 MONTGOMERY, James, 1771—1851. *Wand. Swit. Wanderer of Switzerland, a Poem.*
 MONTGOMERY, Robert, 1807—1855.
 MOORE, Edward, 1711—1757. *Spid. and B. Spider and Bee.*
 MOORE, Thomas, 1779—1852. *Intol. Intolerance, a Satire.—L. R. Lalla Rookh.—Sunfl. Sunflower, a Song.*
 MORE, Hannah, 1745—1833.
 MORE, Sir Thomas, 1480—1535.
 MORRIS, George P., (American), 1802—1864.
 MURPHY, Arthur, 1727—1805.
 NABBES, Thomas, 1600—1641.
 NEWVILLE, Alexander, 1554—1614.
 NORTON, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, (Lady Stirling Maxwell), 1808—1877.
 OLDMIXON, John, 1673—1742.
 ORRERY, Edw. of, 1621—1679.
 OSBOEN, Francis, *1589—1659.
 OSGOOD, Francis Sargent, (American), 1812—1850.
 OTWAY, THOMAS, 1651—1685. *Cai. Mai. Caius Marius, a Tragedy.—Or. Orphan, a Tragedy.—Ven. Pres. Venice Preserved, a Tragedy.*
 OVERBURY, Sir Thomas, 1581—1613. *W. Wife, a Poem.*

- PARNELL, Thomas, 1679—1718. *H. Hermit.—Per. V. Pervilegium Veneris.*
- PEGGE, Samuel, 1731—1800.
- PERCIVAL, James Gates, (American), 1795—1857.
- PETER PINDAR. *See* WOLCOT.
- PHILIPS, Ambrose, 1671—1749. *Pa. Pastorals.*
- PHILIPS, Catherine, 1631—1664. *Fr'd. Friendship, a Poem.*
- PHILIPS, John, 1676—1708. *Spl. S. The Splendid Shilling.—Cy. Cyder, a Poem.*
- PIOZZI, Mrs., 1740—1821.
- POE, Edgar Allan (American), 1809—1849.
- POLOK, Robert, 1799—1827. *Co. of T. Course of Time.*
- POMFRET, John, 1667—1703. *Love Tri. Love Triumphant.*
- POPE, Alexander, 1688—1744. *Apol. Apology.—Dun. Dunciad.—El. and Ab. Eloisa and Abelard.—Arbt. Epistle to Arbuthnot.—E.C. Essay on Criticism.—E. M. Essay on Man.—Im. Hor. Imitations of Horace. M. E. Moral Essays.—R. of L. Rape of the Lock.—Sat. Satires of Horace.—W. Forest. Windsor Forest.*
- PRAED, Winthorp Mackworth, 1802—1839.
- PRIOR, Matthew, 1664—1721. *H. and E. Henry and Emma.*
- PROCTOR, Bryan Walter, (*pseud.* Barry Cornwall), 1790—1874.
- PYE, James Henry, 1745—1813.
- QUARLES, Francis, 1592—1644.
- RALRIGH, Sir Walter, 1552—1618.
- RAMSAY, Allan, 1689—1758. *G. Shep. Gentle Shepherd.*
- RANDOLPH, Thomas, 1605—1635. *Amynt. Amyntas, a Pastoral.—Jeal. Lov. Jealous Lover, a Comedy.—M. Look. Glass. Muses' Looking Glass, a Drama.*
- RITSON, Joseph, 1752—1803.
- ROCHESTER, Earl of (John Wilmot), 1647—1680.
- ROGERS, Samuel, 1762—1855. *P. M. Pleasures of Memory, a Poem.*
- ROSCOE, William, 1753—1831. *Nu. Nurse, a Poem.*
- ROSCOMMON, Earl of, *1633—1684.
- ROWE, Nicholas, 1673—1718. *Amb. Step. Ambitious Stepmother, a Tragedy.—Fair Pen. Fair Penitent, a Tragedy.—J. S. Jane Shore, a Tragedy.—Tamerl. Tamerlane, a Tragedy.*
- RUSSELL, Lord John (now Earl), 1792—1878.
- ROWLANDS, Samuel, *1580—*1663. *K. of C. Knave of Clubs.*
- SACKVILLE, Charles (Earl of Dorset), 1637—1706.
- SAVAGE, Richard, 1698—1743. *Sir T. Ov. Sir Thomas Overbury, a Tragedy.*
- SCOTT, John (of Amwell), 1739—1783.
- SCOTT, Sir Walter, 1771—1832. *Lady of L. Lady of the Lake.—Lay. Lay of the Last Minstrel.—L. I. Lord of the Isles.—Mar. Marmion. Ro. Rokeby.*
- SEDLEY, Sir Charles, 1639—1701.
- SEWEL, George, *1680—1726.
- SHAKERLEY. *See* MARMION.

- SHAKESPEARE, William, 1554—1616. *PLAYS: All's W. All's Well that Ends Well.*—*Ant. Cleop. Antony and Cleopatra.*—*As Y. L. As You Like it.*—*Com. Er. Comedy of Errors.*—*Coriol. Coriolanus.*—*Cymb. Cymbeline.*—*Ham. Hamlet.*—*H. IV. p. 1. King Henry IV., Part 1st.*—*H. IV. p. 2. King Henry IV., Part 2nd.*—*H. V. King Henry V.*—*H. VI. p. 1. King Henry VI., Part 1st.*—*H. VI. p. 2. King Henry VI. Part 2nd.*—*H. VI. p. 3. King Henry VI. Part 3rd.*—*H. VIII. King Henry VIII.*—*K. John. King John.*—*Lear. King Lear.*—*Ric. II. King Richard II.*—*Ric. III. King Richard III.*—*Jul. C. Julius Cæsar.*—*Love's L. L. Love's Labour Lost.*—*Macb. Macbeth.*—*M. for M. Measure for Measure.*—*M. of Ven. Merchant of Venice.*—*Mer. W. Merry Wives of Windsor.*—*Mid. N. Midsummer Night's Dream.*—*M. Ado. Much Ado about Nothing.*—*Oth. Othello.*—*Peric. Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*—*Rom. Romeo and Juliet.*—*Tam. S. Taming of the Shrew.*—*Temp. Tempest.*—*Timon. Timon of Athens.*—*Tit. And. Titus Andronicus.*—*Troil. Troilus and Cressida.*—*T. Ni. Twelfth Night.*—*Two G. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*—*Wint. T. Winter's Tale.*—*POEMS: Pas. P. Passionate Pilgrim.*—*R. of L. Rape of Lucrece.*—*Son. Sonnets.*—*V. and A. Venus and Adonis.*
- SHEFFIELD, John. See BUCKINGHAM, Duke of.
- SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe, 1792—1822.
- SHENSTONE, William, 1714—1763.
- SHERIDAN, Richard Brinsley, 1751—1816.
- SHIRLEY, James, 1596—1666. *H. P. Hyde Park, a Comedy.*—*Wit. Fa. One. Witty Fair One, a Comedy.*
- SHIRLEY, William, *1700—*1760. *Par. Parricide, a Tragedy.*
- SIGOURNEY, Lydia Huntley, (American), 1791—1865.
- SMART, Christopher, 1722—1770.
- SMITH, Edward, 1668—1710.
- SMITH, Henry, *1670—*1730. *Pr. of P. Princess of Parma.*
- SMITH, Horace, 1780—1849. *R. A. Rejected Addresses.*
- SMITH, James, 1775—1839.
- SMITH, Mrs. E. Oakes, (American), *1820—living.
- SMITH, William, *1580—*1630. *Hect. Hector in Germany, a Play.*
- SMOLLETT, Tobias, 1721—1771. *Reg. Regicide, a Tragedy.*
- SOMERVILLE, William, 1692—1742.
- SOTHEY, William, 1757—1833. *Ob. Oberon.*
- SOUTHERNE, Thomas, 1660—1746. *Fat. M. Fatal Marriage, a Tragedy.*—*Fate Cap. Fate of Capua, a Tragedy.*—*Loy. Bro. Loyal Brother, a Tragedy.*—*Oron. Oronooko, a Tragedy.*
- SOUTHEY, Robert, 1774—1843. *Curse K. Curse of Kehama.*
- SOUTHWELL, Robert, 1560—1595.
- SPENSER, Edmund, 1553—1599. *F. Q. Fairie Queen.*
- SPENCER, Hon. William Robert, 1772—1834.
- SPRAGUE, Charles, (American), 1791—living.
- STILLINGFLEET, Bishop Edward, 1635—1699.
- STILLINGFLEET, Benjamin, 1700—1771.
- STERLING or STIRLING, Earl of, 1580—1640. *Jul. C. Julius Cæsar, a Tragedy.*
- STREET, Alfred B. (American), 1811—living.
- SUCKLING, Sir John, 1609—1641. *Gobl. Goblins, a Comedy.*

- SWETMAN**, Joseph, *1590—*1630. *Woman H. The Woman Hater, a Comedy*
- SWIFT**, Jonathan, 1667—1745. *Cad. Van. Cadmus and Vanessa.*
- SYDNEY**, Sir Philip, 1554—1586.
- SYLVESTER**, Joshua, 1563—1618.
- TALFORD**, Sir Thomas Noon, 1795—1854.
- TATE**, Nahum, 1652—1715. *Loy. Gen. Loyal General, a Tragedy.*
- TAYLOR**, John (Water Poet), 1580—1654.
- TENNYSON**, Alfred, 1809—living. *In Mem. In Memoriam.*
- THOMSON**, James, 1700—1748. *Ag. Agamemnon, a Tragedy.—Cast. Ind. Castle of Indolence.—Cor. Coriolanus, a Tragedy.—Ed. and El. Edward and Eleonora, a Tragedy.—Aut. Spr. Sum. Wint. Seasons.—Tan. and Sig. Tancred and Sigismund, a Tragedy.*
- TICKELL**, Thomas, 1686—1740.
- TIGHE**, Mrs. Mary, 1773—1810.
- TOBIN**, John, 1779—1804.
- TOURNEUR**, Pierre Le, 1736—1788.
- TRAPP**, Dr. Joseph, 1679—1747. *Abram. Abramule, a Tragedy.*
- TRUMBULL**, John, 1750—1831. *M'Fingall.*
- TUKE**, Sir Simon, 1610—1673. *Advent. The Adventures of Five Hours, a Comedy.*
- TUPPER**, Martin Farquhar, 1810—living.
- TURBERVILLE**, George, *1530—*1600.
- TUSSE**, Thomas, 1515—*1580. *Pts. Hus. Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*
- URQUIHART**, Sir Thomas, 1613—1661.
- WALLER**, Edmund, 1605—1687.
- WALPOLE**, Horace, 1717—1797. *Myst. M. The Mysterious Mother, a Tragedy.*
- WALPOLE**, Sir Robert, 1676—1757.
- WARE**, Henry, Jun. (American), 1794—1843.
- WARNER**, William, 1558—1608.
- WATSON**, J. T. (American), *1779—1860.
- WATTS**, Alaric Attila, 1797—1864.
- WATTS**, Dr. Isaac, 1674—1748.
- WEBSTER**, John, *1580—*1662.
- WEEVER**, John, *1576—*1632.
- WHITE**, Henry Kirke, 1785—1806.
- WHITEHEAD**, William, 1715—1785.
- WILLIS**, Nathaniel Parker, (American), 1807—1866.
- WITHER**, George, 1588—1667.
- WOLCOT**, Dr. John (*pseud.* Peter Pindar), 1738—1819.
- WOODBIDGE**, William (American), 1794—1845.
- WOODWORTH**, Samuel (American), 1785—1843.
- WORDSWORTH**, William, 1770—1850. *My H. Leaps. My Heart Leaps.—P. T. Personal Talk.—Res. and Indep. Resolution and Independence.*
- WOTTON**, Sir Henry, 1568—1639.
- YOUNG**, Edward, 1684—1765. *Bus. Busiris, King of Egypt.—L. of F. Love of Fame.—N. T. Night Thoughts.—Rev. Revenge, a Tragedy.—Bro. The Brothers, a Tragedy.*

A DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

ABDICATION.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites.

ABSENCE.

Shakespeare, Ric. II. IV. 1.

What ! keep a week away ! Seven days and nights ?
Eight score eight hours ? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning !

Sh. Oth. III. 1.

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but, being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack* the value.

Sh. M. Ado, IV. 4.

Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.

T. May, Henry II.

Though absent, present in desires they be,
Our soul much further than our eyes can see.

Michael Drayton.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

*The authorship of this familiar saying is unknown,
but it partakes very much of the preceding couplet.*

Fly swift, ye hours, you measure time in vain,
Till you bring back Leonidas again :

Be swifter now ; and, to redeem that wrong.

When he and I are met, be twice as long.

Dry. Mar. a la M.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years ;

And every little absence is an age.

Dry. Amphitruon.

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun

That wak'd their sweets.

Dry. Aurengzebe.

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,

And image charms he must behold no more.

Pope, Eloisa.

* Overrate.

ABSENCE—*continued.*

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do. *Pope, Elcisa.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! *Pope, Eloisa.*

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? *Pope.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Goldsmith, Traveller, 7.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is. *Cowper, Task, vi.*

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
From thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee. *Byron, Bride of Ab.*

Wives in their husband's absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.
Byron, Don Juan, III. 22.

O tell him I have sat these three long hours,
Counting the weary beatings of the clock,
Which slowly portion'd out the promis'd time
That brought him not to bless me with his sight.
Jo. Baillie, Raynor, I. 1.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. *Moore, Shades of E.*

Oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!

Moore, Lalla Rookh.

ABSTINENCE.

Yet abstinence in things we must profess,
Which nature fram'd for need, not for excess. *Browne, Past.*

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence. *Herrick, Aph. 331.*

ABUNDANCE.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
Of Vallombrosa.* *Milton, Par. Lost, i. 303.*

ABUSE—see Curses.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. *Sh. Com. Er. iv. 2.*
Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant. *Sh. T. S. iv. 3.*

ACCIDENT.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Sh. Ham. v. 2.*
As the unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows. *Sh. Wint. T. iv. 3.*

ACCOUNT.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Sh. Ham. i. 5.*
And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven? *Id. iii. 3.*

ACHIEVEMENTS.

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine. *Beaumont, Loy. Sub.*

ACTION—see Promptitude.

Away, then ; work with boldness and with speed ;
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed. *Marlowe, Lust. D.*
Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed ;
For who knows most, the most he knows to doubt ;
The least discourse is commonly most stout. *Daniel, Phil.*
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interr'd with their bones. *Sh. Jul. C. iii. 3.*
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. *Sh. Oth. ii. 3.*
For good and evil must in our actions meet ;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet. *Donne*
Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays ;
Who well deserves needs not another's praise. *Heath, Clar.*
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward—vice punishment. *B. & F. Capt*

* A beautiful vale eighteen miles from Florence.

ACTION—*continued.*

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these. *Pope, E. M. iv. 21.*

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill. *Herrick, Aphor.*

ACTIVITY—*see* Decision, Despatch, Energy, Promptitude.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. *Sh. Mac. i. 7.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

Take the instant way;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or edge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost. *Sh. Troil. & Cress. III. 3.*

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent. *Sh. Ant. & Cleop. III. 7.*

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt; sloth and folly
Shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard
And make the impossibility they fear. *Rowe, Amb. Stepm.*

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath:
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death. *Holmes.*

ACTORS—*see* Players.

Look to the players; see them well bestow'd:
They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times.
Sh. Ham. II. 2.

They say we live by vice; indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. *Randolph.*

Boldly I dare say,
There have been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than have been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes. *Randolph.*

ADIEU—*see* Farewell, Parting.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 1.*

ADIEU—*continued.*

Then came the parting hour, and what arise
 When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes
 Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,
 And many a call the sorrow to renew. *Crabbe, Tales.*

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land—good night. *Byron, Ch. H. i. 13.*

ADMONITION—*see Advice.*

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
 And in the morning what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay,
 And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind both up. Since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree. *Herbert, Temp.*
 What could I more ? [76.]

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait ; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free-will hath here no place. *Milton, VII. 77.*

Be wise with speed ;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Young, Sat. II. 282.*

ADULTERY.

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate's sultry.
Byron, Don Juan, I. 63.

ADVERSITY—*see Affliction.*

'Tis strange how many unimagi'd charges
 Can swarm upon a man, when once the lid
 Of the Pandora box of contumely
 Is open'd o'er his head. *Shakespeare, Poems.*

Such a house broke !

So noble a master fallen ! all gone ! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him. *Sh. Timon, II. 2.*

This is in thee a nature but affected ;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. *Sh. Timon, V. 3.*

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
 The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

ADVERSITY—*continued.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. *Sh. A. V. II. 1.*

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. *Sh. H. VIII. II. 1.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope—to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown. *Daniel, E. of South.*
Love is maintained by wealth ; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent. *Herrick, Aph. 144.*

Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below. *Somerville.*

I am not now in fortune's power :
He that is down, can fall no lower. *Butler, Hud.*

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue. *Mallet, Alfred.*

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue ;
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish. *Mal. Alfr.*

ADVERSITY—*continued.*

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
 That give mankind occasion to exert
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
 Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life. *Addison, Cato.*

Where is the hero who ne'er found his equal?
 Or which the nation that can boast a chief
 Who still return'd victorious from the field? *Frowde, Sa.*

To exult,
 Even o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
 Affliction on the afflicted, is the mask
 And the mean triumph of a dastard soul. *Smollett, Reg.*
 In this wild world the fondest and the best,
 Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd. *Crabbe.*

I have not quailed to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I now? *Byron, Giacur*

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
 Sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast,
 Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
 Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
 Who 'stead of saying what you now should do,
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
 With a long memorandum of old stories. *Byron, Don J.*

And fellow countrymen have stood aloof—
 In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof!
Byron, Ch. II.

The good are better made by ill,
 As odours crush'd are better still. *Rogers, Jacqueline*

ADVICE.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. *Sh. Ham. I. 3.*

ADVICE—*continued.*

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. *Sh. Ham. i. 3.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. *Ib. i. 3.*

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. *Sh. All's W. i. 1.*

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity
We bid be quiet, when we hear him cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
Sh. Com. E. ii. 1.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. *Sh. Much A. v. 1.*

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive :
That would I have thee do ; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. *Ben Jonson.*

Know when to speak—for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings. *Herrick, Aph. 245.*

Take sound advice, proceeding from the heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art. *Dryden.*

When things go ill, each fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise ;
All wretchedly deplore the present state,
And that advice seems best which comes too late. *Sedley.*

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou wanst the power to punish :
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly :
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways ;
This is the way, this only, to be safe
In such a world as this. *Rowe, Ulysses.*

ADVICE—*continued.*

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
 Though none more common, than to give advice ;
 Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
 Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having ;
 And where's the wonder when we will obtrude
 A useless gift, it meets ingratitude. *Stillingsfleet.*

The assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought—
 A noble fool was never in a fault. *Pope.*

The worst men give oft the best advice. *Bailey, Festus.*

AFFABILITY.

Gentle to me, and affable hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
 With grateful memory. *Milton P. L. VIII. 248.*

AFFECTATION.

Maids, in modesty, say No to that
 Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay.
 Fie, fie ; how wayward is this foolish love,
 That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod ! *Sh. Two G. I. 2.*

Why Affectation—why this mock grimace ?
 Go, silly thing, and hide that simpering face !
 Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait,
 All thy false mimic fooleries I hate ;
 For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
 Who is right foolish hath the better plea :
 Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee ! *Cumberland.*

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen. *Pope, R. L. IV. 31.*

In man or woman, but fear most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation ; 'tis my perfect scorn ;
 Object of my implacable disgust. *Cowper, Task, II. 415.*

AFFECTION—*see Friendship, Love.*

Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire. *Sh. Poems.*

Excellent wretch ! perdition catch my soul
 But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not
 Chaos is come again. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

AFFECTION—*continued.*

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fiercest lords. *E. Stirling, Jul. C.*

What we love too much,
The Heavens correcting this our zeal, more strong
Than our devotion toward them, take from us. *Parnell, H.*

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another. *Gay, Fable III. 33.*

Fathers alone a father's heart can know,
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love: but if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the father bleeds. *Young.*

The virtuous man and honest—he's my brother;
And he alone; for nature never meant
By her affections to engage our hearts
To villany and baseness. *Francis.*

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear.
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head. *Scott Lady of the L. II. 22.*

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven:—
Life has naught else that may supply its place. *L. E. Landon.*

Years have not seen—time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee. *Byron, B. Ab. I. 2.*

Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes, like a gem;
And knew each brightness was but the reflection
Of their unchanging glances of affection. *Byron.*

AFFLICTION—*see Adversity.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction; *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour
Serves but to lighten all our future days. *Browne.*

When Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;

AFFLICTION—*continued.*

We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.

Pomfret, To a Friend in affliction.

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile—
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry. *Young, N. T. 5*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man. *Young, N. T. 9.*

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn. *Coleridge, Anct. Mar. pt. 2.*

AFFRONTS.

To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish. *Dryden, Sp. Friar.*

Young men soon forgive, and forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both. *Addison, Cato.*

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can *Cowper, Convers. 191.*

AFTERNOON.

The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. *Bryant.*

AGE—*see Old Age, Years.*

When the age is in, the wit is out. *Sh. M. Ado. III. 5.*
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability of means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly. *Sh. M. Ado. IV. 1.*

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said,—his judgment rul'd our hands. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.*

AGE—*continued.*

Manhood, when verging into Age, grows thoughtful,
Full of wise saws, and moral instances. *Sh. A. Y. L.* II. 7.

I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers :
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! *Sh. H.* IV. II. 5.

I am declin'd into the vale of years. *Sh. Oth.* III. 3.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. *Sh. A. Y. L.* II. 7.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety ; other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. *Sh. Ant. Cleo.* II. 2.

You are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Sh. Lear,* II. 4.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! *Sh. Hen. VIII.* IV. 2.

When forty winters shall besiege your brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held. *Sh. Rom.* v. 1.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner ;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Dryden, Œd.* IV. 1.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill,
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age,
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage :
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please. *Pope, Im. Hor.*
[II. 2, 322.]

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Pope, M. Es.* II. 243.

AGE—continued.

A venerable aspect !

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily become his silver locks :
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience. *Rowe, J.S. i. 2.*

The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms ;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind. *Broome.*

Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
Grasping at air ; for what has earth beside ?
Man wants but little ; not that little long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ! *Young, N. T. iv.*

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines. *Young, N. T. v.*

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
How few themselves in that just mirror, see ! *Young, N. T. v.*

O, sir ! I must not tell my age.
They say women and music should never be dated.
Goldsmith, She Stoops, III.

Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
He still remember'd that he once was young. *Armstrong.*

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,
Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The general favourite as the general friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?
Johnson, Van. of H. W. 293.

Tho' time has touch'd her too, she still retains
Much beauty and more majesty. *Byron.*

Yet time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb :
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Byron Ch. Har. III. 8

AGE—*continued.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deepest on the brow?
 To view each loved one blighted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth as I am now. *Byron, Ch. H. 98.*

AGGRESSION.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live. *Sh. M. V. iv. 1.*

ALACRITY—*see Promptitude.*

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
 And makes the clown a winged Mercury.

ALARM.

Jo. Baillie D. M. III. 1.

What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley,
 The sleepers of the house?—Speak,—speak! *Sh. Mac. II. 3.*

ALEXANDRINE.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

ALLEGIANCE.

Pope, E. Crit. 156.

Allegiance, tempted too far, is like
 A sword well temper'd on an anvil tried,
 That press'd too hardly may in pieces fly:
 An overburthen'd trust may treach'ry prove,
 And be too late repented. *Massinger.*

ALONE—*see Solitude.*

Alone she sat—alone! that worn-out word,
 So idly spoken and so coldly heard;
 Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
 Of hope laid waste, knells in that word—alone! *New Timon.*

ALPINE TRAVEL.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life that bloated ease can never hope to share.

ALPS.

Byron, Ch. H. I. 30.

Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And thron'd eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!—
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

ALPS—*continued.*

Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.
Byron, Ch. H. III. 62

Who first beholds the Alps,—that mighty chain
 Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
 So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
 As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
 But instantly receives into his soul
 A sense, a feeling that he loses not—
 A something that informs him 't is a moment
 Whence he may date henceforward and for ever. *Rogers.*

AMAZEMENT—*see Astonishment. Surprise.*

But look ! Amazement on my mother sits ;
 O step between her and her fighting soul :
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

They spake not a word ;
 But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

AMBER.

Sh. Ric. III. III. 7.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare.
 But wonder how the devil they got there. *Pope, Ep. to Arb.*

AMBITION—*see Fame, Glory, Pride.*

[169.]

Raleigh. Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.
Q. El. If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all. *Scott, Ken. XVII*
 Fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ? *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

I have ventur'd
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory.
 But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me. *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.*

AMBITION—*continued.*

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side. *Sh. Macb. i. 7.*

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. *Sh. R. III. i. 3.*

Ambition's monstrous stomach does increase
By eating, and it fears to starve, unless
It still may feed, and all it sees devour.

Davenant, Playhouse to let.

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.

Milton, P. L. i. 262.

But what will Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils. *Milton, P. L. ix. 168.*

Ambition is a lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by enjoyment.

Otway, Cai. Ma.

Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but control. *Sedley.*

Ambition ! the desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
And elevates the hero to the Gods. *Rowe, Am. Step.*

Ambition hath but two steps : the lowest,
Blood ; the highest, envy. *Lilly, Midas.*

Ambition hath one heel nail'd in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens. *Ib.*

What various wants on power attend !

Ambition never gains its end.

Who hath not heard the rich complain

Of surfeit and corporeal pain ?

And barr'd from every use of wealth,

Envy the ploughman's strength and health. *Gay, Fable. 5.*

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carry'd only to extreme ;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing. *Southern, Loy. Bro.*

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And make a patriot, as it makes a knave. *Pope, Es. M.*

AMBITION—*continued.*

Oh, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise. *Pope, Es. M.*

Ambition is a spirit in the world,
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action : without that,
The world would be a filthy settled mud. *Crowne, Amb. Statesm.*

Oh, were I seated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs !
Walpole, Myst. M.

The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great ;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end :
Wouldst thou be famed ? have those high acts in view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue. *Young, L.F.*

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp. *Young, N. T.*
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall. *[VII.]*

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
Even from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force,
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind. *Johnson, V. H. W.*
Johnson, Ir.

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. *Cowper, Task. III. 127.*

On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn. *Cowper, T. IV. 58.*

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,
Beattie. Mins. 1. 1.

AMBITION—*continued.*

He who ascends on mountain-tops, shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.

Byron, Ch. H. III. 45.

To th' expanded and aspiring soul,
 To be but still the thing it long has been,
 Is misery, e'en though enthron'd it were
 Under the cope of high imperial state. *Jo. Baillie, Ethw. 5.*

AMERICA.

Poor lost America, high honours missing,
 Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing ;
 Knows nought of golden promises of kings ;
 Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings.

Peter Pindar.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites.

Moore.

Well—peace to the land ! may the people at length,
 Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength ;
 That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
 Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
 Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
 Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
 Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
 That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight !

Moore.

America ! half brother of the world !
 With something good and bad of every land ;
 Greater than thee have lost their seat—
 Greater scarce none can stand.

Bailey, Festus.

Columbia, child of Britain,—noblest child ;
 I praise the glowing lustre of thy youth,
 And fain would see thy great heart reconciled
 To love the mother of so blest a birth ;
 For we are one Columbia ; still the same
 In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,
 The natural nobility of earth.

Tupper, Lyrics.

Thou, O, my country, hast thy foolish ways,
 Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise,—
 But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
 Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws !

Holmes.

ANCESTRY—*see* Pedigree.

I have no urns, no dusty monuments;
 No broken images of ancestors,
 Wanting an ear or nose; no forged tables
 Of long descents, to boast false honours from. *B. Jonson, Cat.*

Boast not the titles of your ancestors, brave youth!
 They're their possessions, none of yours.
 When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
 'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
 For they are strong supporters; but till then,
 The greatest are but growing gentlemen. *Ben Jonson.*

Your kindred is not much amiss, 't is true,
 Yet I am somewhat better born than you. *Dryden.*

The deeds of long-descended ancestors
 Are but by grace of imputation ours. *Dryden.*

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
 Form his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score. *Cleveland.*

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
 From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
 A lineage of the greatest, and recount
 Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
 Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued
 The world by arms and virtue;
 But that be their own praise:
 Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
 Myself an undeserver. *Rowe.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Pope, E.M. iv. 215.*

He stands for fame on his forefather's feet,
 By heraldry, prov'd valiant or discreet! *Young, L. F. s. 1.*

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate. *Young.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their debt, instead of their discharge. *Young*

I am one,
 Who finds within me a nobility
 That spurns the idle pratings of the great,
 And their mean boast of what their fathers were,
 While they themselves are fools effeminate,
 The scorn of all who know the worth of mind
 And virtue. *Percival.*

ANGELS—For Angels' Visits, *see* Hope.

Heaven bless thee !

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on ;
For, as I have a soul, she is an angel. *Sh. Hen. VIII. iv. 1.*

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. *Pope, E. C. 624.*

ANGER—*see* Passion, Rage, Temper.

Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. *Sh. Coriol. iv. 2.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled.
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. *Sh. Tam. S. 2.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? *Sh. H. VIII. i. 1.*

Anger is like

A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. *Sh. H. VIII. i. 2.*

What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. *Sh. H. VIII. iii. 2.*

Never anger made good guard for itself. *Sh. Ant. Cleo. iv. 1.*
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now. *Sh. Rom. Jul. iii. 1.*

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. *Sh. Ham. iii. 2.*

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world.

Sh. K. John, iii. 4.

You are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.*

Anger in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes. *Waller.*

The elephant is never won with anger ;
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth. *Dryden, All for Love.*

ANGER—*continued.*

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake.
He heaved for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human. *Dryden.*

There is a fatal Fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction. *Rowe, Fair P.*

When anger rushes, unrestrain'd to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way ;
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safest.
Savage, Sir T. Ov.

His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams ; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle rivers in its course. *Congreve.*

Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms
At once discharged grow cool again and calm.
C. Johnson's Medea.

And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye ;
The wind was down but still the sea ran high. *Byron, D. J.*
Loud complaint, however angrily
It shakes its phrase, is little to be feared,
And less distrusted. *Byron, Doge V.*

Oh ! Anger is an evil thing,
And spoils the fairest face,—
It cometh like a rainy cloud
Upon a sunny place.
One angry moment often does
What we repent for years ;
It works the wrong we ne'er make right
By sorrow or by tears. *Eliza Cook.*

ANGLING.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait. *Sh. M. Ado. III. 1.*
Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fish ; my bended hooks shall pierce
Their slimy jaws. *Sh. Ant. & Cleop. III. 5.*

ANTECEDENTS.

Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been ; 't is a cruelty
To load a falling man. *Sh. H. VIII. v. 2.*

ANTICIPATION.

Why should we
 Anticipate our sorrows? 't is like those
 Who die for fear of death. *Denham.*
 Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief.
 And run to meet what he would most avoid? *Milton, Com.*
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatched.

Butler Hud. III. 1.

ANTIPATHY.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some that are mad if they behold a cat.
 Masterless passion sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes or loathes. *Sh. M. Ven. IV. 1.*
 Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad. *Pope.*

ANTIQUARY—ANTIQUITY.

They say he sits
 All day in contemplation of a statue
 With ne'er a nose; and dotes on the decay,
 With greater love than the self-loved Narcissus
 Did on his beauty. *Shak. Marmion, Antiq.*
 What toil did honest Curio take,
 What strict inquiries did he make,
 To get one medal wanting yet,
 And perfect all the Roman set!
 'T is found! and oh! his happy lot!
 'T is bought, locked up, and lies forgot! *Prior, Alma, c. 2.*
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
 He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen Bess's chin.
Young, Love of F. IV. 120,
 Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
 In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
 Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
 That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish. *Peter Pindar.*

ANXIETY.

But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That, when nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themsels to vex them. *Burns.*

APATHY.

A man, whose blood
Is very snow broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense :
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast. *Sh. M. for M. 1. 5.*

APPARITION.

They gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghostly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave, and (strange to tell,)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock. *Blair, Grave.*

APOLOGY.

Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did offend. *Sh. Two G. v. 4.*

I know the action was extremely wrong ;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;
But I detest all fiction, even in song,
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.
Byron, Don Juan.

APPAREL.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear :
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. *Sh. Lear, iv. 6.*

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peecrth in the meanest habit. *Sh. Tam. S. iv. 3.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Sh. Ham. i. 3.*

APPEAL.

I have done the state some service, and they know it,
No more of that ; I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. *Sh. Oth. v. 2*

APPEARANCES.

All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold. *Sh. Mer. V. 11. 7.*

APPEARANCES—*continued.*

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character. *Sh. Tw. N. I. 2.*

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
 Contains the shining treasure of a soul
 Resolv'd and brave. *Dryden, Don Sebastian.*

Appearances to save, his only care ;
 So things seem right no matter what they are.
Churchill, Rosciad.

By outward show let's not be cheated ;
 An ass should like an ass be treated. *Gay, pt. 2. Fable II*

'T is not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul within ;
 'T is not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in. *R. Dawes.*

Appearances deceive,
 And this one maxim is a standing rule,
 Men are not what they seem. *Havard, Scanderbeg.*

Your thief looks in the crowd,
 Exactly like the rest, or rather better ;
 'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,
 That wise men know your felon by his features.
Byron, Werner, II. 1.

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
 Masks hearts where grief has little left to learn ;
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
 In smiles that least befit, who wears them most.
Byron, Corsair.

How little do they see what is, who fame
 Their hasty judgments upon that which seems. *Southey.*

Within the oyster's shell uncouth
 The purest pearl may bide :—
 Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
 Within that rough outside. *Mrs. Osgood.*

APPETITE.

Our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury. *Sh. Cymb. III. 6.*
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite ;
 And health on both. *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

APPETITE—*continued.*

Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*
 His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbouring brook,
 Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands cook.

Churchill, Gotham, III.

APOSTASY.

Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
 The future miseries that await the apostate ;
 So shall timidity assist thy reason,
 And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty. *Dr. Johnson.*

APEAL.

But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ! *Sh. Hen. v. i. 2.*

APPLAUSE.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again. *Sh. Macb. v. 3.*

Such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud and to as many tunes,—hats, cloaks,
 Doublets, I think flew up ; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. *Sh. Hen. VIII. vi. 1.*
 Kings fight for empire, madmen for applause. *Dryden.*

Applause

Waits on success ; the fickle multitude,
 Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
 Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.
T. Francklin, Earl of Warwick.

Oh popular applause ! what art of man
 Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms ? *Cowper, Task,*
[II. 481.]

ARGUMENT.

O most lame and impotent conclusion. *Sh. Oth. II. 1.*

He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still. *Butler, III. 3, 547.*

He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees. *Butler, I. 75.*

Reproachful speech from either side
 The want of argument supplied ;
 They rail'd, revil'd—as often ends
 The contests of disputing friends. *Gay, Fable 16.*

ARGUMENT—*continued.*

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy. *Herbert.*

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last. *Pope, Mor. E. III. 15.*
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me.

Pope, Mor. E. III. 1.
Who too deep for his hearers, still went on refining.
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.

Goldsmith, Retal.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

ARISTOCRACY. *Goldsmith, Des. Vil. 211.*

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Pope, E. M. I. 135.*

ARMY—*see Soldiers. War. Warrior.*

We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all be-smirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host. *Sh. II. v. iv. 3.*

A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide. *Sh. K. John, II. 1.*

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
Sh. Ric. III. v. 3.

ART—ARTIST.

In framing artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed. *Sh. Per. II. 3*
The whole world without art and dress
Would be but one great wilderness. *Butler.*

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces—his manners our heart.
Goldsmith, Retaliation on Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ART—*continued.*

For though I must confess an artist can
 Contrive things better than another man,
 Yet when the task is done, he finds his pains
 Sought but to fill his belly with his brains.
 Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,
 T' admire the head and then to starve the parts?

ARTIFICE.

Lady Alimony, a Com. 1659.

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
 As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
 Solemnity's a cover for a sot,
 I find the fool when I behold the screen,
 For 't is the wise man's interest to be seen. *Young, Love of F.*

ASCEND.

What star I know not, but some star I find,
 Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind. *Dryden.*

ASCETIC.

In hope to merit heaven, by making earth a hell. *Byron, C. II.*
 [I. 20.]

ASPIRATION.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth. *Sh. Troil.* iv. 5.
 Longings sublime, and aspirations high. *Byron.*

ASSURANCE.

I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate. *Sh. Macb.* iv. 1.

ASTONISHMENT—*see Amazement. Surprise. Fear.*

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
 Their dreadful heralds to astonish us. *Sh. Jul. C.* i. 3.

Why stand you thus amaz'd? methinks your eyes
 Are fix'd in meditation; and all here
 Seem like so many senseless statues;
 As if your souls had suffer'd an eclipse
 Betwixt your judgments and affections.

Sweetnam, Woman Hater.

Prepare to hear

A story that shall turn thee into stone;
 Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in nature,
 A flaw made through the centre by some god,
 Through which the groans of ghosts might strike thy ear,
 They would not wound thee, as this story will. *Lee, Œdip.*

Astonish'd at his voice he stood amazed,
 And all around with inward horror gazed. *Addison.*

ASTONISHMENT—*continued.*

———Hear it not, ye stars !

And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound.

Young, N. T. III.

With wild surprise,

As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,

A stupid moment motionless she stood. *Thomson, Summer.*

ASTRONOMERS.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fix'd star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Sh. Love's L. L.

ASTRONOMY.

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Young, N. T. IX.

ATHEISM.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,

Make Atheists of mankind.

Dryden, Cleomenes.

Atheist, use thine eyes,

And having viewed the order of the skies,

Think, if thou canst, that matter blindly hurl'd

Without a guide, should frame the wondrous world. *Creech.*

By night an Atheist half believes a God. *Young, N. T. v. 177.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,

(Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,

Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,

Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,

And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,

Cries out, "Where is it?" *Coleridge, Fears in Solitude.*

"There is no God," the foolish saith—

But none, "there is no sorrow:"

And Nature oft the cry of Faith

In bitter need will borrow.

Eyes which the preacher could not school,

By way-side graves are raised ;

And lips say "God be pitiful,"

That ne'er said "God be praised."

Mrs. Browning.

ATHENS.

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,

Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?

Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,

First in the race that led to glory's goal,

They won, and pass'd away.

Byron, Ch. II. II. 2.

ATTENTION.

My soul is wrapp'd in dreadful expectation,
And listens to thee, as if Fate were speaking.

Denham.

As I listen'd to thee,
The happy hours pass'd by us unperceived ;
So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.

Rowe.

AUCTIONEER.

And much more honest, to be hired, and stand
With auctionary hammer in thy hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice,
For the old household stuff of picture's price.

Dryden.

AUDIT.

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, and flush as May ;
And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven ?

Sh. Ham. III. 3.

I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.

Sh. Coriol. I. 1.

AUTHENTICITY.

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.

Butler, II. 3. 679.

AUTHORITY.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep !

Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?
And the creature run from the cur ?

There thou might'st behold the great image of authority :
a dog 's obeyed in office.

Sh. Lear, iv. 6.

A man in authority is but as
A candle in the wind. sooner wasted
Or blown out, than under a bushel.

Beau. & F. Four P.

Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow ;
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.

Denham.

AUTHORITY—*continued.*

Authority intoxicates,
 And makes mere sots of magistrates ;
 The fumes of it invade the brain,
 And make men giddy, proud and vain :
 By this the fool commands the wise,
 The noble with the base complies,
 The sot assumes the rule of wit,
 And cowards make the brave submit. *Butler, Misc. Th.*

AUTHORS—*see Books.*

How many great ones may remember'd be,
 Which in their days most famously did flourish,
 Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
 But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish.
Spenser, Ruins of Time.

Let authors write for glory or reward,
 Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard. *Bp. Corbet.*

Much thou hast said, which I know when
 And where thou stol'st from other men ;
 Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
 Are all but plagiary shifts. *Butler, Hudibras.*

No author ever spared a brother ;
 Wits are gamecocks to one another. *Gay, Fable 10.*

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules,
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools ;
 Yet sure the best are more severely fated,
 For fools are only laughed at—wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;
 But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall,
 Since some have writ and shewn no wit at all ? *Pope.*

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
 Unnatural war with brother authors wage. *Pope, Apol. 27.*

An author ! 't is a venerable name !
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
 Unblest with sense above their peers refined,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause,
 That sole proprietor of just applause ? *Young*

Some write, confin'd by physic ; some, by debt ;
 Some, for 'tis Sunday ; some, because 'tis wet ;
 Another writes because his father writ,
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Young, Ep. to Pope, c. 1.

AUTHORS—*continued.*

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise,
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust. *Johnson, V. H. W.* 159.

We that live to please, must please to live.

Dr. Johnson, Prologue.

Some write a narrative of wars and feats,
 Of heroes little known, and call the rant
 An history. Describe the man, of whom
 His own coevals took but little note,
 And paint his person, character and views,
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.

Cowper, Task, III. 139.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
 Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

Cowper, Prog. of E. 516.

Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
 I sketch the world exactly as it goes.

Byron, Don Juan.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

Byron, Eng. B. 51.

AUTHORSHIP—*see Poems.*

He that writes,
 Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
 His judges than his friends; there's not a guest
 But will find something wanting, or ill-drest.

Howard, Surpr. Prologue.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, E. P.

Let authors write for glory or reward,
 Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard. *Bp. Corbet.*

This I hold
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write as I write now;
 Not to mind where they go, or how,—
 Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and stile;
 Make it but worth the reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain,
 Always to bring him back again.

Churchill.

AUTHORSHIP—*continued.*

One hates an author that's all author, fellows
 In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink ;
 So very anxious, clever, fine and jealous,
 One don't know what to say to them, or think,
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;
 Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs, e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper. *Beppo*, 75.

But every fool describes in these bright days,
 His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
 And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise ;
 Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport. *Byron*, *D. J.* v. 52.

Our doctor thus, with stuff'd sufficiency
 Of all omnigenous omniscieny,
 Began (as who would not begin,
 That had like him so much within ?)
 To let it out in books of all sorts,
 Folios, quartos, large and small sorts. *Moore.*

———— Some steal a thought,
 And clip it round the edge, and challenge him
 Whose 'twas to swear to it. *Bailey*, *Festus*.

AUTUMN.

Not Spring or Summer's beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one autumnal face. *Donne.*

Thrice happy time,
 Best portion of the various year, in which
 Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works,
 Lovely, to full perfection wrought. *Phillips*, *Cider*, b. 2.

'Tis past ! no more the Summer blooms !
 Ascending in the rear,
 Behold, congenial Autumn comes,
 The Sabbath of the year !
 What time thy holy whispers breathe,
 The pensive evening shade beneath,
 And twilight consecrates the floods ;
 While nature strips her garment gay,
 And wears the verdure of decay,
 O, let me wander through the sounding woods ! *Logan*

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core. *Keats.*

AVARICE—*see* Covetousness.

When all sins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetousness
Does but then lie in her cradle. *Dekker, Honest Wh. p. 2.*

The rule, get money, still get money, boy,
No matter by what means. *Ben Jonson, Every Man, II. 3.*

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

Quarles.

That cos'ning vice, although it seems to keep
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
And makes us more than poor. *May, Old Couple.*

But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryden.*

And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Pope, E. M. II. 131.*
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. *Pope, M. E. III. 169.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies. *Pope, M. E. III. 234.*
'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste? *Pope, M. E. IV. 3.*

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread. *Young, N. T.*

Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come. *Blair, Grave.*

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man. *Dr. Johnson, Irene.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate. *Peter Pindar.*

AVARICE—*continued.*

May his soul be plung'd
 In ever-burning floods of liquid gold,
 And be his avarice the fiend that damns him ! *Murphy, Alzuma.*

A thirst for gold,
 The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
 The meanest soul. *Byron Vis. of J.*

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
 I think I must take up with avarice. *Byron, Don J. l. 216.*

The love of gold, that meanest rage,
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear ! *E. Moore.*

AVERSION—*see Dislike.*

As well the noble savage of the field
 Might tamely couple with the fearful ewe ;
 Tigers engender with the timid deer ;
 Wild muddy boars defile the cleanly ermine,
 Or vultures sort with doves ; as I with thee. *Lee, Mithridates.*

AWKWARDNESS.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
 Unless deportment gives them decent grace ?
 Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
 Some want the striking elegance of ease ;
 The curious eye their awkward movement tires ;
 They seem like puppets led about by wires. *Churchill, Rosc.*

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from t'other. *J. Rosciad.*

BABES.

He that of greatest works is finisher.
 Oft does them by the weakest minister;
 So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes. *Sh. All's W. II. 1.*

BAITS.

Sweet words I grant, baits and allurements sweet,
 But greatest hopes with greatest crosses meet. *Fairfax.*
 How are the sex improved in amorous arts!
 What new found snares they bait for human hearts. *Prior.*

BALL—see Dancing.

Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell,
 Of the dancers and dresses, and who was the belle;
 But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
 That night stole away, and the dawn caught them there.
S. G. Goodrich.
 The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
 The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers—
 The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
 The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
 And bracelets—swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
 An India itself, yet dazzling not
 The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,
 Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
 The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
 Suggesting the more secret symmetry
 Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
 All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
 Its false and true enchantments—Art and Nature.
Byron, Mar. Fal.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle.
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

BANISHMENT.

Banished? *Praed, Fancy Ball.*

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banished? *Sh. Rom. III. 3.*
 Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
 Forced from our pleasing field and native home. *Dryden.*

BANISHMENT—*continued.*

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
 Those scenes which I am doom'd no more to know,
 Full oft shall memory trace—my soul's tormentor—
 And turn each pleasure past to present woe. *Mat. G. Lewis.*
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair. *Cowper.*

BARGAIN—*see Commerce. Trade.*

I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Sh. H. IV. pt. I, III. 1.*
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings;
 And noble name and cultur'd land,
 Palace, and park, and vassal band,
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild or the Barings. *Halleck, Alnwick Castle.*

BASHFULNESS—*see Modesty.*

Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And, ever and anon, with rosy red,
 The bashful blush her snowy cheeks did dye. *Spenser.*
 To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
 Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd. *Herrick, Aph. 291.*
 I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
 Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
 And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
 Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace. *Cowper, Conv. [347.]*
 So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
 So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
 E'en pity scarce can wish it less. *Byron, Bride of A.*

BAT.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing. *Collins.*

BATTLE—*see War.*

This day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth. *Sh. K. John, II. 2.*

BATTLE—*continued.*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation. *Sh. K. J. II. 1.*

If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour. *Sh. H. V. IV. 3.*

Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intended. *Milton, P. L. II. 712.*

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.* *Butler Hud. III. 3, 243.*
When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war;
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled. *Lee, Alex. IV. 2.*

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breast demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life. *Addison, Camp.*
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die. *Addison, Camp.*

Involved in clouds
Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continued doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
And clatt'ring armour; till at length the noise
In distant murmurs died. *Smollett.*

For men, it is reported, dash and vapour
Less in the field of battle than on paper;
Thus, in the history of each dire campaign,
More carnage leads the newspaper than plain. *Peter Pindar.*
'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch. *Byron, D. J. VIII.*
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, [77.
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown! *Byron.*

* See Notes tracing the pedigree of this distich and its parallels, in *Hudibras*, Ed. Bohn, pp. 106 and 403.

BATTLE—continued.

But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
 And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
 And beasts of the forest, all gathering there ;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay. *Byron, Corinth. 17.*

Hark to the trump, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn.
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout "they come, they come !" *Ib. 22.*

Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
 Nothing there, save death, was mute ;
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
 For quarter, or for victory
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder. *Byron, Corinth.*

No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose :
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
 When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife. *Byron, Cors.*

It was a goodly sight
 To see th' embattled pomp, as with the step
 Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,
 To see the pennons rolling their long waves
 Before the gale, and banners broad and bright
 Tossing their blazonry. *Southey.*

Then more fierce
 The conflict grew ; the din of arms, the yell
 Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
 The groan of death, commingled in one sound
 Of undistinguish'd horrors. *Southey, Madoc.*

BATTLE-FIELD.

Then, after length of time, the labouring swains,
 Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
 Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
 And over empty helmets pass the rake. *Dryden.*

BEARD.

Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer. *Sh. Troil. I. 2.*
 It has no bush below ;
 Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
 Peach doth wear :
 Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.
Suckling, Goblins.

BEARD—*continued.*

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile ;
 The upper part thereof was whey ;
 The nether, orange mix'd with grey. *Butler, Hud.* i. 1, 241.

BEAUTY—*see Loveliness, Merit, Ornament.*

And that same glorious beauty's idle boast,
 Is but a bait, such wretches to beguile. *Spenser.*

Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
 Forth-looking through the window of the east,
 When first the fleecie cattle have begun
 Upon the perled grass to make their feast. *Spenser.*

Oh, how much doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live. *Sh. Sonnet 24.*

My beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
Sh. Love's L.L. ii. 1.

For where is any author in the world
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ? *Sh. Love's L.L.* iv. 3.

Her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece. *Sh. Mer. Ven.* i. 1.
 There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple ;
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with it. *Sh. Temp.* i. 2.

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd by her eye. *Sh. Poems.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
 Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy. *Sh. Tw. Ni.* i. 5.

She looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew. *Sh. Tam. S.* ii. 1.
 She's beautiful ; and therefore to be wooed :
 She is a woman ; and therefore to be won. *Sh. H.* vi. i. v. 3.

BEAUTY—*continued*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear ! *Sh. Rom. Jul.* i. 5.

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven,
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night. *Ibid* ii. 2.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green sward ; nothing she does, or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself ;
 Too noble for this place. *Sh. Win. T.* iv. 3.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : other women cloy
 The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. *Sh. Ant. Cleop.* A. ii. 352.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass that's broken presently ;
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour. *Sh. Pass. Pilgr.* 10.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator. *Sh. Rape of Lu.* v.

She sits, like Beauty's child, whom nature gat
 For men to see, and seeing wonder at. *Sh. Peric.* ii. 2.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground ;
 As broken glass no cement can redress ;—
 So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. *Sh. Pass. Pilgr.* x.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !—
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art,
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart. *B. Jonson, Sil. Wo.* i. 1.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore
 We mint, we stamp, and then adore ;
 Like heathens we the image crown,
 And indiscreetly then fall down. *W. Cartwright.*

BEAUTY—*continued.*

Die when you will, you need not wear,
 At Heaven's court, a form more fair
 Than beauty at your birth has given ;
 Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
 The voice we hear, and you will be
 An angel ready made for heaven.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Woman, 10.

Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
 Who dost in every country change thy shape ;
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white ;
 Thou flatterer who comply'st with every sight.

Who hast no certain what nor where,
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
 Inconstant as thy she-possessors are.

Cowley.

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace
 Of lively colours flowing from the face. *Herrick, Aph. 175.*

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, and feasts, and high solemnities.
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
 It is for homely features to keep home ;
 They had their name thence ; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn ?—
 There was another meaning in those gifts. *Milton, Comus, 715.*

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself :
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head. *Milton, ib. 739.*

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit. *Milton, ib. 393.*

Beauty stands
 In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd. *Milton, P. R. II. 220.*
 Beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
 A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds. *Waller.*

BEAUTY—*continued.*

A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n,
She seems more heaven than ours. *Lee, Ædipus.*

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleased with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun. *Dryden, Aurengz.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet. *Dryden, Cym. and Iph. 1. 2.*

One who would change the worship of all climates,
And make a new religion where'er she comes,
Unite the differing faiths of all the world,
To idolize her face. *Dryden, Love's Triumph.*

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love. *Dryden, Beauty's Triumph.*

All hearts, alike all faces cannot move,
There is a secret sympathy in love,
The powerful loadstone cannot move a straw,
No more than jet the trembling needle draw.
Sedley, Ant. and Cl.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Rowe, Fair Pen. 11. 1.*
From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring. *Rowe.*

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense *Addison, Cato.*

Nature in various moulds has beauty cast,
And form'd the feature for each different taste:
This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloss of sable tresses dies. *Gay, Dione, III. 1.*

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all. *Pope, E. C. 245.*

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. *Pope, E. C. 255.*

BEAUTY—*continued.*

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. *Pope, Rape, II. 18.*

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,
 Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
 And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
Rowe, Tamerlane.

The hand of time alone disarms
 Her face of its superfluous charms ;
 But adds, for every grace resign'd,
 A thousand to adorn her mind. *Broome.*

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
 So modest ease in beauty shines most bright ;
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief does it all. *Aaron Hill.*

If that be she who yonder pensive comes,
 She seems some bright inhabitant of heav'n,
 Shot with a falling star from yon bright region,
 To light the world below. *Aaron Hill.*

What tender force, what dignity divine,
 What virtue consecrating every feature ;
 Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl ! *Young, Bu.*

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
 Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
 The body charms, because the soul is seen.
 Hence men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace :
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear ;
 Some none resist, though not exceeding fair. *Young.*

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
 And wheels her course in a joyous flight !
 I know her track through the balmy air,
 By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there :
 She leaves the tops of the mountain green,
 And gems the valley with crystal sheen.
 She hovers around us at twilight hour,
 When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;
 She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
 With shadows that flit like a fairy dream ;
 Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
 The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere ! *Rufus Dawes.*

BEAUTY.—*continued.*

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;
Both are most valued where they best are known.

Lyttelton, Soliloquy of a Beauty, l. 2.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :

Its loveliness increases ; it will never

Pass into nothingness.

Keats, Endymion, l. 1.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close :

But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Burns.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,

Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *Byron, Beppo, 45.*

Who can curiously behold

The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek

Nor feel the heart can never all grow old? *Byron, C.H. III. 11.*

We gaze, and turn away, and know not why,

Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart

Reels with its fulness

Byron.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray ?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight,

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess

The might—the majesty of loveliness? *Byron, Bride of A. 1.*

She was a form of life and light,

That, seen, became a part of sight ;

And rose, where'er I turned mine eye, ,

The morning-star of memory.

Byron, Giaour.

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue

Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,

'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue—

The kindest may be taken as a test.

The fair sex should be always fair ; and no man,

Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

Byron, Don Juan, XIII. 3;

Her overpowering presence made you feel

It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Ibid. III. 74.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow

Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ;

Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bows,

Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,

Mounting at times to a transparent glow,

As if her veins ran lightning.

Ibid. l. 61.

BEAUTY.—*continued.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies. *Byron, Hebrew Mel.*

There was a soft and pensive grace,
 A cast of thought upon her face,
 That suited well the forehead high,
 The eyelash dark, and downcast eye :
 The mild expression spoke a mind
 In duty firm, composed, resigned. *Scott, Rokeby, c. iv. 5.*

Such harmony in motion, speech, and air,
 That without fairness, she was more than fair. *Crabbe.*

There's beauty all around our paths,
 If but our watchful eyes
 Can trace it 'midst familiar things,
 And through their lowly guise. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Without the smile, from partial beauty won,
 Oh, what were man ?—a world without a sun ! *Campbell, P. H.*
[II. 21]

What is beauty ? Not the shew
 Of shapely limbs and features. No.
 These are but flowers
 That have their dated hours
 To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
 'T is the stainless soul within
 That outshines the fairest skin. *Sir A. De Vere Hunt.*

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
 And swimming majesty of step and tread,
 The symmetry of form and feature, set
 The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
 Of flute or harp. *Milman.*

What is beauty ? Alas ! 'tis a jewel, a glass,
 A bubble, a plaything, a rose,
 'Tis the snow, dew, or air ; 'tis so many things rare,
 That 'tis nothing, one well may suppose.
 'Tis a jewel, Love's token ; glass easily broken,
 A bubble that vanisheth soon ;
 A plaything that boys cast aside when it cloy's,
 A rose quickly faded and strewn. *MS.*

BEAUTY.—*continued.*

There is a spirit in the kindling glance
 Of pure and lofty beauty, which doth quell
 Each darker passion ; and as heroes fell
 Before the terror of Minerva's lance
 So beauty, arm'd with virtue bows the soul
 With a commanding, but a sweet control,
 Making the heart all holiness and love,
 And lifting it to worlds that shine above.

*MS.***BED.**

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die ;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss and human woe.

Dr. Johnson.

Night is the time for rest ;—
 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tir'd limbs and lay the head
 Down to our own delightful bed.

*James Montgomery.***BEES.**

So work the honey-bees ;
 Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

Sh. Hen. v. 1. 2.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew,
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend,
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Gay.

Even bees, the little alms-men of spring bowers,
 Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

*Keats.***BEGINNING.**

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless, perhaps, the end ;
 For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
 Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning ;
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

Byron.

BEGGARS.

Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death. *Sh. Hen. vi. 3. 1. 4.*
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings but relieved their pain;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

Goldsmith, Des. Vill.

Base worldlings, that despise all such as need;
 Who to the needy beggar still are dumb,
 Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Heywood, Roy. King.

He makes a beggar first, that first relieves him;
 Not usurers make more beggars where they live,
 Than charitable men that use to give. *Heywood, Roy. King.*

BELIEF.

Th' unlettered christian who believes in gross
 Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss. *Dryden.*
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improv'd by burning. *Praed.*

BELLES.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.
Lyttleton, Soliloquy of a Beauty, l. 11.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

BELLS.

Pope, Rape of L. II. 15.

How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet; now dying all away.
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on;
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where memory slept. *Cowper, Task, VI. 6.*

When on the undulating ear they swim!
 Now loud as welcomes! faint now as farewells!
 And trembling all about the breezy dells,
 As fluttered by the wings of cherubim. *Thos. Hood.*

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Moore.

BELLS.—*continued.*

The bells themselves are the best of preachers ;
 Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
 From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,
 Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
 Shriller than trumpets under the law,
 Now a sermon and now a prayer.
 The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
 This way, that way, beaten and swung ;
 That from mouth of brass, as from mouth of gold
 May be taught the Testaments, New and Old. *Longfellow.*

BENEDICTION—*see Blessings. Compliments. Greetings.*

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee ;
 Prosperity be thy page ! *Sh. Coriol. I. 5.*
 The heavens rain odours on you ! *Sh. Tw. N. III. 1.*
 The grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round ! *Sh. Oth. II. 1.*

BENEFITS.

To brag of benefits one hath bestown,
 Doth make the best seem less, and most seem none.
Broome, Nov.
 A benefit upbraided, forfeits thanks. *Lady Carew, Mariam.*

BENEVOLENCE—*see Bounty.*

How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Sh. Mer. V. v. 1.*
 Such moderation with thy bounty join,
 That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine ;
 That liberality is but cast away,
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay. *Denham.*
 Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses left the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race. *Pope, Moral Essays.*
 From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear !
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man should heaven refuse to hear !
Beattie, Minst.

BESEECHING—*see Tears.*

Fall at his feet ; cling round his reverend knees ;
 Speak to him with thy eyes ; and with thine tears.

BESEECHING—*continued.*

Melt his cold heart, and wake dead nature in him ;
Crush him in thy arms ; torture him with thy softness :
Nor till thy prayers are granted, set him free. *Otway, Ven. Pers*

BEST. I profess not talking : only this,
Let each man do his best. *Sh. Hen. IV. p. 1, v. 2.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more. *Young, N. T. 90.*

BETTING—*see Wagers.*

I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers. *Butler, Hud. p. 2. l. 297.*

Most men, till by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinions by a wager. *Byron, Beppo, 27.*

BIBLE.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none. *Cowper.*

Most wondrous book ! bright candle of the Lord !
Star of Eternity ! The only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely. *Pollok, Course of Time.*

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries :
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way ;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. *Scott, Monastery, l. 12.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

His very name a title-page, and next
His life a commentary on the text. *Woodbridge.*

BIGOTRY.

Sure^t'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion. *Butler, Hud. l. III. 1173.*

The good old man, too eager in dispute
Flew high ; and as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose. *Dryden, Rel. Laici.*

Soon their crude notions with each other fought ;
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught ;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. *Prior, Solom. l.*

BIGOTRY—*continued.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right. *Pope E. M.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

Byron, Don Juan, l. 83.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox bliss ?

No ! perish the hearts and the laws that would try

Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this. *Moore, Ir. Mel*

And many more such pious scraps,

To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)

That mad as Christians used to be

About the thirteenth century,

There's lots of Christians to be had

In this, the nineteenth, just as mad ! *Moore, Twop. Post Bag.*

BILLING—*see* **Kissing.**

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,

Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. *Butler, Hud. III. l. 687.*

BILLS.

Dreading that climax of all human ills,

The inflammation of his weekly bills. *Byron, Don Juan.*

In my young days they lent me cash that way,

Which I found very troublesome to pay. *Byron, Don Juan.*

BIOGRAPHER.

After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,

To keep mine honour from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Sh. Hen. VIII. vl. 2.*

BIRDS.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended ; and, I think,

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren. *Sh. Mer. Ven. v. 1.*

But, like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,

That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,

Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,

Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave. *Rowe, Fair Pen. II. 3.*

BIRDS—*continued.*

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The live-long night: nor those alone whose notes
 Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
 That hails the nightly moon, have charms for men.

Cowper, Task, B. I.

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
 They are the winged warders of your farms,
 Who from the corn fields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvest keep a hundred harms;
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 Renders good service as your men-at-arms,
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail. *Longfellow, Birds of K.*

BIRTH—*see* Descent, Pedigree.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror. *Young, L.F. i. 141.*
 I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds,
 I do not make the accident of birth
 The standard of their merit. *Mrs. Hale.*

BIRTHDAY.

Is that a birthday? 'tis alas too clear,
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year. *Pope, to Mrs. M. B.*
 My birthday!—what a different sound
 That word had in my youthful ears;
 And now each time the day comes round,
 Less and less white its mark appears. *Moore.*

Another year! another leaf
 Is turned within life's volume brief,
 And yet not one bright page appears
 Of mine within that book of years. *Hoffman, Am.*

Why should we count our life by years,
 Since years are short, and pass away!
 Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,
 Since tears are vain, and smiles decay!
 O! count by virtues—these shall last
 When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
 And these, when earthly joys are past,
 May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Mrs. Hale, Am.
 E 2

BLACKGUARDS.

They each pull'd different ways, with many an oath,
 "Arcades ambo," id est—blackguards both. *Byron, D. J. iv. 93.*

BLASPHEMY.

Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them ;
 But, in the less, foul profanation.
 That in the captain's but a choleric word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Sh. M. for M. II. 2.*
 Should each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not to man, but God ? *Pope.*

BLESSINGS—see Benediction.

Angels preserve my dearest father's life ;
 Bless it with long uninterrupted days !
 Oh ! may he live till time itself decay—
 Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him ! *Otway.*
 Reward him for the noble deed, just heavens,
 For this one action guard him, and distinguish him
 With signal mercies, and with great deliverance ;
 Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame ;
 Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
 And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end :
 Let him know nothing but what's good on earth,
 And everlasting blessedness hereafter. *Rowe.*
 O, still my fervent prayer will be,
 "Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee." *Miss Gould.*

BLINDNESS.

Oh ! happiness of blindness, now no beauty
 Inflames my lust ; no other's good, my envy ;
 Or misery, my pity ; no man's wealth
 Draws my respect ; nor poverty, my scorn ;
 Yet still I see enough ! man to himself
 Is a large prospect, raised above the level
 Of his low creeping thoughts. *Denham, Sophy.*
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon ;
 Irrevocably dark ! total eclipse,
 Without all hope of day. *Milton, Samson Agonistes.*
 O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepid age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd. *Ib. S. A.*

BLINDNESS—*continued.*

Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with an universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raised,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Milton, P. L. III. 40.*

These eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. *Milton, Sonnet xxii. 1.*

BLISS—*see Happiness.*

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king. *Pope.*
 The spider's most attenuated web
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze. *Young, N. T. i. 178.*
 Alas ! the heart that inly bleeds,
 Has nought to fear from outward blows ;
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss. *Byron.*

BLUE.

O, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

BLUNTNESS.

Byron, Don Juan, IV. 110.

Rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 With better appetite. *Sh. Jul. C. i. 2.*

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*
 These kind of knaves I know, which in their plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly duckling observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely. *Sh. Lear, II. 2.*

BLUNTNESS—*continued.*

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

Pope. E. C. 572.

BLUSHING

A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks, by turn, with white and red ;
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away. *Parnell.*
From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed. *Gay, Dione, II. 3.*
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. *Pope.*

With every change his features played,
As aspens show the light and shade. *Scott, Rokeby, III. 5.*

Though looks and words,
By the strong mastery of his practised will,
Are overruled, the mounting blood betrays
An impulse in its secret spring, too deep
For his control. *Southey.*

Playful blushes, that seem naught
But luminous escapes of thought. *Moore.*

BOASTING—*see Braggart.*

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Sh. Hen. V. VI. 4.*
The man that once did sell the lion's skin,
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him. *Ib. IV. 3.*
What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ? *Sh. K. John, II. 1.*

Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs. *Sh. K. John, II. 2.*

Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou. *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out. *Sh. Tam. S. II. 1.*

The honour is overpaid,
When he that did the act is commentator. *Shirley.*
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins. *Young, N. T. 8.*

BOLDNESS.

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
 But know, that nothing can so foolish be
 As empty boldness ; therefore, first assay
 And stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
 Then march on gallant. Get substantial worth,
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

*Herbert.***BOND.**

I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak ;
 I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

*Sh. Mer. V. III. 3.***BOOKBINDING.**

Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound.

*Sh. Rom. Jul. III. 2.***BOOKISHNESS—see Pedantry, Learning.**

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. *Pope, E.C. III. 612.*

BOOKS—see Authors, Reading.

Books are part of man's prerogative,
 In formal ink they thought and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travel that of old.
 Our life, fame pierceth longer at the end,
 And books it farther backward doth extend. *Sir T. Overbury.*

That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Sh. Rom. Jul. I. 3.*

A book ! O rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled word, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers.

Sh. Cym. v. 4

Learning is more profound
 When in few solid authors 't may be found.
 A few good books, digested well, do feed
 The mind ; much cloy, or doth ill humours breed. *R. Heath.*

That place that does
 Contain my books, the best companions, is
 To me a glorious court, where hourly I
 Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
 And sometimes, for variety, I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels. *T. Fletcher,*

BOOKS—*continued.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use. *Denham.*

'Tis in books the chief
Of all perfections, to be plain and brief. *Butler.*

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age ;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy ;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul. *Cowper, Tiroc. 147.*

Books cannot always please, however good ;
Minds are not ever craving for their food. *Crabbe, Bor. 24.*

I'm strange contradictions ; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found ;
Though blind, I enlighten ; though loose, I am bound.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white ;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form too I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin ;
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin ;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute ;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute ;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch ;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much ;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages. *Hannah Moore.*

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Wordsworth, P. T. 3.*

Our doctor thus, with stuffed sufficiency
Of all omnigenus omniscieny,
Began, (as who would not begin
That had like him so much within ?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts. *Moore.*

'Twas heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,
And read new novels on a rainy day. *Sprague, Curiosity.*

See tomes on tomes, of fancy and of power,
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holiest hour. *Sprague, Curi.*
A blessing on the printer's art !—
Books are the Mentors of the heart. *Mrs. Hale*

BOOKS—*continued.*

The burning soul, the burden'd mind
In books alone companions find.

Mrs. Hale.

All hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends !
All hail, ye sacred solitary groves !
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves.

Walsh.

The past but lives in words : a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,
And kept the pale imbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.

Lytton Bulwer.

The printed part, tho' far too large, is less
Than that which, yet unprinted, waits the press.

*From the Spanish of Yriarte.***BORES.**

O, he's as tedious

As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house ;—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom. *Sh. H. IV. p. i. III. 1.*

BORROWING.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Sh. Ham. I. 3.***BOUNDS.**

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky. *Sh. Com. E. II. 1.*

BOUNTY—*see Benevolence.*

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;
That man might no'er be wretched for his mind.

Sh. Tim. of A. II. 1.

What you desire of him, he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.

Sh. Ant. Cleo. III. 2.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

Sh. Ant. Cleo. v. 2.

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. *Beaumont & Fletcher, Spa. Cu.*

BOYHOOD—*see* Children.

The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. *Sh. As you, II. 7.*

O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe. *Sh. Ric. III. III. 1.*
Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

Byron, Child Harold, II. 23.

A little curly-headed good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth. *Byron, D. Juan.*

BRAINS.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
Churchill, Ep. to Hogarth.

BRAGGART—*see* Boasting.

What art thou ? Have not I
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. *Sh. Cymb. IV. 2.*

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him hear this : for it will come to pass
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass. *Sh. All's W. IV. 3.*
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament ;
They are but beggars that can count their worth.

I know them, yea, *Sh. Rom. Jul. II. 6.*
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst ;
And this is all. *Sh. M. Ado. v. 1*

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Sh. Mer. W. II. 2.*

For men, it is reported, dash and vapour
Less on the field of battle than on paper ;
Thus, in the history of each dire campaign,
More carnage leads the newspaper than plain. *Peter Pindar.*

BRAVERY—*see* Courage. Daring.

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving. *Butler, Hudibras.*

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't. *Butler, Hudibras*
 None but the brave deserves the fair. *Dryden, Alex. Feast, 1.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung. *Collins, Lines in 1746.*
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven. *Byron, Giaour.*

The truly brave,
 When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
 Are touch'd with a desire to shield or save. *Byron, Don Juan.*
 Fate made me what I am—may make me nothing,—
 But either that or nothing must I be;
 I will not live degraded. *Byron, Sardanapalus.*

The brave man is not he who feels no fear;
 For that were stupid and irrational;
 But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
 And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. *Joanna Baillie.*

BREVITY.

Since brevity's the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
 I will be brief. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
 Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
 Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
 Of all perfections to be plain and brief.
 For brevity is very good,
 When we are, or are not, understood. *Butler, Hud. 1, l. 669.*

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet
 To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
 While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
 The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back. *O. W. Holmes*

BRIBES—BRIBERY.

What! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers;—shall we now

BRIBES—*continued.*

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honour
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman. *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.*

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
 But let that speak, the client gets the suit. *Herrick, Aph. 275.*
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold. *Pope, Essay on Man.*

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
 To put their greasy fists to court addresses,
 Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
 And with a fiddle lead the hogs along. *Peter Pindar.*

Sound him with gold;
 'T will sink into his venal soul like lead
 Into the deep, and bring up slime, and mud,
 And ooze, too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
 With its greased understratum. *Byron.*

Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
 Shall ever find such faith so bought—so sold.
Marston Sophonisha.

BRITAIN—*see* England.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies. *Sh. H. VI. p. 3, iv. 1.*

Be England what she will,
 With all her faults she is my country still. *Churchill, Farew.*
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted. *Burns, Dumfries Volunteers.*

Without one friend, above all foes,
 Britannia gives the world repose. *Cowper, to Sir J. Reynolds.*
 The sword we dread not: of ourselves secure,
 Firm were our strength, our peace and freedom sure.
 Let all the world confederate all its powers,
 "Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"
 High on his rock shall Britain's Genius stand,
 Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Canning, The New Morality.

BROTHERHOOD.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. *Sh. Hen. V. iv. 2.*

BROOM.

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Burns, Caledonia.

BUILDING.

Here the architect
 Did not with curious skill a pile erect
 Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,
 But built a house for hospitality;
 No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
 Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertain his sight, but clear
 And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here. *Carw.*
 The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
 Provides a home from which to run away.

Young, Love of F. s. 1. 171.

BURKE (Edmund).

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Goldsmith, Retaliation, l. 29.

Oft have I wonder'd that on Irish ground
 No poisonous reptiles ever yet were found;
 Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work;
 She saved her venom to create a Burke. *Warren Hastings.**

BUSY—BUSINESS—see Industry.

To business that we love, we rise betimes,
 And go to it with delight. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. iv. 4.*
 Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where
 And when, and how thy business may be done,
 Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
 Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on. *Herbert.*

BUT YET.

But yet, madam,
 I do not like but yet. It does allay
 The good precedent; fie upon but yet!
 But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
 Some monstrous malefactor. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 5.*

BUTT.

Big as a butt, and for the self-same use,
 To take in stores of strong fermenting juice. *Crabbe.*

* An epigram produced by him when writhing under the agony of a protracted prosecution. (Encyc. Brit. vol. xi. p. 164, 7th edition.)

CALAMITY.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity. *Sh. Rom. III. 3.*

Do not insult calamity ;
It is a barb'rous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down. *Daniel, Phil.*

Know, he that
Foretells his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny. *Sir W. Davenant, Distresses.*
How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind
Calamity ! which is the perfect glass
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves. *Ib. Law agt. Lovers.*

CALM.

The tempest is o'erblown, the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face. *Dryden.*

Pure was the temp'rate air, an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse. *Thomson, Spring.*

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away. *Byron, Lara.*

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,
And oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between,
O who with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene ! *Scott, Lord of the Isles, iv 13.*

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity ! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumbers of the silent tides ! *Moore.*

CALUMNY.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? *Sh. M. M. III. 2.*

CALUMNY—*continued.*

If I'm traduced by tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.

Sh. Hen. VIII. I. 2.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shalt not escape calumny.

Sh. Ham. III. 1.

Calumny will sear

Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.

*Sh. Win. T. II. 1.***CANDOUR.**

I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love. *Sh. H. VI. 3. IV. 2.*
 Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
 Or fools that use them, when they want good sense;
 Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament. *Otway.*

Some positive, persisting fools we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critique on the last.

Pope, E. C.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
 It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

Young, N. T.

Make my breast

Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart does hold.

Buckingham.

The brave do never shun the light;

Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers.

*Rowe, Fair Penitent.***CANT**—*see* **Duplicity.**

Yes, rather plunge me back in pagan night,
 And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey. *Moore, Intol. 68.*

A fox, full fraught with seeming sanctity,
 That fear'd an oath; but, like the devil, would lie,
 Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
 And durst not sin before he said his prayer.

*Dryden.***CARE.**

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Sh. Rom. Jul. II. 3.*

CARE—*continued.*

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
 For things that are not to be remedied. *Sh. Hen. VI. 1, III. 3*
 Comfort 's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Sh. Rich. II. II. 2.

In care they live, and must for many care ;
 And such the best and greatest ever are. *Lord Brooke, Alaham.*
 Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
 And builds himself caves to abide in them. *Beaum. and Fl.*

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
 Will have the whole possession, ere it rest. *B. Jonson, T. of Tub.*

All creatures else a time of love possess,
 Man only clogs with care his happiness,
 And while he should enjoy his part of bliss,
 With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is. *Dryden.*

Man is a child of sorrow, and this world,
 In which we breathe, has cares enough to plague us ;
 But it hath means withal to soothe these cares ;
 And he who meditates on others' woe
 Shall in that meditation lose his own. *Cumberland.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
 And every grin, so merry, draws one out. *P. Pindar, Ex. O. xv.*

Human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themselves to vex them. *Burns.*

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know ;
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair.
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace ;
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair. *Sir W. Scott.*

Care, that in cloisters only seals her eyes,
 Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns :
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise :
 She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones. *Davenant, Gond.*

CAREFULNESS.

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little. *Sh. Ham. IV. 5.*

CARNAGE.

Nations with nations mixt confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie. *Addison.*

CARVING.

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's self to eat.
Though, be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good. *Lloyd, Author's Apology.*

CATHEDRALS—see Church.

The high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. *Milton, Il Pens. 157.*

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. *Congreve, Mourning Bride.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things. *Pope, R. i. 1.*

CAUTION—see Advice, Discretion.

In part to blame is she,
Who hath without consent been only tried,
He comes too near that comes to be denied. *Overbury, W. 36.*

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. *Sh. Hen. VIII. i. 2.*

Trust none ;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog. *Sh. Hen. V. II. 3.*

Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself : we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. *Sh. Hen. VIII. i. 1.*

Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Sh. Mer. V. II. 5.*

They that fear the adder's sting, will not come
Near his hissing. *Chapman, Widow's Tears.*

CAUTION—*continued.*

What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Sh. M. of Ven. IV. 1.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand!

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect. *Sh. Rich.* III. II. 3.

Know when to speak; for many times it brings

Danger, to give the best advice to kings. *Herrick, Aph.* 254.

None pities him that's in the snare,

And warned before, would not beware. *Herrick.*

Look before you 'ere you leap;

For as you sow y' are like to reap. *Butler, Hud.* 2, II. 503.

Weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,

And thank yourself, if aught should fall amiss. *Dryden.*

The mouse, that always trusts to one poor hole,

Can never be a mouse of any soul. *Pope, Wife of Bath*, 298.

More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes,

When it obeys the watchful eye of caution. *Thomson.*

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:

In part she is to blame that has been tried;

He comes too near that comes to be denied.

Lady M. W. Montague, Lady's Resolve.

A man of sense can artifice disdain,

As men of wealth may venture to go plain;

I find the fool when I behold the screen,

For 't is the wise man's interest to be seen. *Young, L. of Fu.*

Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore. *Franklin, Poor Ric.*

All's to be fear'd where all is to be lost. *Byron, Werner.*

Be wise, discreet, of dangers take good heed;

Be cautious, and you cannot but succeed;

Shun all rash acts, let moderation mark

Each enterprise on which you may embark;

And from your minds ne'er let there be effaced

The old yet sterling proverb, "Haste makes Waste."

CELIBACY.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,

If you will lead those graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Sh. Tw. N. I. 5.

CELIBACY—*continued.*

But earlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness. *Sh. Mid. N.* i. 1.
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man? *Milton, P. L.* iv. 748.
 She, though in full blown flower of glorious beauty,
 Grows cold, even in the summer of her age. *Dryden, Cy.* iv. 1.
 If I am fair, 'tis for myself alone ;
 I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
 Nor would I call another's heart my own,
 Nor have a gallant lover to revere me ;
 For surely I would plight my faith to none,
 Though many an amorous cit might jump to hear me :
 For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

From Michael Angelo.

CELESTIALS.

Look, how the floor of Heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls :
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Sh. M. of Ven.* v. 1.

CEREMONY.

Ceremony was devised at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds—hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 't is shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Sh. Timon. i. 2.

Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,
 Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth ;
 While truths, on which eternal things depend,
 Find not, or hardly find, a single friend. *Cowper.*

CHALLENGE.

There I throw my gage,
 To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
 Of martial daring. *Sh., Ric. II.* i. 1.

CHAMBERLAIN.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
 Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing ;
 A goodly spirit for a state divan,

CHAMBERLAIN—*continued.*

A figure fit to walk before a king ;
 Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
 On birthdays, glorious with a star and string :
 The very model of a chamberlain.

*Byron.***CHANCE**—*see* **Pride.**

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
 I oft found both. *Sh. Mer. V. i. 1.*

An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd. *Sh. Mac. II. 4.*

I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die. *Sh. Ric. III. v. 4.*

Unknowingly she strikes and kills by chance,
 Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance. *Dryden.*

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see.

*Pope, E. M. i. 289.***CHANGE.**

The French and we still change, but here's the curse,
 They change for better, and we change for worse.

Dryden, Prologue to the Spanish Friar.

Alas ! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,—
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined. *Pope, M. E. i. 127.*

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
 All change, no death : day follows night, and night
 The dying day ; stars rise and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
 With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid autumn ; winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the spring ; soft spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first ; all, to reflowerish, fades.
 As, in a wheel, all sinks to reascend,
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Young.

Love bears within itself the very germ
 Of change ; and how should this be otherwise ?
 That violent things more quickly find a term,
 Is shown through nature's whole analogies.

Byron.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *Byron, Dream, 3.*

CHANGE—*continued.*

How chang'd since last her speaking eye
 Glanc'd gladness round the glitt'ring room ;
 Where high-born men were proud to wait,
 Where beauty watch'd to imitate ! *Byron, Parisina.*

Your coldness I heed not ; your frown I defy ;
 Your affection I need not—the time has gone by,
 When a blush or a smile on that cheek could beguile
 My soul from its safety, with witchery's wile. *Mrs. Osgood.*

Roses bloom, and then they wither ;
 Cheeks are bright, then fade and die ;
 Shapes of light are wafted hither,
 Then like visions hurry by. *J. G. Percival.*

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
 A stable, changeless course, 't were cause to weep. *Bryant.*

I ask not what change has come over thy heart ;
 I seek not what chances have doomed us to part ;
 I know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
 And I still must obey, where I once did adore. *Hoffman.*

Not in vain the distance beckons,
 Forward, forward let us range ;
 Let the peoples spin for ever
 Down the ringing grooves of change. *Tennyson.*

CHANGING.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
 For master and servant oft changing is loss. *Tusser, Pts. Hus.*

CHAOS.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain ;
 And beauty dead, black chaos comes again. *Sh. V. & A. 178.*

Where eldest Night
 And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
 Of endless wars. *Milton, P. L. II. 894.*

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires,
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine ;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal darkness buries all. *Pope, Dun. iv. 649.*

CHAPEL.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
 The Devil always builds a chapel there :
 And 't will be found upon examination,
 The latter has the largest congregation. *Defoe, T. B. Eng. i. 1*

CHARACTER—see Fickleness, Detraction.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold. *Sh. M. for M. i. 1.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
Sh. Hen. VIII. v. 4.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth. *Ib. Tw. G. II. 7.*
 Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,
 But eagles gazed upon by every eye. *Shakesp. Rape of L.*
 Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Dryden, Annus Mirabilis, 39.

Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate ;
 As elegance polite, as power elate ;
 Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;
 Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe. *Savage.*

Form'd by the converse happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please. *Pope, E. M. iv. 380.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild !
 In wit a man, simplicity a child. *Pope, on Gay.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? *Pope, Es. to Ar. 213.*

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun. *Goldsmith, Retal.*

His talk was like a stream, which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses :
 It slipped from politics to puns,
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses. *Praed, The Vicar.*

CHARACTER—*continued.*

Describe him who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man. *Goldsmith, R.*
 For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun. *Byron.*

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
 Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
 Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow;
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth. *Byron, D. Ju.*

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
 More loving, or more loyal, never beat
 Within a human breast. *Byron, Two Foscari.*

With more capacity for love, than earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
 His early dreams of good out-stripp'd the truth,
 And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth. *Byron, Lara.*

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
Han. More, Sensibility.

He is so full of pleasing anecdote,
 So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
 Time vanishes before him as he speaks. *Joanna Baillie.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
 Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee. *From Martial.*

She was—but words would fail to tell thee what:
 Think what a woman should be, she was that. *Anon.*

CHARLES II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
 Whose word no man relies on;
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 And never did a wise one. *Rochester, Mock. Ep. on Chas. II.*

CHARITY—*see Beggars, Benevolence.*

For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. v. 2.*
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity;
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day. *Sh. Hen. IV. II. 4.*

CHARITY—*continued.*

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

Sh. Timon, i. 1.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity? *Sh. L. L. L. iv. 3.*

It was sufficient that his wants were known,
True charity makes others' wants their own.

Robert Daborne, Poor Man's Comfort.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity.
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep! *Rowe, Jane S.*

Think not the good

The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee. *Rowe, Ib. i. 2.*
Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.

Somerville.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. *Pope, E. M.*
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame, [III. 307.
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. *Ib. Sat. i. 135.*

The generous pride of virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with—Like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward. *Thomson, Coriolanus, III.*

Let shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel. *Aaron Hill.*

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity:
To shock us more, solicit it in vain! *Young, N. T.*

There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust. *Armstrong, A. P. H.*

CHARITY—*continued.*

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
 Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
 Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies. *Cowper, Charity,*
 The truly generous is the truly wise ; [573.
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest. *Home, Douglas.*
 The drying up a single tear has more
 Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore. *Byron, D.J. VIII. 3.*
 He who will not give
 Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
 For other's good, is a poor frozen churl. *Joa. Baillie, Eth. i. 2.*

CHARMS.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

CHASTITY.

Pope, Rape of the Lock, v. 34.

Chaste as the icicle
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple. *Sh. Coriol. v. 3.*
 The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
 Is God's fair bride ; and maidens' souls are such.
Decker, Honest Wh. p. 1.

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
 Of chastity, as blinds th' adulterous mind. *Dryden, Albion.*

CHATHAM.

His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face,
 He stood, as some inimitable hand
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand. *Cowper, T. T. 347.*

CHATTERTON.

I thought of Chatterton, th' marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
 Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough along the mountain side.

Wordsworth, Res. and Indep. VII.

CHEATING.

In little trades more cheats and lying
 Are us'd in selling, than in buying ;
 But in the great, unjust dealing
 Is us'd in buying, than in selling. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*
 Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
 Of being cheated as to cheat. *Butler, Hud. II. 3, l. 1.*

CHEATING—*continued.*

From stratagem to stratagem we run,
 And he knows most, who latest is undone ;
 An honest man will take a knave's advice,
 But idiots only will be cozen'd twice.

*Dryden.***CHEERFULNESS.**

Let me play the fool ;
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ?

Sh. M. of Ven. I. 1.

A merry heart goes all the day,
 A sad tires in a mile.

Sh. Win. T. IV. 2, Song.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
 And 't is that which crowns a welcome.

Massinger.

What then remains, but well our power to use,
 And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ?
 And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.

*Pope, R. of the L.***CHIDING.**

If she do frown 't is not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you ;
 If she do chide 't is not to have you give.

Sh. Two G. I. 2.

Those that do teach your babes,
 Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks ;
 He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.

Sh. Oth. IV. 2.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.

CHILDBEARING.*Sh. Hen. IV. 2, IV. 4.*

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Sh. M. for M. I. 3.

In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself
 As women wish to be who love their lords.

*Home, Douglas, i. 1.***CHILD—CHILDHOOD—CHILDREN—EDUCATION.**

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

Sh. Ric. III. III. 7.

CHILD, CHILDHOOD, CHILDREN—*continued.*

Behold, my lords,
 Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles,
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. *Sh. W. T. II. 3.*

The poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. *Sh. Macb. IV. 2.*
 The childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. *Milton, Parad. Reg. IV. 220.*

Children blessings seem, but torments are,
 When young our folly, and when old our fear. *Otway, Don Car.*

One son at home
 Concerns thee more than many guests to come;
 If to some useful art he be not bred,
 He grows mere lumber, and is worse than dead. *Dryden.*
 Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
 —Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
 His urn near mine. *Addison, Cato.*

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. *Pope, E.M. II. 275.*
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
 The sports of children satisfy the child. *Goldsmith, Trav.*
 A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
 Arose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. *Byron, D.J. xv. 43.*
 Yet a fine family is a fine thing,
 (Provided they don't come in after dinner;)
 'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
 Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her). *Byron, D. J.*
 Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
 To hail his father: while his little form
 Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee
 The pleasures of a parent. *Byron, Cain, III. 1.*

He smiles, and sleeps!—sleep on
 And smile, thou little, young inheritor
 Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
 Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
 And innocent! *Byron, Cain, III. 1.*
 Living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven. *Pollok.*

CHILD—CHILDHOOD—CHILDREN—*continued.*

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry. *Scott, Rokeby.*

Why was my prayer accepted? why did Heav'n
In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son? *Han. More, Moses, 1.*
The child is father of the man. *Wordsworth, My H. Leaps, 1. 7.*

Oh! dear to memory are those hours
When every pathway led to flowers;
When sticks of peppermint possess'd
A sceptre's power to sway the breast,
And heaven was round us while we fed
On rich ambrosial gingerbread. *Eliza Cook.*

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles. *Mrs. Browning.*

CHOICE.

When better cherries are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad. *Daniel.*
So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel that I fear to choose. *Miss Landon.*

CHOLER.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.*
Let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. *Sh. Hen. VIII. i. 1.*

CHRISTIAN.

A Christian is the highest style of man. *Young, N. T. iv. 788.*

CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year. *Tusser, 500 points, 12.*
Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

CHRISTMAS—*continued.*

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
 And all their spits are turning. *Wither, Christmas Carol.*
 Now thrice-welcome Christmas, which brings us good cheer,
 Minc'd pies and plum porridge, good ale and strong beer,
 With pig, goose, and capon, the best that may be,—
 So well doth the weather and our stomachs agree.
 Observe how the chimneys do smoke all about;
 The cooks are providing for dinner, no doubt:
 But those on whose tables no victuals appear,
 O, may they keep Lent all the rest of the year!

Poor Robin's Almanack, 1695.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still. *Scott, Marmion, c. 6.*

CHURCH—*see Cathedral, Clergyman, Religion.*

Then might you see

Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
 And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds; all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly to the rearward of the world far off
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The paradise of fools. *Milton, P. L. III. 490.*

What makes a church a den of thieves?
 A dean and chapter, and white sleeves. *Butler, Hud. 3, i. 1285.*
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he designed,
 And living taught, and dying left behind. *Dryden.*

I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty friar,
 With a paunch swell'n so high, his double chin
 Might rest upon 't: a true son of the church!
 Fresh-colour'd, and well-thriving on his trade. *Dryden, Span. F.*
 Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name. *Pope, M. E. III.*

Church ladders are not always mounted best
 By learned clerks and latinists professed. *Cowper, Tiroc. 378.*
 "What is a Church?" Let truth and reason speak;
 They should reply—"The faithful pure and meek,
 From Christian folds, the one selected race,
 Of all professions, and of every place." *Crabbe, Borough.*

CHURCH—*continued.*

What is a church?—Our honest sexton tells
'T is a tall building, with a tower and bells. *Crabbe, Borough.*

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads. *Wordsworth.*

It never was a prosperous world
Since priests have interfer'd with temporal matters;
The custom of their ancestors they slight,
And change their shirts of hair for robes of gold;
Thus luxury and interest rule the church,
Whilst piety and conscience dwell in caves. *Bancroft, F. of M.*

CHURCHYARD—CEMETERY.

The solitary silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps. *Dyer, Ruins of Rome.*

CHURLISHNESS.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality. *Sh. As You L. iv. 2.*

CITIES.

There with like haste to several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, and war and peace,
Are each th' other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again. *Denham.*

CITIZEN.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's. *Pope, M. E. 3.*

CIVILITY.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Sh. Temp. III. 2.

CLEANLINESS.

Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid. *Thomson, Summer.*

CLERGY—*see* Pastor.

Babble on, ye priests; amuse mankind
 With idle tales of flames, and tort'ring fiends,
 And starry crowns, for patient sufferings here :
 Yes, gull the crowd, and gain their earthly goods,
 For feign'd reversions in a heavenly state. *W. Shirley, Par.*

Then shall they seek t' avail themselves of names,
 Places, to titles, and with these to join
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promised alike to be given
 To all believers. *Milton, P. L. XII. 516.*

Men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs. *Swift.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Goldsmith, Des. V. 137.*

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. *Id. 177.*

He that negotiates 'tween God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. *Cowper, Task, 2, 464.*

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. *Cowper, Task, 2, 673.*

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers,
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn :
 Object of my implacable disgust. *Cowper, Task, 2, 414.*

Whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest between
 Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
 To be my mediator. *Byron, Manfred, III. 1.*

CLERGYMAN.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd :
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought—
 A living sermon of the truths he taught—
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

Dryden, Character of a Good Parson.

If such dinners you give,
 You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live :
 I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
 But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes. *Swift.*
 Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi rattlin an' thumpin !

Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin ! *Burns, Holy Fair.*

The royal letters are a thing of course ;
 A king, that would, might recommend his horse ;
 And deans, no doubt, and chapters with one voice,
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice. *Cowper, Tiro.*

Your Lordship and your Grace, what schools can teach
 A rhet'ric equal to those parts of speech ?
 What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
 Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those ?
 Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
 Who starve upon a dog's ear'd Pentateuch,
 The Parson knows enough who knows a Duke. *Cowper, Tiro.*

In his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd, and wept, and felt, and pray'd for all. *Goldsmith.*
 In short, no dray-horse ever work'd so hard, *[D.V. 185.]*
 From vaults to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,
 As this good priest, to drag, for small reward,
 The souls of sinners from the devil's gripe. *Peter Pindar.*
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone. *Byron, Cors. 2.*

CLERICAL STIPEND.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
 About two hundred pounds a year.
 And that which was prov'd true before,
 Prove false again ? Two hundred more. *Butler, H. III. i. 1277.*

CLIMATE.

We envy not the warmer clime that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine. *Addison.*

CLOUDS.

The clouds consign their treasure to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er a freshen'd world. *Thomson, Spring.*

There's not a cloud in that blue plain,
But tells of storms to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling. *Moore.*

COACH.

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But coach! coach! coach! oh, for a coach, ye gods!
Carey, Chrononhotonthologos, 5.

COCK-CROWING.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo. *Sh. Temp. 1. 2.*

The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day. *Sh. Ham. 1. 1.*

COLLECTOR.—see Antiquary.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Sh. Win. Tale, 1v. 2.*

COMET.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err.
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke. *Congreve.*

Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. *Thomson, Summer.*

COMFORT.

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comfort here but prayers.
Sh. Hen. VIII. 1v. 2.

Comfort, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shade with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care. *Rowe.*

COMFORT—*continued.*

Sweet as refreshing dews or summer showers
 To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
 Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
 And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,—
 Such are thy words.

Gay.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort, which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 't will fall
 Like choicest music.

Talfourd.

COMMENTATORS.

The honour's overpaid,
 When he that did the act is commentator.
 These lost their sense, their learning to display,
 And those explained the meaning quite away.
 How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

Shirley.

Pope.

Young, Love of Fame, VII. 97.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
 Who with no deep researches vex the brain,
 Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
 And hold their glimmering taper to the sun.

*Crabbe, Parish Register, I.***COMPARISONS.**

Comparisons are odorous.

Sh. M. Ado, III. 5.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
 So doth the greater glory dim the less. *Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.*
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil" Macassar! *Byron, D. J. i. 17.*

COMPASSION—*see Pity.*

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*
 O, heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him? *Sh. Tit. And. IV. 1.*
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoc'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

Sh. Lear, III. 4.

COMPASSION—*continued.*

Pity! it is a pity to recall to feeling
The wretch too happy to escape to death,
By the compassionate trance, poor nature's last
Resource against the tyranny of pain.

Byron.

COMPLAINT.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.

Crabbe.

COMPLEXION.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. *Sh. T. Nt. 1. 5.*

COMPLIMENTS.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek.
Pleads your fair usage.

Sh. Troil. IV. 4.

CONCEALMENT—*see Love.*

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen.
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. *Sh. Oth. III. 2.*
'T is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
While discontent sits heavy at my heart.

Addison.

CONCEIT—*see Formality, Self-conceit.*

As his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he lov'd. *Ovid, Met.*
A strong conceit is rich; so most men deem:
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem. *Marston, Antonio & Mell.*
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*
This self-conceit is a most dang'rous shelf,
Where many have been shipwreck'd unawares;
He who doth trust too much unto himself,
Can never fail to fall in many snares. *E. of Sterling, Cræsus.*
Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself.

Churchill.

CONCLUSION.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion? *Sh. Oth. II. 1.*

CONCORD.

Kind concord, heavenly-born! whose blissful reign,
Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain;
Soul of the world!

Tickell

CONDEMNED.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise. *Goldsmith, Captivity, II.*

CONDUCT.

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest. *Sh. Lear, I. 4.*

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. *Fletcher, H. M. Fort.*
 Learn to live well that thou may'st die so too ;
 To live and die is all we have to do. *Denham.*

The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
 He walks with nature, and her paths are peace. *Young, N. T. 185.*
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more. *Young, N. T. II.*
 To what gulphs [90.]

A single deviation from the track
 Of human duties leads even those who claim
 The homage of mankind as their born due,
 And find it, till they forfeit it themselves ! *Byron.*
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
 Not his that spoils her young before her face.
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
 And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

CONFIDENCE.

Set on your foot ;
 And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
 To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
 That Brutus leads me on. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 2.*

CONFUSION.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded. *Milton, P. L. II. 995.*

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die ! *Moore.*

Oh, the music and beauty of life lose their worth,
When one heart only joys in their smile ;
But the union of hearts gives that pleasure its birth,
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth
Like the sun on his own chosen isle ;
It gives to the fire-side of winter the light,
The glow and the glitter of spring—
O sweet are the hours, when too fond hearts unite,
As softly they glide, in their innocent flight
Away on a motionless wing. *MS.*

CONQUEST

I claim by right
Of conquest : for when kings make war,
No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field. *Dryden.*
Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease !
He makes a solitude, and calls it peace ! *Byron, B. of A. II. 20.*

CONSANGUINITY.

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin ;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse. *Butler, Hud. iii. c. i. 1293.*

CONSCIENCE.

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*
Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Sh. H. VI. 3. v. 6.*
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Sh. Hen. VI. 2. III. 2.

CONSCIENCE—*continued.*

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles ; Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. *Sh. Mac. v. 1.*
The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break. *Sh. K. J. IV. 2.*
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon. *Milton, Comus, 381.*

O conscience, into what abyss of fears,
And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd ! *Milton, P. L. x. 842.*
Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' the nation ?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance, and return ? *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 317.*

The sweetest conscience we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past. *Denham.*
Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day ;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbe
The hag that rides my dreams. *Dryden.*

Oh power of guilt ! how conscience can upbraid !
It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what she would most conceal. *Dryden.*

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe,
But to our thoughts what edict can give law ?
Even you yourself to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell. *Dryden.*
Pirates and conquerors of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey,
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away :
Even these—when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in a guilty breast ;
Some voice of God, close whispering within,
“ Wretch ! this is villainy ; and this is sin ! ” *Pope*

CONSCIENCE—*continued.*

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
 I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
 Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
 And am so clear too of all other vice. *Pope, Moral Essays.*
 Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!

Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
 And art within ourselves, another self,
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave? *Young, Bro.*

E'en grave divines submit to glittering gold!
 The best of consciences are bought and sold. *Peter Pinular*

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
 So much, as when we call our old debts in
 At sixty years, and draw the account of evil,
 And find a deuced balance with the devil. *Byron, D. J. I.*

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
 Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the apostles would have done as they did. *Ib. D. J.*
 Though thy slumbers may be deep,
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
 There are shades that will not vanish,
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish. *Byron, Manfred.*

There is no future pang
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
 He deals on his own soul. *Byron, Manfred.*

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
 Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din:
 Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God! *Byron, Island.*

Oh! conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend,
 Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend:
 But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
 Thou art, oh! woe for him, his deadliest foe! *Crabbe, Struggl.*
 How awful is that hour when conscience stings *[of Consc.]*
 The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears,
 Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that wrings,
 In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years! *Percival.*

'Tis ever thus
 With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
 Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
 Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
 Of their severe repentance. *Mason, Elfrida.*

CONSCIENCE—*continued.*

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past. *Goffe, Orestes*

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, th' unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast. *Juvenal, Gifford.*

Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the hero's prosperous days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing anthems of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown. *Mrs. Holford.*

CONSENT.

She half consents who silently denies. *Ovid, Art of Love.*

CONSIDERATION.

What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him. *Sh. H. V. I. 1.*

CONSOLATION.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart. *Sh. Macb. v. 3.*

CONSPIRACY.

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods;
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror, and big with death. *Addison, Cato.*

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. *Addison, Cato.*

Conspiracies,
Like thunder clouds, should in a moment form
And strike, like lightning, ere the sound is heard.
A. Dow, Sethona.

CONSTANCY.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 1.*

CONSTANCY—continued.

O heaven ! were man

But constant, he were perfect ; that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins

Sh. Two G. v. 4.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind. *Shirley, Wit. Fa. one.*

Go, bid the needle its dear north forsake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it doth bend ;

Go, bid the stones a journey upwards make ;

Go, bid th' ambitious flames no more ascend ;

And when these false to their old motions prove,

Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

Cowley.

True constancy no time, no power can move ;

He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love. *Gay, Dione.*

I know thee constant.

Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer

The teeming earth, and then forget to bear ;

Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames,

With ribs of ice in June, would bind his streams ;

Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,

Would change her course before you alter yours. *Dr. Johnson.*

Oh, the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,

As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when he rose. *Moore, Sunfl.*

There is nothing but death

Our affections can sever,

And till life's latest breath

Love shall bind us for ever.

J. G. Percival.

CONSUMMATION.

'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd.

Sh. Ham. III. 1.

CONTEMPLATION.

Fixed and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over nature's books.

Denham.

Thus every object of creation

Can furnish hints for contemplation.

And from the most minute and mean,

A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Gay.

CONTEMPT.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin.

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away ?

Sh. H. vi. 3. 1. 4

CONTEMPT—*continued.*

From no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt. *Pope.*

Think not there is no smile
I can bestow upon thee. There is a smile,
A smile of nature too, which I can spare,
And yet, perhaps, thou wilt not thank me for it.
Joanna Baillie, De Montford.

Shall it not be scorn to me
To harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am sham'd through all my nature
To have lov'd so slight a thing. *Tennyson.*

CONTENTION.

Sons and brothers at a strife!
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
—No quarrel, but a sweet contention. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3. I. 2.*
Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all. *Sh. Tam. S. II. 1.*

CONTENTMENT.

He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get. *Sh. Com. E. I. 2.*
My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3. III. 1.*
Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Sh. Hen. VIII. II. 3.*

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given. *Cowley.*
Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man's emphatically poor. *Cowley.*

CONTENTMENT—*continued.*

Let's live with that small pittance which we have ;
Who covets more, is evermore a slave. *Herrick, Aph. 122.*

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment. *Herrick, Aph. 112.*

I meddle with no man's business but my own ;
I rise in the morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely. *Otway.*

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear.
Nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, 3.

Since all great souls still make their own content,
We to ourselves may all our wishes grant ;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want. *Dryden.*

They cannot want who wish not to have more :
Who ever said an anchoret was poor ? *Dryden.*

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;
And happy he who can that treasure find. *Dryden.*

Content thyself to be obscurely good :
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Addison, Cato, IV.*

The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast ;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die. *Prior.*

Some place the bliss on action, some on ease ;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these. *Pope.*

Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure ;
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day when reason rules the mind. *Collins.*

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A good old shilling. *John Phillips, Splendid Shilling.*

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few :
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;
But fools create themselves new appetites. *Young.*

CONTENTMENT—*continued.*

O, grant me, Heav'n, a middle state,
 Neither too humble, nor too great;
 More than enough for nature's ends,
 With something left to treat my friends. *Mallet.*

Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long. *Goldsmith, V. of Wakefield, 8.*

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream,
 Obscure, unnoticed through the vale has flow'd;
 The heart that ne'er was charm'd by fortune's gleam
 Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode. *Percival.*

This is the charm, by sages often told,
 Converting all it touches into gold:
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
 Can rear a garden in a desert waste. *Kirke White.*

He, fairly looking into life's account,
 Saw frowns and favours were of like amount;
 And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse—
 He said, "Content—'tis well it is no worse." *Crabbe.*

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
 The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
 Obtains a richer prize
 Than he who, in his cot at rest,
 Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
 And bears the promise in his breast
 Of treasure in the skies? *Mrs. Sigourney.*

What tho' we quit all glitt'ring pomp and greatness,
 The busy, noisy flattery of courts,
 We shall enjoy content: in that alone
 Is greatness, power, wealth, honour, all summ'd up.
Powell, King of Naples.

CONTROVERSY.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
 The adverse sect denied what this had taught;
 And he, at length, the amplest triumph gained,
 Who contradicted what the last maintained. *Prior.*

When subtle doctors scripture made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes. *Denham.*

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd. *Butler, Hud. 1, i. 163.*

CONTROVERSY—*continued.*

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When foul words, jealousies, and fears
 Set folk together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For dame Religion, as for Punk. *Butler, Hud. 1, 1. 1.*

Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruined cloisters leapt. *Dryden.*

The good old man, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high; and as his christian fury rose,
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose. *Dryden, Re. 237.*

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
 The creature's at his dirty work again. *Pope.*

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
 Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both. *Cowper, Task, III. 161.*

CONVERSATION.

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe. *Pope, E. M. IV. 379.*

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear:
 In that the skill of conversation lies;
 That shows or makes you both polite and wise. *Young, L. F. 5.*

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
 And chiefly when religion leads the way,
 Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
 Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers. *Cowper, Conv. 703.*

Discourse may want an animated no,
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease. *Cowper, Con. 101.*

His talk is like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rock to roses;
 He slips from politics to puns,
 Passes from Mahomet to Moses;
 Beginning with the laws that keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

Praed, The Vicar.

CONVERTS.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
 To false persuasions than the right and true;
 For error and mistakes are infinite,
 While truth has but one way to be i' the right. *Butler, M. T.*

COOKS.

Herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses. *Milton. L'Alleg. 85.*
 Heaven sends us good meat; but the devil sends cooks.
Garrick, Epigr. on Goldsmith's Retal.

COPYING—COPYIST.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
 To fame; to copy faults is want of sense. *Churchill, Ros. 457.*
 A barren-spirited fellow: one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations;
 Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion. *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 1.*

COQUETTE.

The maid, whom now you court in vain,
 Will quickly run in quest of man. *Horace (Francis).*
 I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
 Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets;
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 That kisseth everything it meets:
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none. *Herrick.*

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lovers' pains;
 With age she fades—each lover flies,
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies. *Gay, Fables.*

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
 Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
 To raise his passion: such are female arts,
 To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts. *Gay, Dione.*

Who hath not heard coquettes complain
 Of days, months, years, misspent in vain?
 For time misused they pine and waste,
 And love's sweet pleasures never taste. *Gay, Fables.*

From loveless youth to unrespected age
 No passion gratified, except her rage;
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit. *Pope, M. E. 2*

COQUETTE—*continued.*

See how the world its veterans rewards !
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
 Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot ! *Pope, M. E. 2.*

With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, " What can Chloe want ? "—she wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
 But never, never reach'd one generous thought. *Ibid.*

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside ;
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show. *Pope, Ra. of I.*
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike. *Pope, Ra. of I..*

Nymph of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
 And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
 And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspen made. *Peter Pindar.*

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd.
 Smiles in her eyes, and simpers in her lips ;
 To some she whispers, others speaks aloud ;
 To some she curtsies, and to some she dips. *Byron, Beppo.*

Would you teach her to love ?
 For a time seem to rove ;
 At first she may frown in a pet ;
 But leave her awhile,
 She shortly will smile,
 And then you may win your coquette. *Byron.*

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say " No."
 And won't say " Yes," and keeps you on and offing
 On a lee shore, till it begins to blow ;
 Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward scoffing :
 This works a world of sentimental woe,
 And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin. *Id. D. J. XII. 63.*

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
 More joy it gives to woman's breast,
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
 Than one true manly lover blest. *Thomas Moore.*

COQUETTE—*continued.*

Can I again that look recall,
That once could make me die for thee?—
No, no!—the eye that beams on all,
Shall never more be priz'd by me.

Thomas Moore.

She, who only finds her self-esteem
In others' admiration, begs an alms;
Depends on others for her daily food,
And is the very servant of her slaves.

Joanna Baillie.

CORRUPTION—*see* **Bribes.**

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some stools of authority.

Baumont and Fletcher, Honest Man's Fortune.

He who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation.

Milton, P. L. ix. 296.

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Pope.

At length corruption, like a general flood,
So long by watchful ministers withstood,
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.

Pope.

Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

Churchill, Ros.

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite,
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day.

Dr. Johnson, London.

This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.

Ib. London.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes.

Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes.

Tis hence you lord it o'er your servile senates;
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
When aptly baited: ev'n the tongues of patriots,
Those sons of clamour, oft relax the nerve
Within the warmth of favour.

H. Brooke, Gustavus Vasa.

CORRUPTION—*continued.*

Thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
 Into his over-gorged and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes. *Cowper, Task, i. 736.*

Whoso seeks an audit here
 Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fishes,
 Wild-fowl or venison, and his errand speeds. *Cowper, Task, iv. 609.*
 A close state-leech, who, sticking to the nation,
 As adders deaf to honour's execration,
 Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
 Nor till the state expires, will drop away. *Peter Pindar.*

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow creatures,
 And all are to be sold, if you consider
 Their passions, and are dextrous; some by features
 Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
 Some by a place, as tend their years or natures;
 The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
 From crowns to kicks, according to their vices. *Byron, D. J. v. 27.*

And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade. *Thomas Moore.*

When rogues like these, the patriot (*sparrow*) cries,
 To honours and employments rise,
 I court no favour, ask no place;
 From such preferment is disgrace. *Gay, pt. 2, Fab. 2.*

COTTAGE HOMES.

Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
 And there, unenvied, rural dainties taste. *Pope.*

The cottage homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes;
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As birds beneath the caves. *Mrs. Hemans.*

COTTLE.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!
Byron, Engl. Bards and Scotch Rev. i. 399.

COUNSEL—*see Advice.*

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve. *Sh. M. Ado, v. 1.*

Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. *Sh. Hen. VIII. i. 1.*

COUNSEL—*continued.*

He cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heav'nly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd. *Byron, C. H.*

COUNTENANCE—*see* **Face.**

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*

COUNTRY—*see* **Home.**

A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss. *Milton, P. L. v. 294.*

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Cowper, Task, i. 749.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years. *Cowper, Task, i. 177.*

He who loves not his country can love nothing. *Byron.*

COUNTRY LIFE—*see* **Retirement.**

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair. *Dryden.*

Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene,
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there. *Young, L. of F.*

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
Smollet, Ode to Independence.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad. *Cowper, T. III. 352.*

COUNTRY LIFE—*continued.*

They love the country, and none else, who seek
 For their own sake its silence and its shade ;
 Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
 Susceptible of pity, or a mind
 Cultured and capable of sober thought ? *Cowper, Task*, III. 320.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies—
 Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
 And simplicity talks of pies !
 You lie down to your shady slumber,
 And wake with a bug in your ear ;
 And your damsel that walks in the morning
 Is shod like a mountaineer.

*Willis.***COURAGE**—*see Activity, Daring, Fortitude, Valour.*

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. *Sh. Macb.* I. 7.

By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion. *Sh. K. John*, II. 1.

What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble. *Sh. Macb.* III. 4.

You must not think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. *Sh. Ham.* IV. 7.

I dare do all that may become a man :
 Who dares do more is none. *Sh. Macb.* I. 7.

I do know him valiant,
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury. *Sh. Hen.* V. IV. 7.

It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. *Sh. Coriol.* II. 2.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
 His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger. *Sh. Timon*, III. 5.

COURAGE—*continued.*

He is not worthy of the honeycomb
That shuns the hive, because the bees have stings. *Sh.*

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it. *Ben Jonson, New Inn.*

The intent and not the deed
Is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly. *Brown, Barbarossa.*

What though the field be lost,
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome. *Milton, P. L. l. 105.*

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear: each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. *Milton, P. L. b. 6.*

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't. *Butler, Hudibras.*
All desperate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least estate:
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success. *Dryden. Aurengz.*

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man. *Dryden. Pal. and Ar.*

True courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood,
Lodged in the soul with virtue overruled,
Inflamed by reason, and by reason cooled. *Addison.*

Mere courage is to madness near allied
A brutal rage, which prudence does not guide. *Blackmore.*

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune. *Thomson, Cor. l. 1.*

COURAGE—continued.

True courage scorns

To vent her prowess in a storm of words ;
And to the valiant actions speak alone. *Smollett, Regicide.*

What, though success will not attend on all,
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall. *Smollett.*

True courage is not in the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown ;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague-fit,
May make a coward of him. *Whitehead*

He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all. *Cowper.*

“ You fool ! I tell you no one means you harm.”
“ So much the better,” Juan said, “ for them.” *Byron, D. J.*

And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe. *Byron, Eng. Bar.*
The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

Joanna Baillie, Basil, III. 1.

Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

COURT—COURTIERS.

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Whom I have soon to weed and pluck away. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 3.*

I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee. *Sh. R. II. IV. 4.*

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake and find nothing. *Sh. Cymb. v. 4.*

Not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at. *Sh. Cymb. I. 1.*

COURT, COURTIER.ERS—*continued.*

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life ;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law. *Sh. K. John, iv. 2.*

I have been told, virtue in courtiers' hearts
 Suffers an ostracism, and departs. *Donne.*

True courtiers should be modest, and not nice ;
 Bold, but not impudent ; pleasure love, not vice. *Chapman.*

These can lie,
 Flatter, and swear, deprave, inform,
 Smile and betray ; make guilty men ; then beg
 Their forfeit lives, to get the livings ; cut
 Men's throats with whisperings ; sell to gaping suitors
 The empty smoke that flies about a palace. *Ben Jonson.*

Those, that go up hill, used to bow
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
 To poise themselves ; and sometimes creep
 When th' way is difficult and steep :
 So those at court, that do address
 By low, ignoble offices,
 Can stoop at any thing that's base,
 To wriggle into trust and grace,
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner
 Than those that go by worth and honour. *Butler, Misc. Th.*

Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
 Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
 Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
 To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
 Have sense enough to soothe him in his follies,
 And ride him to advantage as I please ? *Otway.*

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
 Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
 In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
 And beckon early virtue from its centre. *Lee.*

See how he sets his countenance for deceit,
 And promises a lie before he speaks. *Dryden, All for Love.*
 Of all court-service learn the common lot,
 To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot. *Dryden.*

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
 That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth ! *Thomson.*

COURT, COURTIER—*continued.*

At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe :
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
 Each smooth as those who mutually deceive,
 And for their falsehood each despising each. *Thomson, Liberty*
 A courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog. *Shenstone.*

'Tis the curse of kings
 To be surrounded by a venal herd
 Of flatterers, that soothe his darling vices,
 And rob their master of his subject's love. *Brooke, Earl of W.*

To shake with laughter, ere the jest they hear,
 To pour, at will, the counterfeited tear :
 And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat. *Dr. Johnson, Lond.*

Unhappy lot of all that shine at courts ;
 For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
 Still odious to the monarch, or the people. *Dr. Johnson, Irene.*

A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,
 The vermin gender'd from the rank corruption
 Of a luxurious state. *Cumberland, Timon of Athens.*

A mere court butterfly,
 That flutters in the pageant of a monarch. *Byron, Sardana.*

The thrall and state at the palace gate
 Are what my spirit has learn'd to hate ;
 Oh ! the hills shall be a home for me,
 I'd leave a throne for the home of the free ! *Eliza Cook.*

COURTESY.

O,
 Dissembling courtesy ! how fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds ! *Sh. Cymb. i. 2.*

When th' way is difficult and steep :
 So those at court, that do address,
 By low ignoble offices,
 Can stoop at any thing that's base,
 To wriggle into trust and grace. *Butler, Hudibras.*

Would you both please and be instructed too,
 Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue ;
 Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem,
 The lowest genius will afford some light,
 Or give a hint that had escaped your sight. *Stillingfleet.*

COURTESY—continued.

This Florentine's a very saint, so meek
And full of courtesy, that he would lend
The devil his cloak, and stand i' the rain himself.

Sir W. Davenant.

COURTSHIP.

Bring, therefore, all the forces that you may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dismay,—
These engines can the proudest love convert. *Spenser, Sonnet.*

Most fair,

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart? *Sh. Hen. V. v. 2.*
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Sh. Two G. III. 1.*

Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true. *Sh. Two G. IV. 3.*

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity. *Sh. Two G. of Ver. III. 2.*
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won. *Sh. Tit. And. II. I.*

By your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Sh. Rom. Jul. III. 2.*

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows naught, that knows not this—
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is. *Sh. Troil. I. 2.*

I do not love

Much ceremony; suits in love should not,
Like suits in law, be rock'd from term to term. *Shirley, H. P.*

COURTSHIP—*continued.*

There is, sir, a critical minute in
 Ev'ry man's wooing, when his mistress may
 Be won, which if he carelessly neglect
 To prosecute, he may wait long enough
 Before he gain the like opportunity. *S. Marmion, Antiquary.*

He that would win his dame must do
 As love does when he draws his bow ;
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home. *Butler, Hud. 2, l. 449.*

She that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon ;
 And what men say of her they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean. *Butler, Hud. 2, l. 591.*

With easy freedom and a gay address,
 A pressing lover seldom wants success. *Rowe.*

Oh, what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair. *Prior, H. and E.*
 Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake. *Pope, Eloisa.*

Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport. *Thomson.*

I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
 By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
 Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity. *Thomson, Tancred.*

Trust me—with women worth the being won,
 The softest lover ever best succeeds. *A. Hill, Alzira.*

So, with decorum all things carried,
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married. *Goldsmith.*
 But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
 Who listens once will listen twice,
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
 And one refusal's no rebuff. *Byron, Mazeppa.*

To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
 And list for songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
 And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
 The eyes of maids as tho' they were bright stars. *Byron.*

Like a lovely tree
 She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn
 How to accept a better in his turn. *Byron, Don Juan.*

COURTSHIP—*continued.*

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke !
 'Twill but precipitate a situation
 Extremely disagreeable, but common
 To calculators when they count on woman. *Byron, D. J.* xiv. 43.
 Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs.
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
 But not too humbly, or she will despise :
 Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise. *Byron, Ch. Harold.*

COVETOUSNESS.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness. *Sh. K. J.* iv. 2.
 The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal !
 The covetous man never has money,
 And the prodigal will have none shortly. *Dr. Johnson.*

COWARDICE—*see Battle. Fear.*

O that a mighty man, of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit ! *Sh. Tam. S.* ii. 2.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?

Sh. M. of Ven. iii. 2.

A coward ; a most devout coward ; religious in it.

Sh. Tw. N. iii. 4.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once. *Sh. Jul. C.* ii. 2.

Milk-liver'd man,

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrong,
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering. *Sh. Lear.* iv. 2.

And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But, coward-like, with trembling terror die. *Sh. Hen. VI.* v. 2.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard. *Sh. K. J.* ii. 1.

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. *Sh. Hen. V.* iv. 6.

That which in mean man we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. *Sh. Ric.* ii. i. 2.

Thou wear'st a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Sh. K. J.* iii. 1.

COWARDICE—*continued.*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety. *Sh. K. John, III. 1.*

You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mind and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my war on you. *Sh. Coriol. I. 4.*

But look for ruin when a coward wins ;
 For fear and cruelty were ever twins. *C. Aley.*

Let valiant fools
 Brag of their souls ; no matter what they say
 A coward dares, in ill, do more than they. *Shirley.*

Timely running's no mean part
 Of conduct in the martial art. *Butler, Hud. 3, III. 243.*

The good we act, the ill that we endure,
 Is all for fear, to make ourselves secure ;
 Merely for safety after fame we thirst,
 For all men would be cowards if they durst. *E. of Rochester.*
 All mankind is one of these two cowards ;
 Either to wish to die when he should live,
 Or live when he should die. *Sir R. Howard, Blind Lady.*

Cowards fear to die ; but courage stout,
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out. *Sir W. Raleigh.*
 A coward is the kindest animal :
 'Tis the most forgiving creature in a fight. *Dryden.*

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
 Love mercy and delight to save. *Gay.*
 Grac'd with a sword, but worthier of a fan. *Cowper, Task,*
 The man that lays his hand upon a woman, *[I. 701.]*
 Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
 Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward. *Jno. Tobin,*

Hope, fear, and love, *[Honeymoon, II. 1.]*
 Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
 But touch not his, who, ev'ry waking hour,
 Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its pow'r. *Crabbe.*

COWARDICE—*continued.*

The coward never on himself relies
But to an equal for assistance flies.

Crabbe, Tale III.

Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand. *Byron, Br. of Abydos.*

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe. *Eliza Cook.*

COXCOMB—*see Dandy.*

This is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and in ushering,
Mend him who can ; the ladies call him, sweet ;
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet. *Sh. Love L. I. v. 2.*

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly. *Sh. All's W. I. 1.*

So by false learning is good sense defac'd ;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools. *Pope, E. C.*

Purblind to poverty the worldling goes, [25.
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace. *Churchill.*

CRAFTINESS—*see Cunning.*

When the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Sh. Hen. VI. 3. IV. 7.

This is the fruit of craft :
Like him that shoots up high looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead. *Middleton.*

GRAMMING.

Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Pope, Dun, 61-279.*

CREDIT.

Blest paper credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Pope, Ep. III. 39.*

CREDULITY.

In these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. *Beaumont & Fl.*

O credulity,
Thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues,
Open to every sound of truth as falsehood. *Havard.*

O credulity,
Security's blind nurse, the dream of fools,
The drunkard's ape, that feeling for his way,
E'en when he thinks, in his deluded sense,
To snatch at safety, falls without defence. *Mason.*

CREEDS.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me? *Moore.*

CRIME.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.*

Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime. *Byron, Ch. II. l. 3.*

Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart. *Coleridge.*

Oh, how will crime engender crime ! throw guilt
Upon the soul, and, like a stone cast on
The troubled waters of a lake,
'Twill form in circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the first. *Colman the Younger.*

CRINOLINE.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire ;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
The very shoe has power to wound. *Ed. Moore, Spider & B. 27.*

CRISIS.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. *Sh. Mac. iv. 2.*

CRITICISM—CRITICS.

I am nothing if not critical. *Sh. Oth. II. 1.*

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than 'twould have done. *Butler, Misc. T.*

Those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ;
But just as tooth-draw'rs find among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't. *Butler.*

Critics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on trials in a court;
For innocence condemned they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect. *Congreve.*

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another. *Gay, Fable 10.*

Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise;
And men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit. *Pope.*

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour in their place. *Ib. Temp. Fame, 37.*

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. *Pope, E. C. II. 53.*

Numbers err in this—

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss. *Pope, on Cri. 5.*

Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost. *Pope, E. on C. II. 121.*

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass. *Pope, E. C. 36.*

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And curious thoughts struck out at ev'ry line—
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit. *Ibid.*

CRITICISM, CRITICS—*continued.*

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well. *Pope, E.C. 15.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer :
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Pope, Ep. to Arb. 201.*

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind. *Pope, E.C.*
Till critics blame and judges praise, [233

The poet cannot claim his bays ;
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric ;
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate. *Swift.*

Who shall dispute what the reviewers say ?
Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason. *Churchill, Apol.*

Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry,
Burn, hiss, and bounce ; waste paper, ink, and die. *Young.*

Not all on books their criticism waste :
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame. *Young, Love of Fame, III. 69.*

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage !) to hiss and bite,
So war their quills when sons of dulness write. *Young.*

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the good-natured man. *Goldsmith.*

A man must serve his time at ev'ry trade,
Save censure ; critics all are ready made :
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote ;
A mind well skill'd to forge or find a fault,
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt—
Fear not to lie—'t will seem a lucky hit ;
Shrink not from blasphemy—'t will pass for wit ;
Care not for feeling, pass your project jest ;—
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd. *Byron, Eng. Bards.*

Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch the world exactly as it goes. *Byron, Don Juan.*

CRITICISM, CRITICS—*continued.*

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
 Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,
 And furnish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind. *Byron, E. Bards.*

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics who themselves are sore. *By. Dream, 75.*

As a base pack of yelping hounds,
 Who wish their betters to annoy,
 If a stray cur but touch their bounds,
 Will bruise, and mangle, and destroy;
 So they will on some plan unite,
 By which to vex him and to spite:
 His very virtues they will use
 As pretexts for their foul abuse. *J. T. Watson.*

'Tis hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
 Which sullies most, the slander or the praise. *Sprague.*

CROWNS.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2. III. 1.*

CRUELTY—*see Suffering.*

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
 Incapable of pity, void and empty
 From every drachm of mercy. *Sh. Mer. V. IV. 1.*

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child?

Sh. Henry VI. 3, I. 4

Neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire. *Sh. Two G. III. 1.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Cowper, Task, VI. 562.*

CRUELTY—*continued.*

I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"
 And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
 Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
 Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
 Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton—
 Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick! *Rejected Addresses.*

CUCKOLDS.

For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood. *Butler, Hudibras.*
 To no men are such cordial greetings given
 As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CUNNING—*see Craftiness.**Byron, Don Juan, v. 154.*

Oh, what authority and show of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Sh. M. Ado, iv. 1.*

CUPID.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
 Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Sh. Love's La. III. 1.*
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. *Sh. Mid. N. I. 1.*
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*

CURIOSITY.

The over curious are not over wise. *Massinger.*
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid;
 Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid. *Denham*
 I loathe that low vice, curiosity. *Byron, Don Juan.*
 How many a noble art, now widely known,
 Owes its young impulse to this power alone! *Sprague.*

CURSES *see OATHS.*

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
 Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas.
Sh. Ric. II. III. 2.

If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day!—he lies to the heart. *Sh. Oth. v. 2.*
 You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornful eyes!—Infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride! *Sh. K. Lear, II. 4.*

CURSES—continued.

Whip me, ye devils,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur ;
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire. *Sh. Oth.* v. 2

May all th' infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, upon him fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! *Sh. Tem.* II. 2.

Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste !—
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss !
And boding screech-owls make their concerts full !
Sh. Hen. VII. III. 2.

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! *Sh. Coriol.* I. 4.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish ! *Ibid.*

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the Calender. *Sh. Mac.* IV. 1.

If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness. *Sh. Ric.* III. I. 2.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace. *Ibid.* I. 3.
A plague o' both your houses ! *Sh. Rom.* III. 1.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd. *Sh. K. John,* IV. 3.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
Where got'st thou that goose look ? *Sh. Macb.* v. 3.

May he be rooted where he stands for ever ;
His eye-balls never move ; brows be unbent ;
His blood, his liver, entrails, heart, and bowels,
Be blacker than the place I wish him—Hell. *Lee. Oed.*

CURSES—*continued.*

May sorrow, shame, and sickness overtake her,
And all her beauties, like my hopes, be blasted.

Rowe, Royal Convert, III. 1.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn! *Byron, C. of M.*

May the grass wither from thy feet; the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! and heaven her God! *Byron, Cain.*

Down to the dust! and as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

The cardinal rose with a dignified look, *Byron, a Sketch.*
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief;
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him eating, he cursed him drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him sitting, in standing, in lying!
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse:

But what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse! *R. Barham, Ing. Leg.*

[Jackdaw of Rh.]

CUSTOM.

How use doth breed a habit in a man! *Sh. Two. G. v. 4.*

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd. *Sh. H. VIII. i. 1.*

It is a custom,

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Sh. Ham. i. 4.

Custom calls me to't;—

What custom wills, in all things should we do't? *Sh. Corio. II. 3.*

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.

Rocheater.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas. *Dryden, Ovid.*

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion. *Thomson*

CUSTOM—*continued.*

Custom forms us all ;
 Our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed belief
 Are consequences of our place of birth. *A. Hill, Zara.*
 To follow foolish precedents, and wink
 With both our eyes, is easier than to think. *Cowper, Tirocin.*
 The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
 With pack horse constancy we keep the road
 Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells.
 True to the jingling of our leaders' bells. *Cowper, Tirocinium.*
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
 To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
 A course of long observance for its use,
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing. *Cowper, Task, v. 299.*
 Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
 In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate ;
 In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
 To them we know not, and we know not why. *Crabbe, Tale III.*
 Habit with him was all the test of truth,
 "It must be right: I've done it from my youth." *Crabbe.*

CUT.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*

CUT LOAF.

And easy it is,
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know. *Sh. Tit. An. II. 1.*

CYNIC.

I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Anthony ; he hears no music ;
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at anything.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

CYPRESS.

Dark tree ! still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead. *Byron, Giaour.*

DAINTIES.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt ;
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
Goldsmith, Haunch of Venison.

DAMAGES.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
 You have as good and fair a battery
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim ;
 For if they've us'd you as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
 I would it were my case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe. *Butler, Hud. 3, III. 675.*

DANCERS, DANCING—see Feet, Walking.

When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 3.*

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light ;
 But, oh ! she dances such a way !
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight. *Suckling, on a Wedding.*

Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe. *Milton, L' Allegro, 34.*

Alike all ages ; dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore. *Goldsmith, Tr.*

Such a dancer !

Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.
Byron, Don Juan. IV. 84.

And then he danced ;—all foreigners excel
 The serious Angles in the eloquence
 Of pantomime ;—he danced, I say, right well
 With emphasis, and also with good sense—
 A thing in footing indispensable :
 He danced without theatrical pretence,
 Not like a ballet-master in the van
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman. *Byron, Ib. xiv. 38.*

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell. *Byron, Ch. Har. 3.*

DANCERS, DANCING—*continued.*

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet. *Byron, Ch. Har.*

The music, and the banquet, and the wine,—
 The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers,—
 The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments,—
 The white arms, and the raven hair,—the braids
 And bracelets—swan-like bosoms—the thin robes.

Byron, Mar. Fal.

The long carousal shakes th' illumined hall ;
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball :
 And the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands,
 That mingle theirs in well-according bands ;
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
 And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
 And youth forget such hours were past on earth,—
 So springs th' exulting bosom to that mirth. *Byron, Lara.*

Oh, a fancy ball's a strange affair !
 Made up of silks and leathers,
 Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
 Pins, paint, and ostrich feathers.
 The dullest duke in all the town
 To-day may shine a droll one ;
 And rakes, who have not half-a-crown,
 Look royal in a whole one.

Praed, Fancy Ball.

Such grace and such beauty ! dear creature ! you'd swear,
 When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
 That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
 And she only par complaisance touches the ground !

Moore, Fudge Family.

DANGER—*see Caution, Peril.*

He that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Sh. K. John. III. 4.*
 Though I am not splenetic and rash,
 Yet have I in me something dangerous. *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !
 I took thee, for thy better ; take thy fortune ;
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*
 They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
 And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. *Sh. R. III. 1. 3.*

DANGER—*continued.*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
 She'll close, and be herself! whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth. *Sh. Macb.* III. 2.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
Sh. Hen. IV. 1, II. 3.

The absent danger greater still appears;
 And less he fears, who's near the thing he fears. *Daniel, Cleo.*

Our dangers and delights are near allies;
 From the same stem the rose and prickle rise. *Daniel.*

When men think they most in safety stand,
 The greatest peril often is at hand. *Drayton, Barons' Wars.*

Danger levels man and brute,
 And all are fellows in their need. *Byron.*

DARE—DARING.

I dare do all that **may** become a man;
 Who dares do more is none. *Sh. Macb.* I. 7.

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
 He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit. *Scott.*

He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all. *Scott, Intro. Chron. Canong.*

DANDY—*see Coxcomb.*

He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose. *Sh. Hen.* IV. 1, I. 3.

DARK.

At one stride came the dark. *Coleridge, Ancient Mariner.*

DAUGHTER.

'Thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
 Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure. *Sh. L.* II. 4.
 If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
 No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife!
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her;
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter! *Sheridan, D.* I. 3.

DAUGHTER—*continued.*

Duty demands, the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice,
 In that is due obedience shown ;
 To choose, belongs to her alone. *Thos. Moore.*

DAWN—DAYBREAK—*see Morning.*

The morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness. *Sh. Temp.* v. 1.

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed. *Sh. Rom.* i. 1.

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light. *Ib.* ii. 3.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. *Sh. Rom.* iii. 5.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards. *Sh. Mid. N.* iii. 2.

The eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune, with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. *Ib.* iii. 2.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth. *Sh. H.* vi. ii. 2.

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. *Sh. Ham.* i. 1.

Look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey. *Sh. M. Ado.* v. 3.

The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east. *Sh. Ric.* iii. v. 3.
 The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
 Dividing darkness from the dawning main. *Byron, Island.*

DEATH—*see Grave, Mourning, Infancy.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Sh. Jul. C. ii. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come. *Sh. Jul. C.* ii. 2

DEATH—*continued.*

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? *Sh. Jul. C. III. 1.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, and penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

That life is better life, past fearing death,
 Than that which lives to fear. *Sh. M. for M. v. 1.*

All that live must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

To die—to sleep—
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

To die! to sleep:
 To sleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

The dread of something after death
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 Makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

Lay her i' the earth;
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring! *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*

DEATH—*continued.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away :
 O ! that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall, t' expel the Winter's flaw ! *Sh. Ham.* v. 1.
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end. *Sh. H.* vi. i. 4.
 Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery. *Sh. Hen.* vi. 1. iii. 2.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 When death's approach is seen so terrible. *Sh. H.* vi. 2, iii. 3.

Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it ; he died
 As one who had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
 As 'twere a careless trifle. *Sh. Macb.* i. 4.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death. *Sh. Macb.* v. 7.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. *Sh. Rom.* iv. 5.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death. *Sh. Rom.* v. 3.

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
 I could have better spar'd a better man. *Sh. Hen.* iv. v. 4.

He that dies this year is quit for the next. *Sh. Hen.* iv. iii. 2.

They say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony :
 Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
Sh. Ric. ii. ii. 1.

He that no more may say is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze ;
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :
 The setting sun and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Sh. Ric. ii. ii. 1.
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. *Sh. Ric.* ii. ii. 1.

O, sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her. *Sh. Cymb.* ii. 2.

He that hath a will to die by himself,
 Fears it not from another. *Sh. Coriolanus* v. 3.

DEATH—*continued*

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry ;—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill :

Tired with all these, from these would I begone ;
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone. *Sh. Sonnet 66.*

Death is not free for any man's election,
 Till nature or the law impose it on him. *Chapman, C. and P.*

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Dekker, Old For.*

'Tis the only discipline we are born for ;
 All studies else are but as circular lines,
 And death the centre where they all must meet. *Massinger.*

All things decay with time : the forest sees
 The growth and downfal of her aged trees ;
 That timber tall, which three-score lustres stood,
 The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;
 I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Herrick, Hesp. 476.

Behind her death,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse. *Milton, P. L. x. 588.*

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire. *Milton, P. L. 11. 624.*

Death levels all things in his march,
 Nought can resist his mighty strength
 The palace proud, triumphal arch,
 Shall mete their shadow's length ;
 The rich, the poor, one common bed
 Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,
 Where weeds shall crown alike the head
 Of tyrant and of slave.

Marvell,

DEATH—*continued.*

I feel death rising higher still, and higher
 Within my bosom ; every breath I fetch
 Shuts up my life within a shorter compass ;
 And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
 And less each pulse, till it be lost in air. *Dryden, Riv. Ladies.*

Distrust and darkness of a future state
 Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
 Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
 To be we know not what, we know not where. *Dryden, Aur.*
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God. *Parnell.*

'Tis but to die,
 'Tis but to venture on that common hazard
 Which many a time in battle I have run ;
 'Tis but to do, what, at that very moment,
 In many nations of the peopled earth,
 A thousand and a thousand shall do with me. *Rowe, J. Shore.*

I was born to die :
 'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing.
 Ages and generations pass away,
 And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,
 Roll down the irrevocable stream of time,
 Into the insatiate ocean of for ever. *Rowe.*

Death is the privilege of human nature ;
 And life without it were not worth our taking.
 Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner
 Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down. *Rowe, Fair Pen.*
 Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame,
 Hangs quivering on the point, leaps off by fits
 And falls again, as loath to quit its hold. *Addison, Cato, III. 7.*

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
 The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
 Are levell'd : death confounds them all. *Gay, Fables.*

He taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die. *Tickell.*
 As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

Pope, E. M. II. 133.
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. *H. III. 75.*

DEATH—continued.

O death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love. *Pope, Elo.*

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Pope, Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, 71.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd. *Ibid. 51.*

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Pope, M. E. III. 95.*

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting? *Pope, Dying Ch. to his Soul.*

The reconciling grave

Swallows distinction first, that made us foes,
That all alike lie down in peace together. *Southern, Fatal M.*

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene?
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake

With lustre and with noise! *Young, Night Thoughts, ix.*

Man makes a death, which nature never made. *Ib. iv. 15.*

The chamber where the good man meets his fate

Is privileged beyond the common walk

Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Ib. ii. 633.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,

The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,

The terrors of the living, not the dead. *Ib. iv. 10.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Ib. iii. 104.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. *Ib. v. 1011.*

That man lives greatly,

Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies,

High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair. *Ib. N. 21.*

DEATH—*continued.*

Death is the crown of life ;
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life :
 Were death deny'd, ee'n fools would wish to die.

Young, N. T. III. 526.

Death wounds to cure ; we fall, we rise, we reign ;
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

Il. 530.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

Ib. v. 600.

The death of those distinguish'd by their station,
 But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
 To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe :
 Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
 Left to the toil of life. *Thomson, Tan. and Sigismunda, I. 1.*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ? *Gray, Elegy, XI.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Gray, Elegy.*

How shocking must thy summons be, O death !
 To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come ! *Blair, Grave.*

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind ;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream ;
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves. *Cowper, Task, III. 261.*

What is death
 To him who meets it with an upright heart ?
 A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
 Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
 Perhaps a passage, overhung with clouds
 But at its entrance ; a few leagues beyond
 Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
 And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

Hurdie

DEATH—continued.

O, Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!

Burns.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

Byron, Pris. of Chi. VIII.

Death, so call'd, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep. *Byron, D. J. XIV. 3.*
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet. *Ib.*

"Whom the gods love die young" was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath.

Byron, Don Juan, IV.

Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave. *Byron, Giaour.*
What shall he be ere night? Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing. *Byron, Corsair.*

I live,

But live to die: and living, see nothing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live.

Byron, Cain, I. 1.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received thee in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

Byron.

How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light, eternity!

Byron.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

Byron.

DEATH—*continued.*

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Sir W. Scott, Marmion*

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. *Scott, L. of Lake, i. 31.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off! To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
Small gain! which wisdom with indiff'rent eye
Beholds. *Hannah More, David and Goliath, 4.*

Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death! *Mrs. Hemans.*

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen;
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
And makes the odds all even:
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow. *Praed, Brazen Head*

Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside. *Southey, Joan of Arc.*

Death we should prize as the best gift of nature,
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life, and be at rest for ever. *Southerne, Loy. Bro.*

We thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *T. Hood, Death-bed.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven unchains it,
To water that Eden where first was its source. *T. Moore*

DEATH—*continued.*

O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie,
 For which it wished to live, or feared to die. *Thos. Moore.*

The dead are like the stars, by day
 Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 But not extinct, they hold their way
 In glory through the sky :
 Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
 Vanish amidst immensity,
 Where human thought, like human sight,
 Fails to pursue their trackless flight. *Jas. Montgomery.*

Friend after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end ;
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest. *Jas. Montgomery, Friends.*

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest ;
 Then why should my soul be so sad ?
 I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
 And the mourner looks up, and is glad !
 Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
 The stains it had gather'd in this,
 And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
 Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss. *T. K. Hervey.*

It matters not at what hour of the day
 The righteous fall asleep ; death cannot come
 To him untimely who is fit to die ;
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven ;
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality. *Milman.*

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
 Whose portal we call death. *Longfellow, Resignation.*

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
 And with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between. *Longfellow, Poems.*

Weep not for him who dieth,
 For he sleeps and is at rest ;
 And the couch whereon he lieth
 Is the green earth's quiet breast. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

DEATH—*continued.*

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, death! *Porteus, Death.*

Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the lov'd and young! *W. G. Clark,*
She's gone! for ever gone! The king of terrors
Lays his rude hands upon her lovely limbs,
And blasts her beauties with his icy breath. *Dennis, Ap. Vir.*

DEATH-BED.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,
Her real and apparent are the same. *Young, N. T. 641.*

DEBT.

He that dies, pays all debts. *Sh. Temp. III. 2.*
You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something hath to pay. *Martial (Hay), II. 3.*
There died my father, no man's debtor;
And there I'll die, nor worse, nor better. *Pope.*

Oh, how you wrong our friendship, valiant youth!
With friends there is not such a word as debt:
Where amity is ty'd with band of truth,
All benefits are there in common set. *Lady Carew, Mariam.*

DECAY—*see Ambition, Reverses.*

All that in this world is great and gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay. *Spenser.*
You are as a candle, the better part burnt out. *Sh. H. IV. 2.*
And those decays, to speak the naked truth,
Through the defects of age, were crimes of youth. *Denham.*
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers. *Byron, Giaour.*
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest. *T. Moore, All that's bright.*

DECEIT—DECEITFULNESS—DECEPTION—HYPOCRISY.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so rare,
As to desery the crafty, cunning train
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And seem like Truth, whose shape she well can feign. *Spenser.*

O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Sh. Rom., J. III. 2.*

DECEIT, DECEITFULNESS, DECEPTION—*continued.*

Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see :
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. *Sh. Oth.* i. 3.

The devil can cite scripture for his purposes.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! *Sh. M. of Ven.* i. 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never. *Sh. M. Ado.* ii. 3.

And be the juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. *Sh. Macb.* v. 7.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
Sh. H. vii. iii. 1.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice. *Sh. R.* iii. ii. 2.

Mother, for love of grace.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks. *Sh. Ham.* iii. 4.
Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions
Through : Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder
That they hold no intelligence. *Beaum. and Fl. Philaster.*

He seem'd

For dignity compos'd and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow. *Milton, P. L.* ii. 111.

His tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse
Appear the better reason. *Milton, P. L.* ii. 113.

A villain, when he seems most kind
Is most to be suspected. *Lansdowne, Jew of Venice.*

Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
To hide the flood of tears—she did not shed. *Pope.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart. *Addison, Cato.*

DECEIT, DECEITFULNESS, DECEPTION—*continued.*

A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected. *Lansdowne, Jew of Venice.*

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit. *Byron to Southey.*

Even innocence itself hath many a wile. *Byron, Don Juan.*

Love on his lips and hatred in his heart,
His motto—constancy; his creed—to part. *Byron, Lara.*

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world

But those who slide along the grassy sod,

And sting the luckless foot that presses them?

There are who in the path of social life

Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun.

And sting the soul. *Joanna Baillie, De Montford, I. 2.*

O, what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practise to deceive. *Scott, Marmion, vi. 17.*

DECENCY.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour.

Content to dwell in decencies for ever. *Pope, M. Es. II. 163.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,

For want of decency is want of sense. *Roscommon, Essay I.*

DECISION—*see Dispatch, Promptitude.*

Away, then; work with boldness and with speed,

On greatest actions greatest dangers feed. *Marlowe.*

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly. *Sh. Macb. I. 7.*

Be the juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope. *Sh. Macb. v. 7.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures. *Sh. Jul. C. IV. 3.*

Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains,

But the firm purpose of his heart remains. *Dryden.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it

Catch, ere the change, the Cynthia of the minute.

Pope, M. Es. II. 19.

DECISION—continued.

The keen spirit

Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once

Plans and performs, resolves and executes! *Hannah More.*

DECLARATION—see Love, Proposal.

[*Daniel*, 1.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags ;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

Sh. Mer. W. III. 4.

Helen, I love thee ; by my life I do :

I swear by that, which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false, that says I love thee not. *Sh. M. N.* III. 2.

Why should I blush to own I love ?—

'Tis love that rules the realms above ;

Why should I blush to say to all,

That virtue holds my heart in thrall ?

Henry Kirk White.

DECORUM.

So, with decorum all things carried,

Miss frowned, and blushed, and then was married. *Goldsmith.*

DECREE.

It must not be ; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error by the same example,

Will rush into the state.

Sh. M. of V. IV. 1.

DEDICATIONS.

Leave flattery to fulsome dedicators,

Whom when they praise the world believes no more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

Pope.

DEEDS.

Where deeds pull down, words can repair no faith. *Chapman.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts not breaths ;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

Bailey, Festus.

DEFEAT.

Such a numerous host

Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded.

Milton, P. L. 993-996.

DEFENCE.

In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems ;

So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;

Which of a weak and niggardly projection

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting

A little cloth.

Sh. Hen. V. II. 4.

DEFENCE—*continued.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Milton, Sam. Agon. 560*

DEFIANCE.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps. *Sh. Ric. II. I. 1.*

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3. v. 1.*

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares? *Sh. Jul. C. IV. 3.*

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. *Sh. Ric. II. IV. 1.*

Who sets me else? by heaven I'll throw at all;
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you. *Sh. Ric. II. IV. 1.*

Thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Sh. K. John, III. 1.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil has come from hell. *Ib. IV. 3.*

Come on, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Scott, L. of L. v. 10.*

Thou think'st I fear thee, cursed reptile,
And hast a pleasure in the damned thought.
Though my heart's blood should curdle at thy sight,
I'll stay and face thee still. *Joanna Bailie, De Montford.*

DEITY—*see God, Creator, Omnipotence, Providence.*

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! *Thomson, Winter, 217.*

DEITY—*continued.*

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind? *Thomson, Summer.*

Hail, source of being! universal soul
 Of heaven and earth! essential presence, hail!
 To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
 Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. *Ib. Spring.*

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
 A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
 A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires. *Young,*

Nature
 Never did bring forth a man without a man;
 Nor could the first man, being but
 The passive subject, not the active mover,
 Be the maker of himself; so of necessity
 There must be a superior pow'r to nature.
P. Le Tourneur, Atheist's Tragedy.

In the vast, and the minute, we see
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Cowper, Task, v. 511.

Thou dread source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place;
 Above our human region or below,
 Set and sustain'd. Thou, thou alone, O, Lord,
 Art everlasting! *Wordsworth.*

DELAY—*see* **Decision, Procrastination, Promptitude, Time.**

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
 Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
 Creeping snails have weakest force;
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingering labours came to nought. *Robert Southwell*
 Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
 Seek not time, when time is past,

DELAY—*continued.*

Sober speed is wisdom's leisure,
 After-wits are dearly bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought. *Robert Southwell.*

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary. *Sh. Ric. III. IV. 3.*

Then do we sin against our own estate,
 When we may profit meet, and come too late.
 When the day serves before black-cornered night,
 Find what thou want'st by free and offered light. *Sh. Timon, v. 1.*

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
 'Tis like a pardon after execution :
 That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
 But now I am past all comfort here but prayers.
Sh. H. VIII. IV. 2.

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun. *Sh. Troil. III. 3.*

That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this " would " changes,
 And bath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this " should " is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing. *Sh. Ham. IV. 7.*

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life. *Young, N. T. 390.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
 In all the magnanimity of thought ;
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
 And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Young, N. T. 1.*

Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,
 The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once
 From their conception : Oh ! how many deeds
 Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
 The world had wanted, had the actor said,
 I will do this to-morrow ! *Lord John Russell, Don Carlos*

DELIBERATION—*see* Design.

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end. *Denham.*
Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care. *Milton, P. L. II. 302.*

DELIGHT.

She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight. *Dryden.*

DELUSION.

For love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place:
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

DEMAGOGUES.

I do despise these demagogues, that fret
The angry multitude: they are but as
The froth upon the mountain wave—the bird
That shrieks upon the sullen tempest's wing. *A. Hunt, Julian.*
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfix'd in principle and place,
In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace. *Dryden.*

DENMARK.

Something is rotten in the State of Denmark. *Sh. Ham. I. 4.*

DEPENDENCE.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream, as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours. *Sh. Cymb. v. 4.*
I hate dependence on another's will,
Which changes with the breath of ev'ry whisper,
Just as the sky and weather with the winds:
Nay with the winds, as they blow east or west,
'To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant. *Crown, Amb States.*

DEPORTMENT.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blest with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets let about by wires.

Churchill, Rosciad. 742.

DERBY.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides,
 The Derby Dilly, carrying three insides,
 One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease,
 With folded arms, propp'd back, and outstretch'd knees;
 While the press'd bodkin, punch'd and squeezed to death,
 Sweats in the midmost place, and pants for breath.
Canning, Loves of the Triangles, 178.

DESCENT—*see* **Pedigree.**

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
 Nature hath meal and bran, contempt, and grace. *Sh. Cymb. iv. 2.*

DESERTED—*see* **Friendless.**

Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes. *Dryden, Alex. Feast, 78.*

DESIGN.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth but poor validity;
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken when they mellow be. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*
 When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts them,
 But when they're just they're arm'd, and nothing daunts
 them. *Middleton, Mad World my Masters.*

He that intends well, yet deprives himself
 Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
 Deceives his purpose of its due reward.
Beaum. and Fl. Honest Man's Fortune.

Honest designs

Justly resemble our devotions,
 Which we must pay, and wait for the reward.
Sir Robert Howard, Great Favourite.

DESIRE—*see* **Disappointment.**

Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire. *Sh. Poems.*

DESOLATION.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth, as I am now. *Byron, Ch. Har. II. 98.*

DESPAIR—*see* **Suicide.**

They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. *Sh. Macb. v. 7*

DESPAIR—*continued.*

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world. *Sh. Macb.* III. 1.

O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world! *Sh. Ham.* I. 2.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Sh. K. John,* III. 4.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee. *Sh. K. John,* IV. 3.

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers. *Sh. H.* VI. 3, 1. 4.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it. *Sh. All's W.* I. 1.

When fears admit no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men. *Herrick, Aph.* 320.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed;
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed. *Ib.* 229.

Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good! *Milton, P. L.* IV. 108.

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear. *Milton, P. R.* III. 285.

For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death, by dying,
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled like lions rout. *Butler, Hud.* 3, III. 27.

DESPAIR—*continued.*

Equal their flame, unequal was their care ;
One loved with hope, one languished with despair. *Dryden.*

Talk not of comfort—'tis for lighter ills ;
I will indulge my sorrow, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair. *Addison, Cato.*

Though plunged in ills and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair :
When press'd by dangers and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose ;
And when our virtue sinks o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief. *Ambrose Philips.*

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly. *Dr. Johnson, Irene.*

Nao langer she wept, her tears were all spent ;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content ;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail. *Burns.*

Beware of desperate steps !—the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
Cowper, Needless Alarm.

But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe. *Beattie, Min.*

Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
Has nought to fear from outward blow :
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss. *Byron, Giaour.*

They who have nothing more to fear may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd ;
As children at discovered bugbears. *Byron, Sard. v. 1.*

Despair defies even despotism ; there is
That in my heart would make its way thro' hosts
With levell'd spears. *Byron, Two Foscari.*

There is a very life in our despair. *Byron.*

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes :
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting. *Moore.*

DESPONDENCY.

The recollection of one upward hour
 Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer
 The darkness of despondency, than years
 Of gaiety and pleasure.

Percival.

DESPOTISM.

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint. *Milton, P. L. XII. 508.*

DETECTION.

Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Sh. Ham. I. 2.

DETERMINATION—*see* Resolution.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end. *Sh. Two G. I. 3.*

Although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all; I will be gone. *Sh. All's W. III. 2.*
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

DESTINY—*see* Fate, Futurity.

Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
 Joys only flow where fate is most conceal'd:
 Too busy man wou'd find his sorrows more,
 If future fortunes he shou'd know before. *Dryden, I. Q. III. 1.*
 Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,
 And better bear like men, than vainly seem to shun.
Dryden, Palemon and Arcite.

DETRACTION—*see* Slander, Scandal.

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
 And can put them to mending. *Sh. M. Ado, II. 3.*
 Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their soul:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
 To wound the fame of princes, if it find
 But any blemish in their lives to work on. *Massinger.*

DETRACTION—*continued.*

Who stabs my name, would stab my person too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way. *Crowne, Hen. VI. 2.*

Now they interpret motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies. *Pope.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea,
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
And so proceed ad infinitum. *Swift, Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

Great fleas have little fleas, and lesser fleas to bite 'em,
And these fleas have other fleas, and so ad infinitum. *Anon.*

Mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can.
Young, N. T. VIII. 491.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter, who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen. *Dr. Johnson, Poetaster.*

DEVIATION.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads. *Byron.*

DEVIL.

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he. *Rabelais, IV. 21.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*
He will give the devil his due. *Sh. Hen. IV. I, I. 2.*

DEVOTEES.

And let not this seem strange; the devotee
Lives not on earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven;
His soul is gone, before his dust, to heaven. *Byron.*

DEVOTION.

The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,
Offer'd in ostentation. *Massinger.*

DEVOTION—*continued.*

The secret heart
Is fair devotion's temple; there the saint,
E'en on that living altar, lights the flame
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,
Not unaccepted. *Hannah More.*

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal may see,
So deep in my bosom the prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee. *Thos. Moore.*
The inward sighs of humble penitence
Rise to the ear of Heaven, when pealed hymns
Are scatter'd with the sounds of common air. *Joanna Baillie.*

DEW.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Chesterfield, Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse,
Deep into nature's breast, the spirit of her hues. *Byron.*

DIDO.

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was di do dum.
Porson, Facetiæ Cantab.

DIFFICULTY.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye. *Sh. Ric. II. 2.*

DIFFIDENCE.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence. *Pope, E. C.*

DIGESTION.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions. *Sh. Com. Er. v. 1.*
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both. *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

DIGNITY.

Where ambition of place goes before fitness
Of birth, contempt and disgrace follow. *Chapman, East. H.*
True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn. *Massinger.*
True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though fortune aims her deadliest blow. *Beattie.*

DIGNITY—*continued.*

With grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air. *Milton, P. L. II. 300*

Well had he learned to curb the crowd,
 By arts that veil and oft preserve the proud;
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
 That seems to shun the sight, and awes if seen:
 The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy. *Byron.*

DILIGENCE—*see Activity, Energy, Promptitude.*

To be rich be diligent, move on
 Like heaven's grand movers that enrich the earth,
 Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone,
 And make the spring straight bury all her birth. *Davenant.*

DIMPLES.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
 Love made those hollows; if himself were slain
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there love lived, and there he could not die. *Sh. V. & A. 41.*

DINNER—*see Feasting.*

Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go,
 Get it ready. *Sh. Lear, I. 4.*
 Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time. *Pope.*
 The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
 Lies thro' their mouths, or I mistake mankind. *Peter Pindar.*
 Behold! his breakfasts shine with reputation!
 His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
 With these he treats both commoners and quality,
 Who praise where'er they go his hospitality. *Peter Pindar.*
 Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'less fell like tomahawks to work. *Peter Pindar.*
 He fell upon whatc'er was offer'd, like
 A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike. *Byron, D. J. II. 157.*

DINNER—continued.

Nothing's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell! *Byron, D. J. v. 49.*

'Twas a public feast, and public day—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere. *Byron, D. J. xvi. 78.*

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, must depend on dinner! *Byron, D. J.*
Faith! your essence was excelling;
But you gave us nought to eat:
Nothing tasting, sweetly smelling,
Is, Fabullus, scarce a treat.
Let me see a fowl unjointed,
When your table next is spread:
Who not feeds, but is anointed,
Lives like nothing but the dead. *Martial (G. Lamb), III. 12.*

DINING.

Jack boasts he never dines at home,
With reason, too, no doubt;
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out. *Martial (Anon), v. 47.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour. *Sh. Ric. II. I. 3.*

My May of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Sh. Macb. v. 3.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies. *Goldsmith, Tra.*
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine are vanish'd. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high,
But time strips our illusions of their hue. *Byron, Don Juan.*

DISAPPOINTMENT—*continued*.

With more capacity for love, than earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
 His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
 And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth. *Byron, Lara.*
 Those high-built hopes, that crush us by their fall. *Campbell.*
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*
 O! ever thus from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

DISCONTENT.

I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit. *Sh. Ric. III. iv. 2.*
 I see your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears. *Sh. Ric. II. iv. 1.*
 O thoughts of men accurs'd!
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2. i. 3.*
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at anything. *Sh. Jul. C. i. 2.*
 Still falling out with this and this,
 And finding something still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic
 Than dog distract or monkey sick. *Butler, Hud.*
 Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage, from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends. *Southey*

DISCORD—*see Controversy, Disputes.*

Discord oft in music makes the sweetest lay. *Spenser, F. Q. III. 2.*
 How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept! *Sh. Ric. II. v. 5.*
 How in one house
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible. *Sh. Lear, II. 4.*
 Discords make the sweetest airs. *Butler, Hud. 3, i. 919.*
 From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
 What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Addison, Cato, v. 4.*

DISCORD—*continued.*

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
 With snipe-like nose and ferret-glowing eyes,
 Lean sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
 Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin. *P. Pindar.*

DISCRETION—*see Caution, Conduct, Prudence, Ruling.*

You are old ;

Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine : you should be ruled and led
 By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself.

Sh. Lear, II. 4.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Sh. Oth. II. 3.

The better part of valour is discretion. *Sh. Hen. IV. I. v. 4.*

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill ;

The fatal shadows that walk by us still.

J. Fletcher,

For good and well must in our actions meet ;

Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

Donne.

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,

That fouls his hands with dirty foes ;

For where no honour's to be gain'd,

'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd. *Butler, Hud. 2. II. 849*

It shewed discretion, the best part of valour.

Beau. & Flet. King and No King, IV. 3.

Even in a hero's heart

Discretion is the better part.

Churchill, Ghost, I. 232.

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,

And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish ;

Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly :

Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways.

But trust the secret of thy soul to none.

This is the way, this only, to be safe

In such a world as this.

Rowe.

Consider all thy actions, and take heed

On stolen bread, tho' it is sweet, to feed ;

Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring

A little honey, but expect the sting.

Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,

But conscience sits a witness in thy heart ;

Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,

For that is witness, judge, and prison too.

R. Watkins

DISCRETION—*continued.*

His air, his voice, his looks and honest soul,
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Addison.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise ;
 The use of riches in discretion lies.

*Cumberland.***DISCUSSION**—*see Controversy.*

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
 And fall somewhat into a slower method. *Sh. Ric. III. i. 2.*

DISDAIN.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on. *Sh. M. Ado, III. 1.*

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choked his breath,
 Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death :
 No signs of pity in his face appear ;
 Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within,
 For sighs to issue out, or love to enter in. *Dryden.*

DISEASES.

Diseases, desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
 Or not at all. *Sh. Ham. iv. 3.*

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Pope, M. Ess. 133.

DISGUISE.

Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes. *Butler.*

Hence guilty thoughts, distastes, surmises,
 False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises. *Pope.*

'Tis great, 'tis manly to disdain disguise ;
 It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength. *Young, N. T.*

DISLIKE.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell ;
 But this I'm sure I know full well,
 I do not love thee, Doctor Fell. *Martial (Tom Brown), XXXII.*

DISMISSAL.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once. *Sh. Macb. III. 4*

DISOBEDIENCE.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
 Neither regarding that she is my child,
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father. *Sh. Two G. III. 1.*

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Milton, P. L. I. 1.

DISPARAGEMENT.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak ; yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
 I grant, I never saw a goddess go ;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.

Sh. Son. cxxx.

They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other,
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live up on their tongues, and be their talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise ?

Milton, P. R. III. 50.

DISPARITY.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare :
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame : youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ; youth is wild, and age is tame.

Sh. Pass. Pilg. v.

DISPATCH—see Decision, Promptitude.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

Sh. All's W. v. 3

DISPLAY.

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
 Bring forth your treasures in the road?
 Would not the fool abet the stealth,
 Who rashly thus exposed his wealth? *Gay Fables.*

DISPUTES—see Controversy, Discord.

For when disputes are weary'd out,
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt. *Butler, Hud. 2. II. 481.*

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
 Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
 That for their own opinions stand fast,
 Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd. *Butler, Hud. 2. II. 1.*

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
 That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
 Others aver that he to Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
 Strange that all this diff'rence should be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

J. Byrom, On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.

DISSENSION.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
 That no dissension hinder government. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3. IV. 6.*

Debates, dissensions, uproars are the joy;
 Provoked without offence, and practised to destroy. *Dryden.*

Alas! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off. *Moore, Light of the Harem.*

Dissensions, like small streams at first begun,
 Unseen they rise, but gather as they run. *Garth, Dis. III. 184.*

DISSENTERS—see Methodists, Puritans.

So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various rout
 Of petulant, capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts,
 That first run all religion down,
 And, after ev'ry swarm, its own. *Butler, Hud. 3, II. 7.*

A little, round, fat, oily man of God. *Thomson, Cast. Ind. 1. 69.*

DISSIMULATION—*see* Discretion, Duplicity.

We'll mock the time with fairest show ;
 Fair face must hide what the false heart does know.
Sh. Macb. i. 7.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies. *Sh. Son. cxxxviii.*
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
 But—why did you kick me down stairs ?

Bickerstaff, 'Tis well it's no worse.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem everything but what they are. *Goldsm. Ep. to Sis.*

Smooth dissimulation, skill'd to grace
 A devil's purpose with an angel's face. *Cowper.*

DISSOLUTION.

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. *Sh. Temp. iv. 1.*

DISTANCE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue. *Campbell, P.H. 7.*

DISTINCTIONS.

There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war ;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing off'cer and a slave ;
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and man-slayer. *Butler, Hud. 2, III. 957.*

DISTRESS.

In this wild world the fondest and the best,
 Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed. *Crabbe.*

DIVINITY—*see* Religion, Theology.

In Religion

What damned error but some sober brow
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament. *Sh. Mer. V. III. 2.*

DIVORCE.

No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
 Save death or Doctor's Commons—so he died. *Byron.*

DOCTORS—see **Medicine, Physic.**

By medicines life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. *Sh. Cymb. v. 5.*

Out, ye impostors!
Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks—your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill. *Massinger.*

For men are brought to worse distresses,
By taking physic, than diseases;
And therefore commonly recover,
As soon as doctors give them over. *Butler, Hud.*

Wounds by the wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd. *Butler, Hud.*

Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion of the rest. *Dryden.*

The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents; sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again. *Swift.*

The surest way to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;—
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow. *Churchill.*

Will kick'd out the doctor: but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.
G. Colman Jun. Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

A doctor lately was a captain made:
It is a change of title, not of trade. *Martial (Hay), VIII. 74.*

DOGS.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed. *Sh. Macb. III. 1.*

I am his Highness's dog at Kew!
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
Pope, On the collar of a dog he gave to the Prince.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall! *Cowper, Task, III.*

DOMINION.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

Milton, P. L. l. 261.

DOUBT.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. *Sh. Troil. and Cr. II. 2.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Sh. M. for M. I. 5.*
Many with trust, with doubt few are undone.

Ld. Brooke, Mustapha.

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none;
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mix'd with a killing fear. *May, Cleopatra.*

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains ;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains. *G. P. Morris.*

Oh ! wrath will droop with wearied wing,
And hate will yield to tears ;
But doubt destroys the fairest thing—
Creates the spot it fears. *Eliza Cook.*

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the Creeds. *Tennyson, In Mem. xcv.*

DOVER CLIFFS.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so gross as beetles : half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice : and yon' tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high : I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Sh. Lear, IV. 6.

DOVER CLIFFS—*continued.*

The dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
The very place, puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

*Sh. Ham. i. 4.***DRAMA—DRAMATIC WRITERS.**

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Johnson, Prologue (On opening Drury Lane Th.).

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after. *Butler, Hud. 2, i. 23.*

DREAMS.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind.

Sh. Rom. i. 4.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. *Sh. Rom. v. 1.*
'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain out; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. *Sh. Cymb. v. 4.*

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes.
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.

Dryden.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.

Byron, Dream, i. 5.

Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

Byron.

O, spirit land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices and sounds of strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Mrs. Hemans.

DREAMS—*continued.*

Dreams full oft are found of real events
 The forms and shadows. *Joanna Baillic, Ethwald, II. 5.*
 One of those passing rainbow dreams,
 Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
 In trance or slumber, round the soul. *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

DRESS.

Where all the bravery that eye can see,
 And all the happiness that heart desire,
 Is to be found. *Spenser.*

Neat, trimly drest,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped,
 Shewed like a stubble land at harvest home. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, I. 3.*
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Sh. Ham. I. 3.*
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye? *Sh. Tam. S. IV. 3.*
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit. *Sh. Tam. S. IV. 3.*
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 And you be left, like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend. *Ben Jonson.*

Her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most. *Thomson, Autumn.*
 Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
 In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet. *Lady W. Montague.*
 We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
 And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
 And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
 Where peace and hospitality might reign. *Cowper, T. II. 614.*

DRINKING—DRUNKENNESS.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Sh. Timon, I. 3.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
Transform ourselves to beasts!

Sh. Oth. II. 3.

They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.

Sh. Temp. IV. 1.

Sweet fellowship in shame;

One drunkard loves another of the name. *Sh. L.'s L. L.* IV. 3.

He that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hog'shead than a man.

Randolph.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.

Anacreon (Cowley).

Why should ev'ry creature drink but I?

Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Anacreon (Waller).

Tom never drinks: that I should much commend
In Tom my coachman, but not Tom my friend.

Martial (Hay), XII. 30.

Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance.

Philips, Cider, 2.

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.

Prior, Solomon, 2.

O! when we swallow down

Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation;
Naked, we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
Subdued to beasts.

Charles Johnson.

What fury of late is crept into our feasts?

What honour given to the drunk'nest guests?

What reputation to bear one glass more,

When oft the bearer is borne out of door?

Dr. Johnson.

DRINKING, DRUNKENNESS—*continued.*

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn. *Burns, Tam O'S.*
 Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
 The best of life is but intoxication;
 Glory, the grape, love, gold,—in these are sunk
 The hopes of all men, and of every nation. *Byron, D. J. II. 179.*
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
 For tea and coffee leave us much more serious. *Ib. IV. 52.*
 Fill full! Why this is as it should be: here
 Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces,
 Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach. *Byron, Sardana.*
 Hath wine an oblivious power?
 Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
 The draught might beguile for an hour,
 But still leaves behind it the pain. *Byron, Farew. to England.*
 Could every drunkard, ere he sits to dine,
 Feel in his head the dizzy fumes of wine,
 No more would Bacchus chain the willing soul,
 But loathing horror, shun the poison'd bowl. *Merivale, Clear.*
 Drunkenness! that's a most gentleman-like
 Sin: it scorns to be beholden; for what it
 Receives in a man's house, it commonly
 Leaves again at his door. *Cupid's Whirligig.*

DRYDEN.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Pope, Im. of Horace, 2, I. 267.

DUELLING.

Ay me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps! *Butler, Hud. I, III. 1.*
 Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
 Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs him for a jest. *Dr. Johnson, Lond.*
 Two fools, with each an empty head,
 Or, like their pistols, lined with lead:
 Two minor fools, to measure distance,
 A surgeon to afford assistance,
 A paragraph to catch the fair,
 And tell the world how brave the pair.

DUELLING—*continued.*

Am I to set my life upon a throw
 Because a bear is rude and surly?—No!
 A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
 Will not affront me, and no other can. *Cowper, Conversation.*
 It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
 This cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off or so. *Byron, D.J. IV. 41.*

DUNCE.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
 Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

Cowper, Pro. of Error, 415.

DUNDEE.

Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave.

Wordsworth, Sonnets to Liberty, 1803.

DUPLICITY—*see Dissimulation.*

O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side. *Sh. M. for M. III. 2.*

You are liberal in offers;

You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
 You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Sh. Mer. V. IV. 1.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Pope, Arbuthnot, 201.*
 Where nature's end of language is declined,
 And men talk only to conceal their mind.

Young, Love of Fame, II. 207.

DUTY—*see Father, Parents.*

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
 I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Fielding, T. Thu.*
 The voice of parents is the voice of gods,
 For to their children they are heaven's lieutenants;
 Made fathers not for common uses merely
 Of procreation (beasts and birds would be
 As noble then as we are); but to steer
 The wanton freight of youth through storms and dangers,
 Which with full sails they bear upon; and straighten
 The mortal line of life they bend so often.
 For these are we made fathers, and for these
 May challenge duty on our children's part.
 Obedience is the sacrifice of angels,
 Whose form you carry. *Shakespeare.*

EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands;
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands,
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

*Tennyson.***EARLY-RISEING.**

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Sh. Ant. Cleop. iv. 4.

He that would thrive, must rise by five;
He that has thriven, may lie till seven.

*Proverb.***EARTH.**

And fast by hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star. *Milton, P. L. II. 1051.*
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread. *Young, N. T. 9.*

EARTHQUAKES.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers.

*Sh. Hen. IV. 1, III. 1.***EASE.**

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please. *Dryden, Abs. & Ar. I. 27.*
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For not to live at ease, is not to live. *Dryden, Persius, v.*
As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

Aaron Hill.

Ease leads to habit, as success to ease,
He lives by rule who lives himself to please. *Crabbe, Tales, II.*

EATING—see Dinner.

He hath eaten me out of house and home. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, II. 1.*
Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst. *Byron, D. J.*
Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
Still on their dinner turn.

Joanna Baillie.

EATING-LOVE.

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Sh. Two G. r. 1.

ECHO.

Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents, 'we shall part no more.'

Akenside.

ECONOMY.

A Yorkshire squire, an epicure well known,
Set forth to spend his winter months in town,
But heard the dev'lish price of beef and pork,
Stopp'd short at Highgate, and return'd to York.

Martial, iii. 14 (R. Graves).

EDUCATION—see Instruction, Knowledge, Learning.

Learning by study must be won;

'Twas ne'er entail'd from sire to son.

Gay, Fable xi. 2.

'Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Pope, M.E. ii. 149.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,

For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

But drinking largely sobers us again.

Pope, E. C. ii. 15.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,

And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Ib. iii. 15.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot,

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix

The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Thomson, Sp. 1149.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates;

Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.

Young, N. T.

Oh ye, who teach th' ingenuous youth of nations—

Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain—

I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;

It mends their morals: never mind the pain.

Byron, D. J. ii. 1.

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,

That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.

Byron, Sketch from Private Life.

EFFEMINACY.

Go! let thy less than woman's hand

Assume the distaff, not the brand.

Byron, Bride of A.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. *Pope, Sa. 2, II. 85.*

ELEGANCE.

Polite with candour, elegant in ease ;

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Pope.

ELOPEMENT.

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,

The maiden herself will steal after it soon. *Moore, Ill Omens.*

ELOQUENCE—see Rhetoric.

Aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished ;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *Sh. Love's L. L. II. 1.*

When he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences. *Sh. Hen. v. 1. 1.*

Men are more eloquent than women made,

But women are more powerful to persuade. *Randolph, Amyn.*

And wheresoe'er the subject's best, the sense

Is better'd by the speaker's eloquence.

Bp. King.

His tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels.

Milton, P. L. II. 113.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,

Too sweet to last !

Dryden, All for Love.

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd !

So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,

They melted as they fell.

Dryden, Spanish Friar.

Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers ;

Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts

Stand still and lose their fierceness but to hear thee ;

As if they had reflection, and by reason

Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.

Rowe, Tamerlane.

Thy words, like music, every breast controul,

Steal through the air, and win upon the soul.

Pope.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pope, E. C. II. 309.

Oh ! speak that again !

Sweet as the syren's tongue those accents fall,

And charm me to my ruin.

Southern, Royal Brother.

ELOQUENCE—*continued.*

Now with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a smother tone,
That orator of fable, and fair face,
Will steal on your bribed hearts. *Young, Brothers, 3.*

Of the hours

From morn to eve have stol'n unmask'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips. *Akenside, Pl. Im. 2.*

His words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

Eloquence that charms and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins, by turns. *J. H. Clinch (Am.).*

The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice. *Byron, D. J. xv. 13.*

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell. *T. Moore.*

EMBARRASSMENT.

He scratch'd his ear, th' infallible resource
To which embarrass'd people have recourse. *Byron, D. J.*

EMBRACING.

Eternal comfort's in thy arms :
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows, deck'd with leaves of roses. *Olway, Or.*

EMIGRATION—*see Exile.*

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity. *Sh. Ric. II. i. 3.*

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

Let us depart ! the universal sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams ;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There, where he cannot prosper. *Southey, Madoc.*

EMINENCE—*see* Envy, Fame, Superiority.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Byron, Ch. H. III. 45.*

EMPTINESS—*see* Ignorance, Shallowness.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Pope, Ep. to Arb.*

EMULATION.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes. *Swift, Cad. and Van.*

END—*see* Futurity.

O that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 1.*

ENDURANCE—*see* Perseverance.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. *Sh. Timon, III. 5.*

'Tis not now who's stout and bold ?
But who bears hunger best, and cold ?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving. *Butler, Hud. 3. III. 353.*

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found. *Mrs. Hemans.*

ENERGY—*see* Decision, Promptitude.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out. *Herrick, Aph. 24.*
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait. *Longfellow, Psalm of Life.*

ENGLAND—*see* Britain.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation. *Sh. Hen. v. II. 4.*

ENGLAND—continued.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural! *Sh. Hen. V. II. cho.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Come the corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true. *Sh. K. John, v. 7.*

England is safe, if true within itself.
 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Sh. Hen. VI. 2, IV. 1.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious surge
 Of watery Neptune. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 1.*

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. *Id. II. 1.*

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, Night,
 Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee think
 There's livers out of Britain. *Sh. Cymb. III. 4.*

Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
Sh. H. VIII. III. 1.

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,
 Or thus created; it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind. *Waller, to the Protector.*

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror and delight
 Of distant nations: whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by the naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. *Thomson, Sum.*

ENGLAND—continued.

England, a happy land we know,
 Where follies naturally grow,
 Where without culture they arise,
 And tow'r above the common size. *Churchill, Ghost*, i. 111.
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms. *Goldsmith, T.* 356.
 Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
 Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign foes;
 Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike,
 Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world. *Havard, K.C.I.*
 England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;
 My country! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English names and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers. *Cowper, Task*, ii. 206.
 O favoured land! Renown'd for arts and arms;
 For manly talents, and for female charms! *Byron.*

It is well worth
 A year of wandering, were it but to feel
 How much our England does outweigh the world. *L. E. L.*
 England! my country, great and free!
 Heart of the world, I leap to thee! *Bailey, Festus.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled. *Spenser, F.Q.* 4.ii.32.

ENJOYMENT.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Pope, Sat.* i. 127.
 Give me long dreams and visions of content,
 Rather than pleasures in a minute spent. *King, Bp. of Ch.*

ENMITY—see Envy, Hatred.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love. *Sh. Ric.* iii. ii. 1.
 Let not thy foe still pass without controlling,
 Like fame and snow-balls he'll get strength by rolling.

Aleyn, Battles of Crescy and Poictiers.

'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe;
 Be still in readiness, you do not know
 How soon he may assault you. *Webster, Thracian Wonder.*

ENMITY—*continued*

Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
 Make enemies of nations, which had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Cowper, Task, 11.*

ENNUI.

[17.]

Ennui is a growth of English root,
 Though nameless in our language : we retort
 The fact for words, but let the French translate
 That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate. *Byr. D.J. XIII. 101.*

ENTERPRISE—*see* Activity, Boldness, Courage, Daring.

But there are human natures so allied
 Unto the savage love of enterprise,
 That they will seek for peril as a pleasure. *Byron.*

ENTERTAINMENT.

The sauce to meat is ceremony,
 Meeting were bare without it. *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

ENTHUSIASM.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had :
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad. *Pope.*
 No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
 'Tis half mankind were like himself possess'd. *Cowper, Pr. Er.*

Rash enthusiasm, in good society,
 Were nothing but a moral inebriety. *Byron, D.J. XIII. 35.*

ENVY—*see* Malice.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 3.*

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*

If on the sudden he begin to rise,
 No man that lives can count his enemies. *Middleton.*

Beneath his feet pale envy bites her chain,
 And snaky discord whets her sting in vain. *Sir J. Beaumont.*

Envy not greatness ; for thou mak'st thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy
 As hurts not others but makes thee better,
 Is a good spur. *Herbert, Temple*

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's valiant, handsome, wise,

If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;

As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd *Butler, Hud. I. ii. 23*

ENVY—*continued.*

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise. *Gay, Fable XLIV. 29.*

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
And, unprovok'd, 'twill court the fray. *Gay, Fable x.*

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind. *Gay, Fable XI. 37.*

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow. *Gay, Fable XI. 1.*

Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind;
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy. *Gay, Fable XV. 36.*

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
Pope, E. C. II. 266.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Thomson, Spring.*

With that malignant envy, which grows pale
And sickens, even if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate. *Churchill, Rosciad.*

Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery. *Young, Revenge, 2.*

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate. *Lord Brooke, Alaham.*

Even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all except her face. *Byron, D.J. v. 113.*

Whence slanderous rumour, like the adder's drop,
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favour. *J. A. Hillhouse (Am.)*

EPIGRAM.

Bone and skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it. *Byron, On two Monopolists.*
Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee. *Ecstoon, II. 33.*

EPILOGUE.

Our stage-play has a moral—and, no doubt,
You all have sense enough to find it out.
Gay, What d'ye call it? Epilogue.

EPITAPHS.

From his cradle

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God. *Sh. H. VIII. IV. 2.*

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee. *B. Jonson, Ep. on Co. of Pem.*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live. *Ben Jonson, Ep. on Elizabeth.*

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood ;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her. *Herrick, Hesp. 98.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ? *Prior, Ep. on Himself.*
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.

Pope, Elegy to the Mem. of an Unfort. Lady, 51.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains to thee—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be ! *Ib. 71.*

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear ;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died. *Pope, Ep. on Hare.*

EPITAPHS—*continued.*

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Collins.

Here lies my wife, and heaven knows,
Not less for mine, than her repose.

Boileau.

Early bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

Young, N. T. i. 600.

Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell :
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.

In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind :

Her infant image here below

Sits smiling on a father's woe. *Gray, Epit. on Mrs. J. Clarke.*

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;

Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to Mis'ry (all he had) a tear,

He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,

Nor further seek his virtues to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;

There they alike in trembling hope repose,

The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray, Epitaph.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided ;

So let their memory be, now they have glided

Under their grave ; let not their bones be parted,

For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

Shelley, Fragm. 28.

Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,

That this is all remains of thee ?

Byron, Giaour, 106.

What though the mounds that mark'd each name,

Beneath the wings of time,

Have worn away ? Theirs is the same

Immortal and sublime ;

For who can tread on freedom's plain,

Nor wake her dead to life again.

Rob. Montgomery.

EPITAPHS—continued.

Give thanks
That she is safe with Him who hath the power
O'er pain, and sin, and death. *Mrs. Sigourney.*
Thou art not in the grave confin'd ;
Death cannot claim th' immortal mind ;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust. *Sprague, Poems.*
Weep not for us, my master dear,
We are not dead, but sleeping here. *Epitaph.*

EQUALITY.

Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r or splendour less,
In freedom equal? *Milton, P. L. v. 795.*
Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven. *O. W. Holmes.*

EQUIVOCATION.

But yet,
I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence ; fye upon but yet :
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 5.*
By giving a perverted sense to facts,
A man may lie in publishing the truth. *Shakespeare.*

ERRORS.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Dryden, Pro. to All for Love, 25.
The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all. *Pomfret, L. 1.*
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long ;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way. *Prior, Alma, 3.*
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. *Pope, Rape, II.*

ESTEEM.

Take my esteem, if you on that can live ;
But, frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give. *Dryden.*

ETERNITY.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach. *Milton, P. L. XII. 555.*

ETERNITY—*continued*

Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind ;
But if we think of being turned to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

Davies.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison, Cato, v. 1.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried beings,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Ib. v. 1.

ETIQUETTE.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers, or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.

Byron, D. J. v. 103.

There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

Byron, Don Juan,

EUXINE.

There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

Byron, Don Juan, v. 5.

EVENING—*see Night.*

Now came still evening on ; and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad :
Silence accompanied ; for beasts and birds,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nest,
Were sunk, all but the woeful nightingale.

Milton, P. L. iv. 598.

See the descending sun,

Scatt'ring his beams about him as he sinks,
And gilded heaven above, and seas beneath,
With pain, no mortal pencil can express.

Hopkins, Pyrrhus.

Now to the main the burning sun descends,
And sacred night her gloomy veil extends.
The western sun now shoots a feeble ray,
And faintly scatters the remains of day.

Addison.

The sun has lost his rage, his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth ;
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy.

Thomson, Summer.

EVENING—*continued.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me,
 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds. *Gray, Elegy.*

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive to the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in. *Cowper, Task, iv. 36.*

Come evening, once again, season of peace ;
 Return sweet evening, and continue long !
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron step, slow moving, while the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day. *Ib. Task. v. 213.*

Now from his crystal urn, with chilling hand,
 Vesper has sprinkled all the earth with dew,
 A misty veil obscured the neighbouring land,
 And shut the fading landscape from their view. *Mrs. Tighe.*

It was an evening bright and still
 As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
 Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
 Could happen in so sweet an hour. *Moore, Loves of Angels.*

EVENING—*continued.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise.
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee. *Thos. Moore.*
 The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
 The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
 The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
 And evening's breath, wandering here and there
 Over the quivering surface of the stream,
 Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

Shelley, Misc. Poems.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear. *Byron, Parisina, v. 1.*

EVIL—*see Vice.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Sh. Hen. v. vi. 1.*
 Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequences. *Sh. Macb. i. 4.*
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. *Sh. Com. E. III. 2.*
 Nought is so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. *Sh. Rom. J. II. 3.*
 Farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's king I hold. *Milton, P. L. IV. 108.*
 God, no useless plant hath planted,
 Evil, wisely used, is wanted. *Ebenezer Elliott.*

EXAGGERATION.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage. *Butler, Hud. i. 847.*

EXAMPLE.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
 As if we had them not. *Sh. M. for M. i. 1.*

EXAMPLE—*continued.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Sh. M. of Ven.* v. 1.
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads. *Sh. Ham.* i. 3.
 The evil that men do lives after them,
 The good is oft interred with their bones. *Sh. Jul. C.* III. 2.
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good or bad to human nature,
 By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be saved, or studies to be damn'd;
 That reconciles all contrarieties,
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise. *Butler, Hud.*
 Example is a living law, whose sway
 Men more than all the written laws obey. *Sedley.*
 That odd impulse, which, in wars or creeds,
 Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads. *Byron, D. J.*
 'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
 Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
 As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection. *Byron, D. J.*
 As polish'd steel receives a stain
 From drops at random flung,
 So does the child, when words profane
 Drop from the parent's tongue. *Anon.*

EXCELLENCE.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. *Sh. Ant. Cleop.* II. 2.
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man. *Sh. Ham.* III. 4.

EXCESS—*see Supererogation.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the bounteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Sh. K. John,* IV. 2.
 These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
 Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite. *Sh. Rom. J.* II. 6.

EXCESS—*continued.*

Violent fires soon burn out themselves :
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 1.*
 A surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings. *Sh. Mid. N. II. 3.*
 Kings by grasping more than they can hold,
 First made their subjects by oppression bold ;
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less. *Denham.*

EXCLAMATIONS.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us ! *Sh. Ham. I. 4.*
 O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ! *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*
 Think of that, Master Brook. *Sh. Mer. W. III. 5.*
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. *Milton, P. L. I. 330.*
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape ? *Ib. II. 681.*

EXCULPATION.

The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

EXCUSES.

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patched. *Sh. K. John, IV. 2.*

EXECUTION.

I have seen
 When after execution, judgment hath
 Repented o'er his doom. *Sh. M. for M. II. 2.*

See they suffer death ;
 But in their deaths remember they are men ;
 Shun not the laws to make their tortures grievous. *Addison, C.*

EXILE—*see Emigration.*

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hop'd to spend ;
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. *Milton, P. L. XI. 268.*

EXILE—*continued.*

Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide ;
 They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way. *Milton, P. L. XII. 645.*

Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main. *Goldsmith, Tra.*

What exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon thought. *Byron.*

I depart,
 Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by,
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve
 Or glad mine eye. *Byron, Ch. H. III. 1.*

Oh ! when shall I visit the land of my birth,
 The loveliest land on the face of the earth ? *Jas. Montgomery.*

Home, kindred, friends, and country—these
 Are ties with which we never part ;
 From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
 We bear them with us in our heart :
 But, oh ! 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
 When these must all be left behind ! *Jas. Montgomery.*

EXPANSION.

The small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The circle mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads. *Pope, E. M. IV. 364.*

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance.
Pope, Temple of Fame, 436.

EXPECTATION.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest and despair most fits. *Sh. All's W. II. 1.*

EXPECTATION—*continued.*

How slow

This old moon wanes : she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue. *Sh. Mid. N. I. 1.*
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear ;
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.

Herrick, Against Fruition.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes
And give the torture of suspense a period ?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope,
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through our wither'd limbs. *Johnson.*
With what a leaden and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wings of time. *Mason, Elfrida.*
"Yet doth he live!" exclaimed th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear. *Byron, Lara, 1.*
Oh ! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long-promis'd hour of joys draws near !
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll !
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear ! *Mrs. Tighe, Psyche, 6.*

EXPERIENCE.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. *Sh. Rom. J. II. 2.*
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time. *Sh. Two G. I. 3.*
To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters. *Sh. Lear, II. 4.*
'Tis war that forms the prince : 'Tis hardship, toil ;
'Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days ;
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted death ;
'Tis equal fate for all, and changing fortune ;
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners. *Thomson, Ag.*
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven ;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call ;
If wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe. *Young, N.T. 2.*

Much had he read,

Much more had seen : he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind. *Armstrong, Art of P.H. 4.*
Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Green, Spleen.

EXPRESSION.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body. *Sh. Troil.* iv. 5.

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none. *Pope.*

EXTENUATION.

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor ought set down in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well. *Sh. Oth.* v. 2

EXTRAVAGANCE—see Dress.

Then thou shalt see him plunged, when least he fears,
At once accounting for his deep arrears. *Dryden.*

If for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
For very want, you must sell all at last. *Martial,* vii. 98.

In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay. *Byron, D. J.* ii. 65.

EXTREMES—see Diseases, Excess.

They are sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing ; therefore it
Is no mean happiness to be seated
In the mean ; superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer. *Sh. Mer. of V.* i. 2.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects ;
Extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold ;
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well
As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much as too much license.

Chapman, All Fools.

Those edges soonest turn, that are most keen,
A sober moderation stands secure,
No violent extremes endure. *Aleyn, Bat. of Crescy.*

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as want, can sep'rate friends.

Cowley, Dav. iii. 205.

'Tis in worldly accidents,
As in the world itself, where things most distant
Meet one another : Thus the east and west,
Upon the globe a mathematical point
Only divides : thus happiness and misery,
And all extremes, are still contiguous. *Denham, Sophy.*

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Pope, M. Es.* iii. 161.

EXTREMES—continued.

The fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as books, too much. *Pope.*
 Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. *Pope, Od. xv. 79.*
 Men differ, but at most as heaven and earth ;
 But women, best and worst, as heaven and hell. *Cyril.*

EYES.—see Beauty.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

Her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region shine so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night. *Ib.*

Faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. *Sh. As Y. L. III. 5.*
 Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers ! *Ib. III. 5.*

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the true Promethean fire ;
 They are the arts, the books, the academies,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world. *Sh. L. L. IV. 3.*
 Her eyes, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night. *Sh. V. 4. 491.*

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces ;
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right *Sh. Son. XVII.*
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white.

Butler, Hud. III. 483.
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
 To be ador'd than to adore—
 Such eyes as may have look'd from heaven,
 But ne'er were rais'd to it before ! *Moore, Loves of the Angels*

FACE.

There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face. *Sh. Mac. i. 4.*
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every several lineament,
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes. *Sh. Rom. i. 3.*
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. *Pope, R. of L. ii. 15.*
 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
 The women pardoned all, except her face. *Byron, D. J. v. 113.*
 His face was of that doubtful kind,
 That wins the eye but not the mind. *Scott, Rokeby, v. 16.*

FACTION.

Seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds
 Extinguish'd but by death : it oft, like fire
 Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.
May, Henry II. iv. 3.

That talking knave
 Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
 And sows sedition up and down the city ;
 Picking up discontented fools, belying
 The senators and government ; destroying
 Faith among honest men, and praising knaves.
Otway, Caius Marius.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave ;
 The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
 Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,
 And mutiny the dictates of his spirit. *Otway.*

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
 When shall our long divided land have rest,
 If every peevish, moody malcontent,
 Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar ?
 Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
 Each day with some fantastic giddy change ? *Rowe, Jane Shore.*

When you see this land by faction tossed,
 Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost,
 Let this reflection from the action flow,
 We ne'er from foreign foes can ruin know ;
 Oh ! let us then intestine discord shun ;
 We ne'er can be but by ourselves undone. *Savage.*

FAIRIES.

This is the fairy land ; oh, spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites. *Sh. Com. E. II. 2.*

Oft fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Milton, P. L. l. 781.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danced on every green ;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground. *Dryden.*

About this spring, if ancient fame say true,
The dapper elves their moonlight sports renew ;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade. *Pope.*

FAIRS.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair. *Dryden.*

FAITH.

Some faiths are like those mills that cannot grind
Their corn, unless they work against the wind. *Quarles.*

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes ;
Faith evermore looks upwards and descries
Objects remote ; but reason can discover
Things only near—sees nothing that's above her :
They are not matches—often disagree,
And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither see. *Quarles.*

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
Cowley, on Crashaw.

All faiths are to their own believers just ;
For none believe because they will, but must :
Faith is a force from which there's no defence,
Because the reason it does first convince ;
And reason conscience into fetters brings,
And conscience is without the power of kings. *Dryden.*

FAITH—*continued.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right. *Pope, E. M. III. 305.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun. *Young, N. T.*

Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite : the voice
Of a deep life within. *Mrs. Oakes Smith. (Am.)*

Great faith it needs, according to my view,
To trust in that which never could be true. *Park Benjamin, Am.*

Faith is the star that gleams above,
Hope is the flower that buds below ;
Twin tokens of celestial love
That out from nature's bosom grow,
And still alike in sky, on sod,
That star and blossom ever point to God. *James Kent.*

FALL.

Some falls are means the happier to rise. *Sh. Cymb. IV. 2.*

When once a shaking monarchy declines,
Each thing grows bold, and to its fall combines.

Crown, Chas. VIII

FALSE HAIR.

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers : who would have thought it ?
She swears 't is hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it. *Martial, VI. 13 (Harrington).*

FALSEHOOD, FALSENESS—*see Deceit, Hypocrisy, Lies.*

As false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth ;
As fox to lamb ; as wolf to heifer's calf ;
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son. *Sh. Troil. III. 2.*

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. *Sh. Oth. v. 2.*

Money and man a mutual falsehood show,
Men make false money, money makes men so. *Aleyn, H. VII.*

Falsehood and fraud grow up in every soil,
The product of all climes. *Addison, Cato.*

FALSEHOOD, FALSENESS—*continued.*

Dishonour waits on perfidy. The villain
Should blush to think a falsehood : 'Tis the crime
Of cowards. *Cha. Johnson, Sultanness.*

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips ;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts !
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie. *Havard, Regulus.*

What is man's love ! his vows are broke,
Even while his parting kiss is warm. *Halleck.*

FAME—*see Reputation.*

Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoils purchas'd in perilous fight ;
Full many doughty knights he, in his days,
Had done to death, subdued in equal frays. *Spenser, F. Queen.*
Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs. *Sh. Love's L. L. I. 1.*

Then shall our names

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Sh. H. V. IV. 3.*
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life. *Sh. Ric. III. III. 1.*
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Sh. Hen. VIII. IV. 2.*

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away. *Sh. Ant. Cl. III. 1.*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. *Sh. Tit. A. I. 2.*

The fame that a man wins himself, is best ;
That he may call his own. Honours put on him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off. *Middleton, Mayor of Queenborough.*

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own ? *Cowley, Motto.*

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds :
On both his wings, one black the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight. *Milton, S. Ag. 971.*

Fame has two wings, one black the other white,
And waves them both in her unequal flight. *Milton.*

FAME—*continued.*

Fame is the spur that the clear sp'rit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. *Milton, Lycidas, 70.*

There is a tall long-sided dame,—
 But wondrous light—yeleped fame,
 That like a thin chameleon boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with cars,
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist.
 With these she thro' the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies. *Butler, Hud. II. 1, 46.*

I hate those potent madmen who keep all
 Mankind awake while they, by their great deeds,
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
 Only to make a sound to last for ages. *Etherege.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind ;
 Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame ! *Pope, E. M. iv. 281.*

What's fame ? a fancied life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death. *Pope, E. M. iv. 237.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. *Pope, Sat. ProL. 127.*

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call :
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all. *Ib. Fume, 513.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame ;
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
Churchill, The Author, 233

Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can ?
 Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has
 As well as trumpet ? *Young, Night Thoughts.*

Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
 But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys. *Young, Ep. to Pope.*
 With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes. *Ib. Ep. to Pope.*

FAME—*continued.*

Some, when they die, die all : their mould'ring clay
 Is but an emblem of their memories :
 The space quite closes up through which they pass'd.
 That I have lived, I leave a mark behind
 Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
 And give it whole to late posterity. *Young, Busiris, 5.*

I courted fame but as a spur to brave
 And honest deeds ; and who despises fame
 Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it. *Mallet, Must.*

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Johnson, Van. Hum. Wishes.*

The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away : only themselves die faster. [221.
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
 Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain. *Blair, Grave, 186.*

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain,
 With all subduing time ; his cankering hand
 With calm, deliberate malice wasteth them :
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge. *Blair, Grave, 201.*

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ?
Beattie, Minstrel, i. 1.

Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot ;
 I stood and stand alone, remember'd or forgot. *Ch. H. III. 112.*
 I awoke one morning and found myself famous.. *Ib. Introd.*
 The drying up a single tear has more
 Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore. *Byron, D. J. VIII. 2.*

What is the end of fame ? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper ;
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their 'midnight taper,'
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust. *Ib. D. J. i. 218.*

FAME—*continued.*

'Tis as a snowball, which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
 Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow ;
 But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow. *Byron, D. J. iv. 100.*
 What of them is left, to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell ?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

Ib. Siege of Cor. xxv.

Who grasp'd at earthly fame,
 Grasp'd wind, nay worse, a serpent grasp'd, that through
 His hand slid smoothly, and was gone ; but left
 A sting behind which wrought him endless pain. *Pollok.*

Can that man be dead
 Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
 He lives in glory ; and such speaking dust
 Has more of life than half its breathing moulds. *L. E. L.*

So fares the follower of the Muses' train ;
 He toils to starve, and only lives in death ;
 We slight him till our patronage is vain,
 Then round his skeleton a garland wreath. *Rejected Addresses.*

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again. *Longfellow.*

FAMILIARITY.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumping on your back
 His sense of your great merit ;
 Is such a friend that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed
 To pardon or to bear it. *Cowper, Friendship, 26.*

FAMILY.

A lady with her daughters or her nieces,
 Shine like a guinea and seven shilling pieces. *Byron, D. J. iii. 60.*

FAMINE.

Famine hath a sharp and meagre face ;
 'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone,
 Where age and youth, their landmark ta'en away,
 Look all one common sorrow. *Dryden, Cleomenes.*

FANATICISM—FANATICS—*see* Cant, Methodists, Puritans, Saints.

Zeal against policy maintains debate ;
 Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :
 The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
 Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.
 The priestly office cannot be deny'd,
 It wears heav'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide :
 But why should we be punish'd if we stray ;
 When all our guides dispute which is the way ?

Earl of Orrery, Mustapha.

Fanaticism, soberly defined,
 Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind ;
 It views the truth with a distorted eye,
 And either warps, or lays it useless by ;
 'T is narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
 Its sordid nourishment from man's applause ;
 And while, at heart, sin unrelinquish'd lies,
 Presumes itself chief fav'rite of the skies.

Cowper.

Demons, who impair
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.
 The saints !—the aping fanatics that talk
 All cant and rant and rhapsodies highflown—

Byron.

That bid you baulk

A Sunday walk,

And shun God's work, as you should shun your own.
 The saints !—the formalists, the extra pious,
 Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
 By trundling, with a mere mechanic bias,
 To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl. *Hood, Ode to Wilson.*

FANCY.

Tell me, where is fancy bred ;
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourish'd ?
 It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed : and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Sh. M. of V. III. 2.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them.

Sh. Macb. 1. 3.

FANCY—*continued.*

Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Cowper, Task*, iv. 118.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind. *Scott, Rokeby*, i. 31.

I live not like the many of my kind;
Mine is a world of feelings and of fancies;
Fancies, whose rainbow-empire is the mind—
Feelings, that realize their own romances. *L. E. Landon.*

FAREWELL—*see* **Adieu**, **Parting**.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. *Sh. Hen. VIII.* III. 2.

Farewell,
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort. *Sh. Ant. Cleop.* III. 2.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Byron, Occasional Pieces.*
Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears. *Byron, Sardan.*

Farewell!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
Byron, Corsair, i. 15.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and foolish to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But time may teach me to forget thee. *Byron.*

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again. *Byron.*

FAREWELL—*continued.*

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been :
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !

Byron, Ch. Har. iv. 186.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well :
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Byron, Fare thee well.

I wander—it matters not where ;
No clime can restore me my peace,
Or snatch from the frown of despair
A cheering—a fleeting release !

Byron, Farewell to England.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh ;
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word, farewell—farewell !

Byron.

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.

Byron to Tom Moore.

Farewell ! there's but one pang in death,
One only,—leaving thee !

Mrs. Hemans.

Fare thee well ! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee !

Moore.

Farewell to the few I have left with regret ;
May they sometimes recall what I cannot forget,
That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights, and illumined our bowl !

Moore.

FASHION.

The fashion

Doth wear out more apparel than the man. *Sh. M. Ado, III. 3.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers !

Sh. Ham. III. 1.

Fashions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more than you ;
Elder times have worn the same,
Though the new ones get the name.

Middleton.

Nothing is thought rare

Which is not new and follow'd : yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again.

Beau. & Fl. Pro. to Noble Gent.

FASHION—*continued.*

And as the French we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers,
 Port-canons, periwigs, and feathers. *Butler, Hud.* III. 923.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Pope, E. C.* 335.

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,
 Their knavery and folly to excuse. *Churchill, Rosciad.*

FASTING.

Who can believe with common sense,
 A bacon slice gives God offence ;
 Or, how a herring hath a charm
 Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
 Wrapt up in majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine ? *Swift, Epigram.*

FATE—*see* Fortune, Futurity, Providence.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide ;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Sh. Hen.* VI. IV. 3.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will. *Sh. Ham.* v. 2.

He must needs go, that the devil drives. *Sh. All's W.* I. 3.

All things subject are to Fate ;
 Whom this morn sees most fortunate
 The ev'ning sees in poor estate. *Herrick, Hesp.* 459.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit ;
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row—we're steer'd by fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits. *Butler, Hud.* I. i. 879.

Let thy great deeds force fate to change her mind ;
 He that courts fortune boldly, makes her kind. *Dryden, Ind. Q.*

All human things are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons, monarchs must obey. *Id. Flecknoe*, 1.

Whatever is, is in its causes just,
 Since all things are by fate ; but purblind man
 Sees but a part o' th' chain,—the nearest link,
 His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
 That poises all above. *Dryden.*

FATE—*continued.*

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind ;
 But they who 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolved and skilful too. *Dryden.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh ! blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd in Heav'n,
 Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall. *Pope, E. M. i. 77.*

Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind ;
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee. *Pope, Iliad, i. 704.*
 Fate steals along with silent tread,
 Found oftenest in what least we dread ;
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
 But in the sunshine strikes the blow. *Cowper, Raven, 36.*

Man tho' limited
 By fate, may vainly think his actions free,
 While all he does, was at his hour of birth,
 Or by his gods, or potent stars ordain'd. *Rowe, Roy. Conv. i. 1.*
 While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
 Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great. *Moore.*

Fate is above us all ;
 We struggle, but what matters our endeavour ?
 Our doom is gone beyond our own recall ;
 May we deny or mitigate it ?—Never ! *L. E. Landon.*

FATHER—*see Child, Parents.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Sh. M. of V. ii. 2.*
 To you your father should be as a god ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one,
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it. *Sh. Mid. N. i. 1.*

FATHER—*continued.*

Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. *Sh. Wint. T. iv. 3.*
Fathers, that wear rags, do make their children blind ;
But fathers that bear bags, shall see their children kind.
Sh. Lear, ii. 4.

If there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head. *Scott, Lady of L. ii. 22.*
On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest fondest wishes knew ;
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due. *Rogers, Poems.*
The child is father of the man. *Wordsworth, Poem on Childhood.*

FATNESS.

Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous. *Sh. Jul. C. i. 2.*

FAULTLESSNESS.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor o'er will be. *Pope, E. C. 253.*

FAULTS.

Oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd. *Sh. K. John, iv. 2.*
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun ;
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud ;
All men make faults. *Sh. Sonnet 35.*
In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Each little speck and blemish find :
To our own stronger errors blind. *Gay, Fable 38.*

FAVOUR—*see Patronage.*

Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. *Sh. Rich. III. iii. 4.*

FAVOUR—*continued.*

'Tis the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. *Sh. Oth. I. 1.*

'Tis ever thus when favours are denied ;
 All had been granted but the thing we beg ;
 And still some great unlikely substitute,
 Your life, your soul, your all of earthly good,
 Is proffer'd in the room of one small boon. *Baillie, Basil, II. 2.*

FAWNING—*see Flattery, Hypocrisy.*

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

You play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
Sh. Hen. VIII. v. 3.

FEAR—*see Alarm, Danger.*

If evils come not, then our fears are vain ;
 And if they do, fear but augments the pain. *Sir T. More.*
 In time we hate that which we often fear. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. I. 3.*

What read you there
 That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
 Out of appearance ? *Sh. Hen. v. II. 2.*

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature. *Sh. Macb. I. 3.*

Why, what should be the fear ?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal ? *Sh. Ham. I. 4.*

When our actions do not,
 Our fears do, make us traitors. *Sh. Macb. IV. 2.*
 Those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. *Sh. Macb. v. 3.*

There is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term fear. *Sh. H. IV. 1. IV. 1.*
 Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd. *Sh. H. VI. 1. v. 2.*
 And, though he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste ;
 For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind. *Butler, Hud.*

FEAR—*continued.*

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
 To raise infernal spirits up, but fear,
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
 That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail ;
 Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
 Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
 Are only in the insides of their skulls. *Butler.*

Men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear ;
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from death by dying. *Butler, Hud.*

When the sun sets, shadows that shower'd at noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible :
 So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds. *Lee, Œdipus.*

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
 And a cold sweat thrills down all o'er my limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into water. *Dryden, Tempest.*

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
 And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on every mind. *Dryden, Theo. and Hon.*

The wretch that fears to drown, will break thro' flames,
 Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves ;
 When eagles are in view the screaming doves
 Will cower beneath the feet of man for safety. *Cibber, Cæsar.*

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power. *Thomson, Spring.*

Must I consume my life—this little life,
 In guarding against all may make it less ?
 It is not worth so much !—it were to die
 Before my hour, to live in dread of death. *Byron, Sardanap.*

'Tis well, my soul shakes off its load of care ;
 'Tis only the obscure is terrible,
 Imagination frames events unknown,
 In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,
 And what it fears creates. *Hannah More, Belshazzar, 2.*

What are fears but voices airy ?
 Whispering harm where harm is not ;
 And deluding the unwary
 Till the fatal bolt is shot. *Wordsworth.*

FEASTING—FEASTS—*see* Dinner.

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. *Sh. Hen. IV. I. IV. 2.*

There's no want of meat, sir ;
Portly and curious viands are prepar'd,
To please all kinds of appetites. *Massinger.*

The banquet waits our presence, festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. *Browne, Barbarossa.*

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine. *Young, L. of F.*

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale. *Goldsmith, Trav. 17.*

FEELING.

But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
Churchill, Rosciad, 961.

Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind,
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.
Garrick, Prologue on Quitting the Stage, June, 1776.

The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close ;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow. *Byron, Parisina, 20.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before. *Rogers, Human Life.*

FEET—*see* Dancing.

Her pretty feet like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again. *Herrick, Hesp. Ode 207.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flow'r dash'd the dew ;
Ev'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread. *Sir W. Scott, L. of the Lake, I. 18.*

FEMALE TEACHERS—*see* Education.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
 By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
 When both the teacher and the taught are young,
 As was the case, at least, where I have been ;
 They smile so when one's right ; and when one's wrong
 They smile the more. *Byron, Don Juan, ii. 164.*

FEVER.

The heaving sighs through straighter passes blow,
 And scorch the painful palate as they go ;
 The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapour draws,
 And restless rolls within the clammy jaws. *Rowe.*

FICKLENESS—*see* Deceit, Flirtation.

What now we like, anon we disapprove ;
 The new successor drives away old love. *Herrick, Aph. 205.*

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Dryden, Absalom and Achithophel, 545.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park ?"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—O odious, odious trees ! *Pope, M.E. ii. 37.*

How long must women wish in vain
 A constant love to find ?
 No art can fickle man retain,
 Or fix a roving mind. *Shadwell.*

She will and she will not—she grants, denies,
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies. *Lansdowne.*

FICTION.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men must believe, because they love the lie ;
 E'en truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down. *Churchill, Ep.*

FIDELITY—*see* Constancy, Faith. *[to Hogarth, 291.]*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;
 His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. *Two G. ii. 7.*

FIDELITY—*continued.*

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 3.*
 They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
 Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
Sh. Ric. III. III. 2.

Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. *Sh. Oth. IV. 2.*

Well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who singly hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
 And, for the testimony of truth, hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence. *Milton, P. L. VI. 29.*

Faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind. *Ib. v. 896.*

Flesh of my flesh,
 Bone of my bone, thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe. *Milton, P. L. ix. 914.*
 Through perils both of wind and limb,
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him. *Butler, Hud. I. II. 369.*

Trust repos'd in noble natures,
 Obliges them the more. *Dryden, Assignment.*

Oh ! the tender ties,
 Close twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul
 Of human joy, and make it pain to live. *Young.*
 Is there, kind heaven ! no constancy in man ?
 No steadfast truth, no generous fix'd affection,
 That can bear up against a selfish world ?
 No, there is none. *Thomson, Tancred and Sig.*

Where is honour,
 Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
 Of faith connubial : where it is not—where
 Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
 Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
 Or sensual throbs convulse it. *Byron, Doge of Ven. II. 1.*

FIDELITY—*continued.*

Truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast. *Byron.*

Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee. *Byron, B. of Ab. i. 11.*
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts, fading away!
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still! *Moore, the Sunflower.*

She is as constant as the stars
That never vary, and more chaste than they.
Proctor, Mirandola, ii. 1.

FIELD-PREACHERS.

Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations,
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd. *Butler, Hud. 3, ii. 969.*

FIGHTING—*see Battle, Duelling.*

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. *Sh. Macb. v. 3.*
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick. *Butler, Hud.*
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang;
While none who saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline. *Butler, Hud. 1, ii. 831.*
Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose, *Gay, Fable 34.*

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again.* *Goldsmith, Art of Poetry.*
The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave! *Campbell, Hohenlinden, 6.*

FILIAL DUTY.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it. *Sh. Mid. N. i. 1.*

* For Butler's Lines, similar to those, *see* 'Battle.'

FINIS.

My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

Byron.

FIRES.

Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all. *Sh. Two G. i. 2.*
A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

Herrick, Hesperides, Aphorism 152.

FIRMAMENT.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Addison, Ode.

What involution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immensely great!
Immensely distant from each other's spheres;
What then, the wond'rous space thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Young.

Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still-increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measur'd for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an ærial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity?

Byron, Cain, II. 1.

FIRMNESS.

Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Scott, Lady of the Lake, v. 10.*

FISH.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains. *Pope, W. Forest.*

FLAG.

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
 Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind. *Milton, P. L.* i. 535.
 The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return. *Campbell, Mariners of England.*

FLATTERER—FLATTERY—see Courtship.

By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I do defy
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
 In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord. *Sh. H. IV.* i. iv. 1.

Do not think I flatter,
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?

Sh. Ham. III. 2.
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Sh. Ham.* III. 4.

Oh, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Sh. Tim. of Ath.* I. 2.
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident;
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. *Sh. Coriol.* III. 1.

No vizor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery. *Sh. Peric.* IV. 4.

When I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flatter'd. *Sh. Jul. C.* II. 1.

Self-love never yet could look on truth,
 But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and she
 Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
 That if you sever one, the other dies. *Ben Jonson.*

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
 Of all tame—a flatterer. *Ben Jonson, Sejanus.*

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
 Comes pure to them; but, passing through the eyes
 And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
 From every channel, and still bears a relish
 Of flattery, or private ends. *Denham, Sophy.*

No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
 It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
 Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
 If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
 Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive! *Otway.*

FLATTERER—FLATTERY—*continued.*

His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
With crouching courtesy, and honey'd words,
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Rowe, Lady Jane Grey, i. 1.

Minds

By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery. *Id. Roy. Con. i. 1.*

O flattery!

How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
Supples the toughest fool.

Fenton, Mariamne.

But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always takes your word.
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

Gay, Fable 18.

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart
To well-tim'd artful flattery may yield.

Lillo, Elmerick.

All-potent flattery, universal lord!
Reviled, yet courted; censured, yet adored!
How thy strong spell each human bosom draws,
The very echo to our self-applause!

Pope.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools,
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Swift, Cadenus and Vanessa.*
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And, stranger still, of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean. *Young, L. of F. 1.*
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

Goldsmith, Retaliation.

He who can listen pleased to such applause,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase.

Mallet.

Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery. *Hannah More, Daniel, III.*

I would give worlds, could I believe

One half that is profess'd me;
Affection! could I think it thee,

When flattery has caress'd me.

L. E. Landon.

FLIGHT—*see* Battle, Fighting.

And when the fight becomes a chase,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feats with easy flights. *Butler, Hud.* III. iii. 291.

FLIRTATION—*see* Fickleness.

The trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
 No more. *Sh. Ham.* III. 3.

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But, while ye thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say. *Gay, Beggar's Opera,* II. 2.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you're doing,
 In my cheek's pale hue?
 All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo. *Campbell, Maid's Remonstrance.*

FLOGGING.

O ye that teach the ingenuous youth of nations—
 Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain—
 I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
 It mends their morals—never mind the pain. *Byron, D.J.* II. 1.

FLOODS.

Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drowned,
 With one great death deform the dreary ground. *Prior.*

FLOWERS.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees. *Sh. Mid. N.* II. 1.
 I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine. *Sh. Mid. N.* II. 2.

FLOWERS—*continued.*

Gems of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are !
 Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star ;
 Peeping through the long grass, smiling on the down,
 Lighting up the dusky bank, just where the sun goes down ;
 Yellow flowers of autumn, how beautiful ye are !
 Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star.

Campbell.

Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth, Imit. of Immortality, 11.

Oh ! what tender thoughts beneath

Those silent flowers are lying,

Hid within the mystic wreath

My love hath kiss'd in tying.

McCore.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,

And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;

Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,

On its leaves a mystic language bears.

J. G. Percival.

In every flower that blooms around,

Some pleasing emblem we may trace ;

Young love is in the myrtle found,

And memory in the pansy's grace.

Peace in the olive-branch we see,

Hope in the half-shut iris glows,

In the bright laurel victory !

And lovely woman in the rose.

From Chazet, MS.

FOE—*see* **Enemy, Friends.**

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,

A timorous foe and a suspicious friend. *Pope, to Arbuth.* 205.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Id. Prol. Sat.* 283.

He makes no friend who never made a foe. *Tennyson, Elaine.*

FOLLY—**FOOLS.**

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit. *Sh. T. Ni. III. 1.*

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wert born a fool.

Sh. Wint. T. II. 1.

In his brain—

Which is as dry as the remainder-biscuit

After a voyage—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.

Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.

FOLLY, FOOLS—*continued.*

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. *Sh. Cymb. II. 1.*

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer. *Sh. Oth. II. 1.*

Every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Dryden, Ab. II. 413.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Ib. Cy. & Iph. 107.*

Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears. *Butler.*

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Pope, M. E. II. 15.*

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Pope, Ep. to Arbu. 84.*

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, save a fool that's out ;
His passion for absurdity 's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong. *Young, L. of F. IV. 105.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Ib. N. T. IV. 843.*

'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance. *Cowper, Conv. 95.*

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home. *Cowper, Convers.*

FOOLHARDINESS.

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. III. 2.*

FOP—*see Coxcomb, Dandy.*

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another. *Pope.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Ib. to Arbu. 314.*

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard :
Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. *Pope, E. C. 623.*

FORBEARANCE.

Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind.
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind. *Prior, English Padlock.*
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear ;
 And something, every day they live,
 To pity, and perhaps forgive. *Cowper, Mutual Forbearance.*

FORCE.

E'en Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 Hew down, and fell the hardest timber'd oak. *Sh. II. vi. 3, II. 1.*

Who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Milton, P. L. l. 648.*

FORESIGHT—see Futurity.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
Campbell, Lockiel's Warning.

FORGETFULNESS.

Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. *Sh. Cor. v. 3.*

FORGIVENESS—see Mercy.

'Tis the chururgeon's praise, and height of art,
 Not to cut off but cure the vicious part. *Herrick, Aph. 149.*

Let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of love, how we may lighten
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe. *Milton, P. L. x. 958.*
 Great souls forgive not injuries till time
 Has put their enemies into their power,
 That they may show forgiveness is their own. *Dryden, D. Guise.*
 Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

Dryden, Conq. of Gren. ii. l. 2.

Thy narrow soul
 Knows not the god-like glory of forgiving ;
 Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive
 How large the pow'r, how fix'd the empire is,
 Which benefits confer on generous minds. *Rowe, Lady J. Grey*
 Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts :
 Old age is slow in both. *Addison, Cato.*

FORGIVENESS—*continued.*

Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
 To err is human, to forgive divine. *Pope, E. C. II. 525.*
 'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
 Than for offence to ask it. *Thomson, Edm. & Eleon.*
 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. *Bailey, Festus.*
 If I do wrong, forgive me or I die ;
 And thou wilt then be wretcheder than I ;—
 The unforgiving than the unforgiven. *Bailey, Festus.*

FORMALITY—*see Quakers.*

There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
 And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! *Sh. M. of V. I. 1.*
 Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
 With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's
 heart ! *Tennyson, Locksley Hall.*

FORSAKE.

Do not forsake yourself, for they that do,
 Offend and teach the world to leave them too. *Pope.*

FORTITUDE—*see Courage, Daring.*

'Tis true fortitude to stand firm against
 All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
 In fear to suffer more calamity. *Massinger.*

Who fights

With passions and o'ercomes, that man is arm'd
 With the best virtue,—passive fortitude. *Id. Very Woman.*

Fortitude is not the appetite
 Of formidable things, nor inconsult
 Rashness ; but virtue fighting for a truth ;
 Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing
 Good or bad causes. *Nabbes, Covent Garden.*

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves :
 There is a nobleness of mind, that heals
 Wounds beyond salves. *Cartwright, Lady Errant.*

With such unshaken temper of the soul,
 To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
 Is to deserve that fortune : in adversity
 The mind grows rough by buffeting tempests ;
 But, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
 And loses all her firmness. *Rowe.*

FORTITUDE—*continued.*

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides ;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction. *Addison, Cato.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born ;
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load ; the brave
Bear theirs without repining. *Mallet.*

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom ;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;
Think on the Providence that guards the good. *Dr. Johnson.*

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence : not bestow'd
In vain should such example be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day. *Byron, C. H. iv. 21.*
A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy ; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears :—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow.

Byron, D. J. iv. 43.

'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind
More just when it resists, and, when it yields, more kind.
Crabbe.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering yet hoping all things. *Mrs. Hemans.*

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierc'd
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found ? *Mrs. Hemans.*

FORTUNE—*see* Decision, Misfortune, Promptitude, Unfortunate.

This accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust. *Sh. T. N. iv. 3.*

FORTUNE—*continued.*

When fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye. *Sh. K. John, III. 4.*
 Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, IV. 4.*
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whether I will, or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load *Sh. Ric. III. III. 7.*

Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us any thing. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*

Bless'd are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
 To sound what stop she please. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*
 Fortune still must be with ill maintain'd,
 Which at the first with any ill is gain'd. *Lord Brooke, Alaham.*

The old Scythians
 Painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings,
 To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
 Which, if her favourite be not swift to take
 He loses them for ever. *Chapman, Bussy D'Ambois.*

Fortune the great commandress of the world,
 Hath divers ways t' enrich her followers :
 To some she honour give without deserving ;
 To other some, deserving without honour ;
 Some, wit—some, wealth—and some, wit without wealth ;
 Some, wealth without wit—some, nor wit nor wealth.
Chapman, All Fools.

Who would trust slipp'ry chance ?—They that would make
 Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget
 When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
 Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
 Had wisdom ; we have placed thee high,
 By fond belief in thy felicity. *Ben Jonson, Sejanus.*

Let not one look of fortune cast you down ;
 She were not fortune, if she did not frown :
 Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
 Are those on whom at last she most will smile. *Orrevy, Hen. V.*

FORTUNE—continued.

I am not in fortune's power,
He that's down can sink no lower. *Butler, Hud. III.*

His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end
Or turn about again, and mend. *Butler, Hud. II. i. 39.*

Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her work would cease, and half the world grow idle.
Otway, Orph.

Fate's dark recesses we can never find,
But fortune at some hours to all is kind ;
The lucky have whole days which still they choose,
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose. *Dryden.*

Pleasure has been the business of my life,
And every change of fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself. *Dryden, Don Sebastian.*

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more. *Dryden, Don Sebas.*

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate ;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill
(For human good depends on human will),
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes its bent ;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind. *Dryden.*

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purpled greatness met my ripened years. *Dryden, A. for L.*

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene ;
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again. *Lord Lansdowne.*
Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
And yet she never gave enough to any.

Martial, XII. 10 (Sir John Harrington).

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.
Pope, E. M. iv. 195.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
Pope, To Bethel, II. 2. 123.

FORTUNE—*continued.*

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
 The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court,
 Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits :
 In this still labyrinth around her lie
 Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry ;
 A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
 In t'other a prophetic sieve, and shears. *Garth, Dispensary.*

Oft, what seems
 A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,
 In some nice situations, turns the scale
 Of fate, and rules the most important actions.

Thomson, Tancréd.

Look unto those they call unfortunate,
 And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise :
 Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
 And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
 Which brought another language into use. *Young, Revenge.*

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay,
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they. *Goldsmith, Hermit, 18.*

Be ready for all changes in thy fortune ;
 Be constant when they happen ; but above all,
 Mostly distrust good fortune's soothing smile ;
 There lurks the danger, though we least suspect it ! *Havard.*

To catch dame fortune's golden smile, assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile that's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge, nor for a train attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege of being independent. *Burns.*

All our advantages are those of fortune ;
 Birth, health, wealth, beauty, are her accidents ;
 And fortune can take nought save what she gives.
Byron, Two Foscari.

Fortune is female : from my youth her favours
 Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope
 Her former smiles again at this late hour. *Byron, Doge of V.*

All human projects are so faintly fram'd,
 So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,
 So mix'd with error in their very form,
 That mutable and mortal are the same. *Han. More, Daniel, v.*

FORTUNE—*continued.*

O! ye, who bask in fortune's sun,
 And hope's bright garlands wear,—
 Your blessings from the god of love
 Let his poor children share!

Mrs. Hale (Am.).

FORTUNE-TELLER—*see Gipsy.*

A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man.

Sh. Com. Er. v. 1.

She of the gipsy train
 Had wander'd long, and the sun's scorching rays
 Embrown'd her visage grim, artful to view
 The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
 The love-sick maid, who barters all her store
 For airy visions and fallacious hope.

Somerville.

Curse on your shallow arts, your lying science!
 'Tis thus you practise on the credulous world,
 Who think you wise because themselves are weak!

Hannah More, Belshazzar, II.

FRAILTY—*see Seduction, Woman.*

Why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!

Sh. Ham. I. 2.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. *Sh. Sonnet xciv.*
 When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?—
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die. *Goldsmith, V. of Wakefield, 24.*
 Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain;
 For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow again. *Percy, Friar of Orders Grey.*

FRANCE.

'Tis better using France, than trusting France .
 Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, iv. 1.*

FREEDOM.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
 Let me not see my country's honour fade ;
 Oh ! let me see our land retain its soul !
 Her pride in freedom, and not freedom's shade. *Keats.*
 Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not,
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?
Byron, Ch. Har. II. 76.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
 Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
 Tho' baffled oft, is ever won. *Byron, Giaour, 125.*
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires,
 And he, who in the strife expires,
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That tyranny shall quake to hear !
Byron, Giaour.

They never fail who die
 In a great cause : the block may soak their gore,
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates or castle walls ;—
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world at last to freedom. *Byron, Marino Faliero, II. 2.*
 Is 't death to fall for freedom's right ?
 He's dead alone who lacks her light ! *Campbell.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held. *Wordsworth, Sonnet to Liberty.*
 Better to dwell in freedom's hall,
 With a cold damp floor and mould'ring wall,
 Than bow the head and bend the knee
 In the proudest palace of slavery. *Thos. Moore.*

FREE THINKING.

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems
 To span Omnipotence, and measure might
 That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
 The standard of his own, that is to day,
 And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down. *Cowper, Task, VI. 211.*

FREE WILL.

God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy pow'r ; ordained thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service He requires,
 Not our necessitated. *Milton, P. L. v. 524.*

Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
 And forced it not, though he foresaw the will ;
 Freedom was first bestowed on human race,
 And prescience only held the second place. *Dryden.*

FRENCHMEN.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
 Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,
 And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away. *Cowper, T. T. 233.*

FRIENDLESS—see Deserted.

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
 Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couched. *Sh. Tim. of Ath. II. 2.*
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun. *Ibid. I. 2.*

FRIENDS—FRIENDSHIP—see Familiarity.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love :
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. *Sh. M. A. II. 1.*

In companions

That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There needs must be a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit. *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 4.*
 I count myself in nothing else so happy,
 As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends. *Sh. Rich. II. II. 3.*

We still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable. *Sh. As Y. L. I. 3.*
 Call you that backing of your friends ?
 A plague upon such backing ! *Sh. Hen. IV. I. II. 4.*

FRIENDS—FRIENDSHIP—*continued*

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
Sh. Troil. II. 3.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite, and envy. *Sh. Timon, I. 2.*

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
 And show of love, as I was wont to have :
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand,
 Over your friend that loves you. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

Give him all kindness : I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 4.*

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new hatch'd unfledged comrade. *Sh. Ham. I. 3.*

So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you :
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him an enemy. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

True happiness
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,
 But in their worth and choice. *Ben Jonson, Cynthia.*

O summer friendship,
 Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
 Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 In th' autumn of adversity ! *Massinger, Maid of Honour.*
 That friendship's rais'd on sand,
 Which every sudden gust of discontent,
 Or flowing of our passions, can change
 As if it ne'er had been. *Massinger.*

But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee. *Martial, x. 47 (Cowley).*

FRIENDS—FRIENDSHIP—*continued.*

This honest friend, that you so much admire,
 No better is than a mere trencher squire,
 He loves not you, but salmon, turkey, chine :
 Your friend a better dinner will make mine. *Ib.* x. 14. (*Hay.*)

Friendship's an abstract of love's noble flame,
 'Tis love refin'd, and purged from all its dross,
 'Tis next to angel's love, if not the same,
 As strong in passion is, though not so gross. *Cath. Philips, Fr'd.*

Thick waters show no images of things ;
 Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
 Clearer than crystal, or the mountain-springs,
 And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
 For vulgar souls no part of friendship share ;
 Poets and friends are born to what they are. *Ib. Friend.*

Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
 To bear a part in every storm of fate,
 And, by dividing, make the lighter weight. *Higgon's, Gen. Conq.*

Friendship's the privilege
 Of private men ; for wretched greatness knows
 No blessing so substantial. *N. Tate, Loy. General.*

He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,
 Who reckons not himself and friend the same. *Tuke, Advent.*
 Friendship above all ties does bind the heart,
 And faith in friendship is the noblest part. *Ld. Orrery, Hen. v.*

The friendships of the world are oft
 Confed'racies in vice, or leagues in pleasure. *Addison, Cato.*
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn. *Ib. Campaign.*

Who can compare love's mean and gross desire
 To the chaste zeal of friendship's fire ?
 Love is a sudden blaze, which soon decays ;
 Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays :
 Not daily benefits exhaust the flame ;
 It still is giving, and still burns the same. *Gay.*
 Who friendship with a knave hath made
 Is judg'd a partner in the trade. *Guy, Fable 23.*

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend. *Gay, Fable 50.*

FRIENDS—FRIENDSHIP—*continued.*

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends.

Gay, Fable 23.

You'll find the friendship of the world a show !
Mere outward show ! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all. *Savage, Sir T. Overbury.*

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me. *Pope, Il. ix. 725.*

Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much : thou hast deserv'd of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay. *Blair, Grave, 88.*

Friendship is still accompany'd with virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds. *Trapp, Abram.*

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.
Churchill, Conference, 297.

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen : fixing, fix ;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death. *Young.*

Hope not to find
A friend, but he who's found a friend in thee ;
All like the purchase, few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below. *Young, N. T.*

Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth. *Smollett.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep. *Goldsmith, Hermit, 19.*

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Goldsmith, Retaliation.

I have too deeply read mankind
To be amus'd with friendship ; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity :
'Tis intercourse of interest—not of souls. *Havard, Regulus.*

FRIENDS—FRIENDSHIP—*continued.*

I will take your friendship up at use,
 And fear not that your profit shall be small ;
 Your interest shall exceed your principal. *Tourneur, Atheist.*
 Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow :
 But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the candid friend.

Canning, New Morality, in Antijacobin.

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze :
 When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another. *Byron, D. J. xiv. 48.*

What spectre can the charnel send,
 So dreadful as an injured friend ! *Scott, Rokeby, II. 22.*

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
 'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower ;
 A watery ray an instant seen,
 The darkly closing clouds between. *Sir W. Scott.*

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.
 Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,
 The gradual culture of kind intercourse
 Must bring it to perfection. *Jo. Baillie, De Montfort, iii. 1.*
 I take of worthy men whate'er they give :
 Their heart I gladly take, if not, their hand ;
 If that too is withheld, a courteous word,
 Or the civility of placid looks. *Ib. De Montfort, iii. 1.*

We that were friends, yet are not now,
 We that must daily meet
 With ready words and courteous bow,
 Acquaintance of the street ;
 We must not scorn the holy past,
 We must remember still
 To honour feelings that outlast
 The reason of the will. *Lord Houghton.*

Love, a plant of fragile form,
 Fir'd by ardent suns to birth,
 Shrinks before the whelming storm,
 Withering, dies and sinks to earth.
 Friendship, like a noble river,
 Rolls its stately waters by ;
 Tempest toss'd and troubled never,
 Gliding to eternity.

MS.

FROWNS.

Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads. *Sh. Tam. S. v. 2.*

FRUGALITY.

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate;
Small shots, paid often, waste a vast estate, *Herrick, Aph. 256.*

FUNERAL.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad. *Blair, Grave, 156.*

Of all

The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who car'd about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe;
There throb'd not there a thought which pierc'd the pall.
Byron, Vision of Judgment, x.

FUSTIAN.

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Pope, Sat. Prol. 187.*

FUTURITY—see Fate.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate. *Sh. Mac. i. 3.*

O heaven! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea. *Sh. Hen. iv. ii. iii. 1.*

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die. *Id. ii. iii. 1.*

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 1.*

The dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others, that we know not of. *Sh. Ham. iii. 1.*

FUTURITY—*continued.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Sh. Ham. IV. 5.

Ask not bodies doomed to die,
To what abode they go,
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know. *Davenant, Philosopher and Lover.*

Sure there is none but fears a future state ;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.
Dryden, Spanish Friar.

Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please ;
But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions.
To tell their manners, and relate their laws ? *Ib. Don Sebast.*

Too curious man ! why dost thou seek to know
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown are woe ?
Th' all-seeing power, that made thee mortal, gave
Thee every thing a mortal state should have. *Dryden.*

What avails it that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
Armstrong, Art of Pres. Health, 4.

Darkly we move, we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not :
Yes, it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

Let me, then let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore unknown ;
So o'er the burning tear a heav'nly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Oh, there is need of permanent belief
In that all equal world of joy to come !
Need for such solace to the restless grief
And heavy troubles of our earthly home !
Else might our wand'ring reason blindly roam,
And ask, with all a heathen's discontent,
Why joy's bright cup for some should sparkling foam,
While others, not less worthy, still lament,
And find the cup of tears the only portion sent.
Hon. Caroline Norton, Child of the Islands, 21.

GAIN.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

Sh. Lear, II. 4.

What is gotten with but little pain,
As little grief it takes to lose again.

W. Browne.

Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.

Dryden.

GALL.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink,
Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.

Sh. T. Night, III. 2.

GAMBLING—GAMING—GAMESTERS.

Play not for gain, but sport ; who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart ;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath borne.

Herbert, T.

Some play for gain ; to pass time, others play
For nothing ; both do play the fool, I say ;—
Nor time nor coin I'll lose, nor idly spend ;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

Heath, Clarastella.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamblers thrive ?

Gay, Fable XII.

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold !
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.

Gay, Fable XII.

Dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason ;
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, hocks,—From London Docks ;
Stultz's frocks,—Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,—Shooting blue rocks,
Trainers and jocks,—Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,—And fighting cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason.

Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.

GARDEN.

Who that has reason and his smeli,
 Would not among roses and jasmines dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choke
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown
 In pestilential clouds a populous town! *Cowley, the Garden.*
 God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain. *Ib. Garden.*

His gardens next your admiration call,
 On every side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other;
 The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade.

Pope, M. E. 1v. 3.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too. *Cowper, T. III. 556.*

GARRICK.

If manly sense: if nature link'd with art!
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
 If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd;
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
 If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye;
 If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 And which no face so well as his can show,
 Deserve the preference; Garrick! take the chair,
 Nor quit it till thou place an equal there. *Churchill, Ros. 1081.*

Here lies David Garrick—describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

Goldsmith, Retaliation, 93.

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree. *Goldsmith, Ib. 11.*

GENERALSHIP.

Those that save themselves and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;
 And sometime, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all ;
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in gazettes ;
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome. *Butler, Hud. 3, III. 470.*

Armies of fearful hearts will scorn to yield,
 If lions be their captains in the field. *Aleyn, Crescy.*

GENEROSITY—see Benevolence, Bounty, Charity.

Thou can'st not reach the light that I shall find ;
 A gen'rous soul is sunshine to the mind. *Howard, Vestal Virg.*

They that do
 An act that does deserve requital,
 Pay first themselves the stock of such content,
 Nature has given to every worthy mind. *Ib. Blind Lady.*

The secret pleasure of a generous act
 Is the great mind's great bribe. *Dryden.*

GENIUS.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
Dryden, to Congreve, on the Double Dealer.

One science only will one genius fit,
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more. *Pope, E. C. I. 60.*

Genius ! thou gift of Heaven ! thou light divine !
 Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine.
 Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
 Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course ;
 And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
 Thy nobler efforts to contend with pain ;
 Or want, sad guest ! within thy presence come,
 And breathe around her melancholy gloom. *Crabbe.*

His was the gifted eye, which grace still touch'd
 As if with second nature ; and his dreams,
 His childish dreams, were lit by hues of heaven—
 Those which make Genius. *L. E. London.*

GENTLEMAN—*see* Character, Man.

His years are young, but his experience old ;
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
 And, in a word (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow),
 He is complete in feature, and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman. *Sh. Two G. II. 4.*
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with nobler deeds. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, v. 1.*
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt right royal ;
 The spacious world cannot again afford. *Sh. Ric. III. 1. 2.*
 He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. *Sh. Rom. Jul. 1. 5.*

We are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise. *Sh. Pericles, II. 3.*
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
 From dead men's dust and bones ; and none of yours,
 Except you make, or hold it. *B. Jonson, Ev. Man in his Hum.*
 When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
 Who was then a gentleman ? *Pegge, Curialia Misc. 173.*
 Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
 Nature had written—Gentleman. *Byron, D. J. ix. 83.*
 He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
 Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
 A finish'd gentleman from top to toe. *Byron, D. J. xii. 84.*
 Whom do we dub as gentlemen ? The knave, the fool, the
 brute—

If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit !
Eliza Cook, Poems.

GENTLENESS.

What would you have ? your gentleness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

GEOGRAPHY.

So geographers, in Afric maps,
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns. *Swift, Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

GEOLOGY.

And in that rock are shapes of shells, and forms
Of creatures in old worlds, of nameless worms,
Whose generations lived and died ere man,
A worm of other class, to crawl began.

Crabbe.

GHOSTS—see Apparition, Spirits.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Sh. Macb. III. 4.

Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Sh. Macb. III. 4.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Sh. Macb. III. 4.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.

Sh. Ham. I. 4.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.

Milton, P. L. I. 423.

Some have mistaken blocks and posts,
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum.

Butler, Hud. 2, I. 129.

He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.
How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.

Byron, D. J. XVI. 126.

GIFTS.

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Sh. As Y. L. I. 2.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.

Sh. Wint. T. IV. 4.

GIFTS—continued.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Sh. Two G. III. 1.

To the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

Gifts stink from some,
 They are so long a coming, and so hard,
 Where any deed is forc'd the grace is marr'd.

Ben Jonson, Underwoods.

He ne'er consider'd it as loth,
 To look a gift horse in the mouth,
 And very wisely would lay forth.
 No more upon it than 'twas worth. *Butler, Hud. 1, 1. 489.*

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free. *Butler, Hud. 1, 1. 495.*

A man may be a legal donor,
 Of anything whereof he's owner. *Butler, Hud. 2, 1. 679.*

Accept of this ; and could I add beside
 What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
 If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
 On thee alone their glittering pride should shine. *Lyttelton.*

GIPSIES.

Gipsies, who every ill can cure,
 Except the ill of being poor ;
 Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
 To catch all feet except their own ;
 Who, as to fortune, can unlock it,
 As easily as pick a pocket.

Churchill.

GIRDLE.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round. *Waller, On a Girdle.*

GLOOM.

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Milton, Il Pens. 79.*

We talk of love and pleasure—but 'tis all
 A tale of falsehood. Life's made up of gloom ;
 The fairest scenes are clad in ruin's pall,
 The loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb. *J. G. Percival.*

GLORY.

When the moon shone we did not see the candle,
 So doth the greater glory dim the less. *Sh. M. of Ven.* v. 1.
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought. *Sh. H.* vi. i. 2.

Never any state
 Could rise, or stand, without the thirst of glory
 Of noble works, as well the mould as story,
 For else what governor would spend his days
 In envious travel for the public good?
 Who would, in books, search after dead men's ways?
 Or, in the war, what soldier lose his blood?

F. Greville, Lord Brooke, Fame and Honour.

Glory, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
 But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

Webster, Duchess of Malfy.

I make no haste to have my numbers read;
 Seldom comes glory till a man be dead. *Herrick, Ap.* 115.

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west, become the same,
 No Indian Prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows. *Butler, Hud.* 2, i. 271.

Great conquerors greater glory gain
 By foes in triumph led than slain;
 The laurels that adorn their brows,
 Are pulled from living, not dead, boughs. *Ib.* 1, ii. 1065.

If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,
 How then could souls alloy'd to sense resist it. *Dryden, Auren.*

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Pope, Imit. of Horace, 2, i. 300.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
 That they're the blackest scandal of their age. *Young, Sat.* iv. 65.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
 Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame;
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks:
 They know a thousand lords, behind their backs. *Ib.* iii. 87.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The path of glory leads but to the grave! *Gray, Elegy* ix.

GLORY—*continued.*

Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds !
 Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue ! *Dr. Johnson.*

Fame points the course, and glory leads the way.
Pye, Alfred, III. 202.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
 What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave !
 Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,
 Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave. *Byron.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name. *Scott, Old Mortality, XXI.*

Glory darts her soul-pervading ray
 On thrones and cottages, regardless still
 Of all the artificial, nice distinctions
 Vain human customs make. *Hannah More.*

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
 Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
 And are the playthings of the casual wind. *Bulwer, Richelieu.*

GLOW-WORM—*see Morning.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Thomson, Summer, 1650.*

GLUTTONY—*see Dinner, Dining, Greediness.*

He is a very valiant trencher-man. *Sh. M. Ado, I. 1.*

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Sh. L. L. Lost, I. 1.

Swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted, base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemous his feeder. *Milton, Comus, 776.*

Their various cares in one great point combine,
 The business of their lives—that is, to dine. *Young, Sat. III. 75.*

Beyond the sense

Of light refection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.

Armstrong, 2

GLUTTONY—*continued.*

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight ;
 Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
 Still on their dinner turn—
 Let such pot-boiling varlets stay at home,
 And wield a flesh-hook rather than a sword.

Joanna Baillie, Basil.

GOD—*see* Deity, Omnipotence, Providence.

He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow. *Sh. As Y. L.* 11. 3.

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
 When at the brink of ruin, not before ;
 After deliv'rance both alike requited,
 Our God forgotten, and our soldiers slighted. *Quarles.*

God and the doctor we alike adore,
 But only when in danger, not before ;
 The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
 God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted. *Owen, Epigr.*

God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitation walks
 To mark their doings. *Milton, P. L.* XII. 59.

God never made his work for man to mend. *Dryden, Ep.* XIII. 95.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. *Pope, Ess. M.* 1. 267.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms on systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Pope, E. M.* 1. 87.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee :
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine. *Thos. Moore, Songs.*

When God reveals his march through nature's night,
 His steps are beauty, and his presence light. *J. Montgomery.*

But know, whatever good or ill betides,
 The rolling wheel of Fate, 'tis God who guides.

From the Persian of Ferdusi.

That there's no God, John gravely swears,
 And quotes, in proof, his own affairs ;
 For how should such an atheist thrive,
 If there was any God alive. *Martial, West. Rev. Ap.* 1853.

GODS.

Immortal gods ! I crave no pelf ;
 I pray for no man, but myself.
 Grant I may never prove so fond
 To trust a man on his oath or bond ;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
 Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em. *Sh. Timon, i. 2.*

GOLD—*see* Apparel, Avarice, Money, Riches, Treasure.

All that glistens is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told ;
 Many a man his life hath sold ;
 But my outside to behold. *Sh. Mer. of Ven. ii. 7.*

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object !
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
 Their bones with industry.
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 Our thighs all pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murther'd for our pains. *Sh. Hen. iv. 2, iv. 4.*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt natural son and sire ! the bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
 That solderest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue
 To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
 Think thy slave, man, rebels ; and, by thy virtue,
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire ! *Sh. Timon, iv. 3.*

Gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
Sh. Rom. v. 1.

GOLD—*continued.*

'Tis gold

Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man : What
 Can it not do, and undo ? *Sh. Cymb. II. 3*

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world ;
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine ;
 A mask of gold hides all deformities ;
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative. *Dekker.*

Provide what money, and what arms you can,
 Who has the gold, shall never want the man. *Baron, Mirza.*
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold. *Pope, E. M. iv. 187.*

O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his interest in both worlds ;
 First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come !
Blair, Grave, 247.

Because its blessings are abus'd,
 Must gold be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?
 Even virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade. *Gay, Fable vi.*

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?
 Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine ?
 Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune, than our happiness. *Young, L. F. Sat. vi.*

Thou more than stone of the philosopher !
 Thou touchstone of philosophy herself !
 Thou bright eye of the mine ! Thou load-star of
 The soul ! Thou true magnetic pole, to which
 All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles ! *Byron.*

Gold ! gold ! in all ages the curse of mankind,
 Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind :
 The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
 And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
 To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
 Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown. *Park Benjamin.*

GOLDSMITH.

Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us ?
 Is this the great poet whose works so content us ?
 This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books ?
 Heaven sends us good meat—but the Devil sends cooks.
Garrick, On Goldsmith's Retaliation.

GOOD—GOODNESS—*see* Benevolence, Bounty.

May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years.
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument ! *Sh. Hen. VIII. II. 1.*
 It is a kind of good deed to say well,
 And yet words are not deeds. *Sh. Hen VIII. III. 2.*

Good the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows. *Milton, P. L. v. 71.*
 The good man may be weak, be indolent,
 Nor is his claim to riches, but content,
 And grant the bad what happiness he would ;
 One he must want, which is,—to pass for good. *Pope, E. M.*
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more. *Young, N. T. II. 90.*
 The good are better made by ill,
 As odours crush'd are better still. *Rogers, Jacqueline, st. 3.*
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
 For all the luxury of doing good. *Garth, Claremont, 148.*
 Oh, sir ! the good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
 Burn to the socket. *Wordsworth, The Excursion, I. 21.*

GOOD DEEDS.

Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
J. Shirley, Death's Final Conquest, III.
 Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
 And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
Congreve, Mourning Bride, v. 12.

GOOD NATURE—*see* Forgiveness.

'Tis good-nature only wins the heart :
 It moulds the body to an easy grace,
 And brightens every feature of the face :
 It smooths th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
 And adds persuasion to the finest sense. *Stillingfleet.*
 Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
 Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius *Byron, D. J. VI. 7.*

GOOD NIGHT.

At once, good night ;
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once. *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

GOOD NIGHT—*continued.*

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Sh. Rom.* II. 2.
 Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
 And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.* 89.
 To all, to each, a fair good night,
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light. *Scott, Marmion*, VI.

GOVERNMENT—*see Kings.*

Each petty hand
 Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
 Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
 His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
 What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
 Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them;
 What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her.
Ben Jonson, Catiline.

He that would govern others, first should be
 The master of himself, richly endued
 With depth of understanding, height of knowledge. *Massinger.*
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
 While others in old faiths and troths,
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes. *Butler, Hud.* III. ii. 1293.
 For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best. *Pope, E. M.* III. 303.
 May you, my *Cam* and *Isis*, preach it long!
 The right divine of kings to govern wrong. *Ib. Dun.* IV. 188.

The man, whom heaven appoints
 To govern others, should himself first learn
 To bend his passions to the sway of reason. *Thomson.*
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those who toil.

Goldsmith, Traveller.

GRACE—*see Beauty.*

To some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies.
 O what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it. *Sh. As Y. L.* II. 3.

GRACE—*continued.*

When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right. *Sh. M. for M.* iv. 4.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage. *Sh. Troil.* iv. 4.

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks. *Sh. Troil.* iv. 5.

See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring;
Graces her subjects. *Sh. Peric.* i. 1.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Milton, P. L.* viii. 488.

Cause, grace, and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse. *Butler, Hud.* iii. i. 1293.

Mature she was—
Grace shaped her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face. *Prior.*

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit. *Cowper.*

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;
For the fond graces form'd her easy mien.
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen. *Hayley.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew. *Scott, L. of L.* 18.
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before. *Moore.*

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp. *Dean Milman.*

GRACE BEFORE MEAT—*see Digestion, Dinner.*

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; welcome all. *Sh. Hen.* viii. i. 4.

Some hae meat that canna eat;
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thank'd. *Burns, Grace before Meat.*

GRAMMAR—Nine Parts of Speech.

Three little words you often see,
 Are *articles*—a, an, and the ;
 A *noun's* the name of anything,
 As school, or garden, hoop, or swing ;
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
 As great, small, pretty, white or brown ;
 Instead of nouns the *pronouns* stand—
 Her head, his face, your arm, my hand ;
Verbs tell of something to be done,
 To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, or run ;
 How things are done the *adverbs* tell,
 As slowly, quickly, ill, or well !
Conjunctions join the words together,
 As men and women, wind or weather ;
 The *preposition* stands before
 A noun, as in, or through a door ;
 The *interjection* shows surprise,
 As Oh ! how pretty, Ah ! how wise ;
 The whole are called *nine parts of speech*,
 Which reading, writing, speaking teach. *American.*

GRATITUDE—see Thanks.

What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
 But grateful praise ? So heav'n itself is paid ! *Rowe, Tamerl.*
 He that hath nature in him, must be grateful ;
 'Tis the Creator's primary great law
 That links the chain of beings to each other. *Madden, Themist.*

To the generous mind
 The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
 When 'tis not in our power to repay it. *Franklin, Matilda.*
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small peace of gratitude. *Gray, Ode VII. 5.*

GRAVE—see Death.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
 Give him a little earth for charity. *Sh. Hen. VIII. IV. 2.*
 One destin'd period men in common have,
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
 All good alike for worms, companions in the grave.
Lansdowne on Death.

GRAVE—*continued.*

I envy not such graves as take up room,
 Merely with jet and porphyry ; since a tomb
 Adds no desert ; wisdom, thou thing divine,
 Convert my humble soul into thy shrine ;
 And then this body, though it want a stone,
 Shall dignify all places where 'tis thrown. *F. Osborne.*

The grave, dread thing !

Men shiver when thou'rt named : Nature appall'd,
 Shakes off her wonted firmness. *Blair, Grave, 9.*

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood ;
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd. *Blair, Grave, 209.*

Under ground

Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume. *Blair, Grave, 230.*
 When self esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something
 Above the common level of our kind ;
 The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flattery,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Blair, Grave, 233.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the stern tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest. *Blair, Grave, 504.*

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground. *James Montgomery.*

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathom'd, boundless sea,
 The silent grave !
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallow'd up and lost
 In one dark wave. *Longfellow, Poems.*

GRAVE—*continued*.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground, God's Acre! It is just;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
 Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain. *Longfellow.*

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave. *Longfellow.*

GREATNESS—*see* Ambition, Authority, Farewell, Honour.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
 And some have greatness thrust upon them. *Sh. T. N. II. 5.*

Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder. *Sh. M. for M. II. 2.*

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
 But in the less, foul profanation.
 That in the captain's but a choleric word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Sh. M. for M. II. 2.*

Heaven knows, I had no such intent;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss. *Sh. H. IV. 2, III. 1.*
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
 But great men tremble, when the lion roars. *Sh. H. VI. 2, III. 1.*
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

Sh. Troil. III. 3.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake.

Sh. Ham. IV. 4.

GREATNESS—*continued.*

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honoured, or begets him hate ;
 For greatest scandal waits on present state.
 The moon, being clouded, presently is missed,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.
 The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceived fly with the filth away,
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay. *Sh. R. of Luc.* 1004

Greatness, with private men
 Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse ;
 And we, whom from our high births they conclude
 The only freemen, are the only slaves.
 Happy the golden mean. *Massinger.*

At whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads. *Milton, P. L.* IV. 34.

Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
 The wise man's fetter, and the rage of fools. *Otway, Alcib.*

A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state. *Pope, Prol. to Ad. Cato.*

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
 Form'd by the converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe. *Pope, E. M.* 377-380.

What is station high ?
 'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity. *Young, N. T.* 6.

'Tis meet
 The great should have the fame of happiness,
 The consolation of a little envy ;
 'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
 Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.
Young, Brothers, I. 1.

He, who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
 Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow ;
 He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Tho' far above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head. *Byron, C. H.* III. 45.

GREATNESS—*continued.*

In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.

Roscommon, Dr. Chetwood to the Earl.

Authority !

Thy worshipp'd symbols round a villain's trunk
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

Jephson, Braganza.

The power to give creates us oft our foes :
Where many seek for favour, few can find it :
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;
And, disappointed, wonders at repulse ;
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate. *Frowde, Philotas.*
Greatness in sway of state gives wings t' aspire !
Advancement feeds ambition with desire.

Mirror for Magistrates.

GREECE.

Clime of the forgotten brave !
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave ;
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?

Byron, Giaour.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece may still be free. *Byron, D. J. III. 89.*
Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !

Byron, Ch. H. II. 73.

GREEDINESS—*see Gluttony.*

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. *Sh. R. of L. 134.*
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store ;
Enough requires too much ; too much craves more.

Quarles, 2, II. 7.

Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still—
" More ! more !" the glutton cries for something new ;
So rages appetite ; if man can't mount
He will descend.

Young.

GREEN DAYS.

My salad days ;
When I was green in judgment. *Sh. Ant. & Cleop.* i. 5.

GREEK.

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs do squeak. *Butler, Hud.* 1, i. 51.

He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas.
Cranfield's Panegyric on Tom Coriate.

GRIEF—see Consolation, Sorrow, Tears, Weeping.

Let us not burthen our remembrance
With heaviness that's gone. *Sh. Temp.* v. 1.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it. *Sh. M. Ado.* III. 2.

Weep I cannot ;
But my heart bleeds. *Sh. Wint. T.* III. 3.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. *Sh. Wint. T.* III. 2.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable. *Sh. Com. E.* i. 1.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue ! *Sh. Macbeth*, iv. 3.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects. *Sh. Rich.* II. II. 2.

Of comfort no man can speak ;
Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth. *Sh. Rich.* II. III. 2.

My grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows of the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ;
There lies the substance. *Sh. Rich.* II. iv. 1.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. *Sh. Lear*, III. 4.

Sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell. *Sh. R. of L.* 1493.

GRIEF—*continued.*

Some grief shows much of love,
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit. *Sh. Rom.* III. 5.
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both. *Sh. Lear*, II. 4.

She shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And then retired, to deal with grief alone. *Sh. Lear*, IV. 3.
 Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play:
 For some must watch, while some must sleep;
 So runs the world away. *Sh. Ham.* III. 2.

What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? *Sh. Ham.* v. 1.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended. *Sh. Oth.* I. 3.
 The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief. *Sh. Oth.* I. 3.
 Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.
Sh. Ven. & Ad. 1007.

Tears quickly dry; griefs will in time decay:
 A clear will come after a cloudy day. *Herrick, Aph.* 240.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid? *Milton. Com.* 362.

I am dumb as solemn sorrow ought to be;
 Could my griefs speak, the tale would have no end.
Otway, Caius Marius.

Oh! nothing now can please me:
 Darkness and solitude, and sighs, and tears,
 And all the inseparable train of griefs
 Attend my steps for ever. *Dryden, Amphitryon.*

My soul lies hid in shades of grief,
 Whence, like the bird of night, with half-shut eyes,
 She peeps and sickens at the sight of day. *Dryden, Riv. Ladies.*

O peaceful solitude!
 Here all things smile, and in sweet concert join—
 All but my thoughts, that still are out of tune,
 And break, like jarring strings, the harmony. *Tate, Loy. Gen.*

GRIEF—*continued.*

O, take me in a fellow-mourner with thee;
 I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
 And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
 Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both!

Rowe, Fair Penitent.

The stream of grief bears hard upon his youth,
 And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth. *Ib. Fair Pen.*

That eating canker grief, with wasteful spite,
 Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty. *Ib. Amb. Stepm.*

She never sees the sun, but through her tears;
 And wakes to sigh the live-long nights away. *Ib. Jane Sh. v.1.*

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
 With everything, its friend, itself. *Addison, Cato.*

How vain all outward effort to supply
 The soul with joy! The noontide sun is dark,
 And music discord, when the heart is low. *Young, Broth. II. 1.*

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest—
 Inhuman or effeminate his heart. *Young, N. T. 9.*

So many great
 Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.
Thomson, Sophonisba, I. 4.

'Tis impotent to grieve for what is past,
 And unavailing to exclaim. *Havard, Scanderbeg.*

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away,
 While sorrow counts the moments as they pass. *Ib.*

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
 And fondly broods with miser-care;
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear! *Burns.*

Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
 Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
 Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
 The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life. *Byron, Man. I. 1.*
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Byron, Corsair, III. 22.*

GRIEF—*continued.*

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears. *Byron, Dream.*

There comes
 For ever something between us and what
 We deem our happiness. *Byron, Sardanapalus.*

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds,
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow :
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss. *Byron, Giaour.*

Nature hath assigned
 Two sovereign remedies for human grief ;
 Religion, sweetest, firmest, first, and best,
 Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm ;
 And strenuous action next. *Southey.*

Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
 Are ills because we hoard them. *Proctor, Miranda, IV. 1.*
 No future hour can rend my heart like this,
 Save that which breaks it. *Maturin, Bertram, III. 2.*

A malady
 Preys on my heart that med'cine can not reach,
 Invisible and cureless. *Ib. IV. 2.*
 Heaven oft in mercy smiles ev'n when the blow
 Severest is. *Joanna Baillie, Orra.*

GRUDGE.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Sh. M. of V. I. 3.*

GRUMBLING—*see Complaint.*

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
 And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails. *Congreve.*

GUESTS.

Unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone. *Sh. Hen. VI. 1, II. 2.*
 For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
Pope, Imit. of Horace, 2, II. 159.

GUILT—*see Conscience, Crime.*

Who has a breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep lects, and law-days, and in session sit
 With meditations lawful. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

GUILT—*continued.*

Guiltiness will speak though tongues were out of use.

Sh. Oth. v. 1.

Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and stings.

Rowe.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt ; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends. *Young, Busiris, iv. 1.*

He that acts unjustly,
Is the worst rebel to himself, and tho' now
Ambition's trumpet to the drum of power,
May drown the sounds, yet conscience will one day
Speak louder to him. *Havard, King Charles I.*

The guilty mind
Debases the great image that it wears,
And levels us with brutes. *Havard, Scanderbeg.*

Such is the fate of guilt, to make slaves tools,
And then to make 'em masters—by our secrets. *Ib. Regulus.*

When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy ;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart. *Dr. Johnson.*

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great ! *Ib. Irene.*

But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in Heaven ; and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Cowper, Task, vi. 430.

Thou need'st not answer ; thy confession speaks
Already redd'ning in thy guilty cheeks. *Byron, Corsair.*

To what gulphs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves. *Byron, Sardan.*

HABIT—*see* Custom.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas. *Dryden, Ovid, xv.*
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are; even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. *Byron, Pris. of Chillon.*
 Small habits well pursued betimes,
 May reach the dignity of crimes. *H. More, the Bas Bleu.*

HAIR—*see* Tresses.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
 Can draw you to her with a single hair. *Dryden, from Persius.*
 Her hair
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And hiding half adorns the whole. *Prior.*

HANGING.

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
 Which cannot perish, having thee on board,
 Being destined to a drier death on shore. *Sh. Two G. i. 1.*

HAPPINESS.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look
 Into happiness through another man's eyes! *Sh. As Y. I. v. 2.*
 Happy, in that we are not over-happy:
 On fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Sh. Ham. ii. 2.*
 They live too long, who happiness outlive:
 For life and death are things indifferent;
 Each to be chose, as either brings content. *Dryden, Ind. Emp.*
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where. *Pope, E.M. iv. 15.*
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys but joys that never can expire;
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death. *Young, N. T. v.*
 The happy have whole days, and those they choose;
 The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.
Cibber, Double Gallant, v. 1

Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'twas the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who through the flowery path of sauntering joy
 Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue. *Armstrong, A.P.H. iv.*

HAPPINESS—*continued.*

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam ;
 The world has nothing to bestow,—
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut our home. *Cotton, Fireside, 3.*

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
 The soil is fruitless if you seek it there :
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And never blooms but in celestial air. *R. B. Sheridan.*

All who joy would win
 Must share it—happiness was born a twin. *Byron, D. J. II. 172.*

It is ever thus with happiness :
 It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
 That never comes. *Proctor, Mirandola, III. 1.*
 All look for happiness beneath the sun,
 And each expects what God has given to none. *Mrs. Norton.*

HAPPY MEDIUM.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that. *Pope, Hor. 2, II. 61.*

HARVEST.

Then glory to the steel
 That shines in the reaper's hand ;
 And thanks to God, who has bless'd the sod,
 And crowns the harvest land ! *Eliza Cook.*

HASTE.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.
Sh. Ham. I. 2

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles. *Milton, L'Allegro, 25.*

Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For haste, the proverb says, makes waste. *Butler, Hud. III. 1155.*
 Running together all about,
 The servants put each other out,
 Till the great master had decreed,
 The more haste, ever the worst speed. *Churehill, Ghost, IV.*

HATE—HATRED—*see* **Defiance.**

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 3.*

HATE, HATRED—*continued.*

You vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me in your hearts. *Sh. M. N.* III. 2.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !

Sh. Hen. VI. 3, III. 2.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead ! *Sh. Rich.* III. IV. 4.

I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands. *Ib. Rich.* III. I. 1.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something. *Sh. Timon*, IV. 3.

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Sh. Macb.* IV. 3.

It is the wit, the policy of sin,
To hate those men we have abused. *Davenant, Just Italian.*
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. *Milton, P. L.* II. 745.

Never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
Milton, P. L. IV. 98.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs, than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd. *Milton, Samson Agonistes.*
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate. *Butler, Hud.*

I had much rather see
A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature. *Dryden, Don Seb.*
He is my bane, I cannot bear him ;
One heaven and earth can never hold us both ;
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever :
As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
And strive in fiery combat for the passage. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

HATE, HATRED—*continued.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
 Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd. *Congreve, M. Br.* III. 1.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live. *Pope.*

Disgust conceal'd
 Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
 Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach. *Cowper, Task,* III. 38.
 They did not know how hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ;
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of revenge can feel. *Byron, Siege of Corinth*

There is no passion
 More spectral or fantastical than hate ;
 Not even its opp'site, love, so peoples air
 With phantoms, as this madness of the heart. *Ib. Two Foscari.*
 There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
 That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear ;
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled, and mercy sigh'd farewell! *Ib. Corsa.* I. 9.
 Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure ;
 Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure. *Byron, D.J.* 13-6.

HAWTHORN.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.
Goldsmith, Des. Vil. 13.

HAZARD—*see* **Chance, Courage, Daring.**

I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die. *Sh. Rich.* III. v. 4.

HEALTH.

Th' ingredients of health and long life are
 Great temperance, open air,
 Easy labour, little care. *Sir Philip Sidney.*
 Health is no other, as the learned hold,
 But a just measure both of heat and cold. *Herrick, Aph.* 192.
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
 Can give the heart a cheerful hour
 When health is lost. Be timely wise ;
 With health all taste of pleasure flies. *Gay, Fable* I. 31.
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.
Pope, E. M. IV. 79-82.

HEALTH—*continued.*

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given!
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And Exercise of health. *Thomson, Cast. of Ind.* II. 57.

HEART—*see Beauty, Cruelty, Love.*

With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart.
Pope, M. E. II. 159.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but himself,
 That hideous sight a naked human heart. *Young, N.* III. 226.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
 But changes, night and day too, like the sky:
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
 And darkness and destruction, as on high;
 But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.
Byron, D. J. II. 214.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain. *Byron, Beppo*, 34.

The heart hath its mystery, and who may reveal it;
 Or who ever read in the depth of their own,
 How much we never may speak of, yet feel it,
 But even in feeling it, know it unknown? *L. E. Landon.*

They say he has no heart; but I deny it:
 He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it. *S. Rogers*
 Mine be the heart that can itself defend—
 Hate to the foe, devotion to the friend! *Lytton, New Timon.*
 My heart is like a lonely bird, that sadly sings,
 Brooding upon its nest unheard, with folded wings.

Mrs. Welby, (Am.)

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
 The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
 The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
 But time can claim no victory o'er the heart. *M. Dinnies (Am.)*

HEAVEN—*see Firmament, Providence.*

Shall we serve heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves. *Sh. M. for M.* II. 2.

It is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the act of men. *Sh. All's W.* II. 1

HEAVEN—*continued.*

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 1.*

Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Heaven

Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works. *Milton, P. L. VIII. 67.*

Humble love,

And not proud science, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails. *Young.*

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels. *O. W. Holmes, (Am.).*

HEEDLESSNESS.

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken. *Scott, Lord of the Isles, V. 18.*

HEIRS—HERITAGE.

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear. *Byron, Lara.*
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. *Pope, M. E. II. 149.*

HELL.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place: but where we are is Hell;
And where Hell is, there must we ever be;
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven. *Marlowe, Faust.*
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell. *Sh. York. Trag.*
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end. *Milton, P. L. I. 62.*

HELL—*continued.*

A dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos—ancestor of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand. *Milton, P. L. II. 892*

Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur,
 Vicissitude of fires, and then of frosts. *Dryden.*

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite.
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite. *Pope, M. E. IV. 149.*
 And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes. *Johnsen, London, 116.*
 Hell is paved with good intentions. *Boswell, Johnson, 1775.*

Hell is a city much like London—
 A populous and a smoky city;
 There are all sorts of people undone,
 And there is little or no fun done;
 Small justice shown, and still less pity.
 Lawyers—judges—old hobnobbers
 Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—
 Bishops—great and little robbers—
 Rhymesters—pamphleteers—stock-jobbers—
 Men of glory in the wars. *Shelley, Hell, III.*

HENBANE.

Juice of cursed hebenon—whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*

HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
 Who has no will but by her high permission;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart. *Burns, Henp. Husb.*
 And every married man is certain,
 T' attend the lecture called the curtain. *Lloyd, Ep. to J. B.*

HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND—*continued.*

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!

Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?

Byron, D. J. i. 22.

HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from men, with God he passed the days ;
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

Parnell, The Hermit.

HEROES—HEROISM.

For great commanders only own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.

Butler, Hud.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son. *Dryden, Abs. & Ahit. i.*

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede. *Pope, E. M. iv. 219.*

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,
Who with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in the cause.

Cowper.

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings. *Byron, Manfred, ii. 2.*

Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay. *Byron, C. H.*

And they who for their country die,

Shall fill an honour'd grave ;

For glory lights the soldier's tomb,

And beauty weeps the brave.

J. R. Drake.

To the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,

Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word ;

And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be !

Halleck, Bozzaris.

HESITATION.

As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his aim upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, yet loather to go round.

Dryden.

HESITATION—*continued.*

He would not with a peremptory tone
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes it may be so.

*Cowper.***HESPERUS.**

O Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things
 Home to the weary, to the hunger cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer,
 Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gather'd round us by the look of rest ;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

*Byron, D. J. III. 123.***HEXAMETER**—*see Pentámeter.*

Strongly it bears us along, in swelling and limitless billows,
 Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

HISSING.*Coleridge, The Homeric Hexameter.*

Scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,
 Where wisdom taught, and music charm'd before.

*Lillo, Fatal Curiosity, I. 1.***HISTORY**—*see Authors.*

There is the moral of all human tales ;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last,
 And history, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but one page.

*Byron, Childe Harold, IV. 108.***HOBBIES.**

One master passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Pope, E. M. II. 131.*
 The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Pope, M. E. III. 153.*

HOLIDAYS.

If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. *Sh. Hen. IV. I. III. 2.*

HOLLY.

A hedge of holly thieves, that would invade,
 Repulses like a growing palisade :
 Whose numerous leaves such orient green invest,
 As in deep winter do the spring arrest.

Cowley.

HOLLY—*continued*,

O reader ; hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves ;
 Order'd by an intelligence so wide
 As might confound an Atheist's sophistries.
 Below a circling fence its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear. *Southey*.

HOME—*see* **Absence**.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. *Sh. Two G. I. 1.*
 Seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
 Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail ;
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail. *Sh. Poems.*

The whole world, without a native home,
 Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
Cowley, to the Bishop of Lincoln.

And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
Cowley, Trans. Georg. II. 456.

The little smiling cottage, when at eve
 He meets his rosy children at the door,
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife
 With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
 To cheer his hunger after labour hard. *Dyer, The Fleecr, I.*

Home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss. *Thomson, Autumn.*

There's a strange something, which without a brain
 Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
 Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
Churchill, The Farewell, 63.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home. *Young, N. T. 8.*

HOME—*continued.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home. *Goldsmith, Trav.* 73.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
When first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day. *Cowper, Tirocin.*

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,
And every nook of thine is fairy land.

Bloomfield, Broken Crutch.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught, that's kindred, cheer the welcome hearth. *Byron, C.H.*
He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome. *Byron, D. J.* III. 52.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come. *Ib.* I. 123.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun. *Campbell, P.H.*
Breathes there a man with soul so dead, [II. 21.]

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand. *Scott, Lay,* VI. 1.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view:—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.

Woodworth, (Am.).

My country, sir, is not a single spot
Of such a mould, or fixed to such a clime;
No, 'tis the social circle of my friends,
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,
And in whose welfare all my wishes centre. *Miller, Mahomet.*

HOME—continued.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

J. Howard Payne.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

Mrs. Hemans.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd of heaven o'er all the world beside :
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest.
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

J. Montgomery, W. I. &.

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move :
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love.

Mrs. Opie.

HOME-MADE.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead,
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters,
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters ?

Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.

HOMER.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shined ;
The age wherein he lived was dark ; but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.

Denham, Progress of Learning, 41.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor ;
Verse may seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Essay on Poetry.

HOMŒOPATHY.

Wounds by the wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd.

Butler, Hud.

HONESTY.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Sh. Rich. III. i. 3.

There is no terror, Cassius in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.

Ay, sir ; to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Sh. Ham. II. 2.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Sh. Oth. v. 2.

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd ;
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

Middleton, Trick to catch the Old One.

Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament.

Otway.

Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord. *Rowe, J. Shore, II. 1.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God. *Pope, E.M. iv. 247.*

'Tis hard, when dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools ;
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves.

Swift.

An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

Couper, Epistle to Joseph Hill.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.

Burns, Honest Poverty.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings :
" An honest man's the noblest work of God." *Ib. Cotter's Sat. N.*

The man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain,

Martyn, Timoleon.

HONEYMOON

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,
 Now shady, now bright and sunny—
 But of all the lunar things that change,
 The one that shows most fickle and strange,
 And takes the most eccentric range
 Is the moon—so called—of honey! *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

HONOUR—see *Greatness.*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare!
 How many be commanded, that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd. *Sh. M. of Ven. II. 9.*

That is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour born,
 And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our foregoers; the mere word's a slave,
 Debauched on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honoured bones indeed. *Sh. All's W. II. 3.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
 When great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour. *Sh. All's W. II. 3.*

New honours

Like our strange garments, cleave not their mould
 But with the aid of use. *Sh. Macb. I. 4.*

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
 Take honour from me, and my life is done. *Sh. Rich. II. I. 1.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
 Is—spotless reputation; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. *Ib. I. 1.*

Too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

HONOUR—*continued.*

Who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. *Sh. M. of Ven.* II. 3.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon ;

Or dive unto the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks :

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,

Without corrival, all her dignities. *Sh. Hen.* IV. 1. III. 3.

Not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit :

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that leaned on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. *Sh. Troil.* III. 3.

Honour travels in a strait so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path. *Ib.* III. 3.

Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man

Holds honour far more precious dear than life. *Ib.* v. 3.

Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men. *Sh. Jul. C.* III. 2.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,

And I will look on both indifferently :

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death. *Ib.* I. 2.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it. *Ib.* v. 5.

If you were born to honour, show it now ;

If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it. *Sh. Peric.* IV. 6.

This, above all, to thine own self be true,

And it will follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Sh. Ham.* I. 3.

He was not born to shame !

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth. *Sh. Rom.* III. 2.

HONOUR—*continued.*

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
 As life and breath; honour to man alone :
 Honour being then above life, dishonour must
 Be worse than death; for fate can strike but one ;
 Reproach doth reach whole families. *Cartwright, Siege.*

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,
 Is thirst of honour. *John Hall.*

How vain are all hereditary honours,
 Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
 Unless our own just virtues from our title,
 And give a sanction to our fond assumptions. *Shirley, Par.*

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard :
 They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
 And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
 With care transmit them down to other hands. *Shirley, Par.*

He that is valiant and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't,
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battle. *Butler, Hud. 1, III. 1040.*

Honour is like that glassy bubble
 That finds philosophers such trouble ;
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crack'd to find out why. *Ib. 2, II. 384.*

If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the bed of honour lain,
 He that is beaten, may be said
 To lie in honour's truckle bed. *Butler, Hud.*

Honour is, like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt, and putting on :
 With ent'ring manfully and urging ;
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin. *Butler, Hud. 1, I. 911.*

Quoth Ralpho, honour's but a word,
 To swear by only in a lord :
 In other men 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof ;
 That like a wen looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 389*

HONOUR—continued.

Woman's honour

Is nice as ermine, will not bear a soil. *Dryden, Don Sebast.*

Base, grov'ling souls ne'er know true honour's worth,

But weigh it out in mercenary scales :

The secret pleasure of a generous act

Is the great mind's great bribe.

Dryden.

In other worlds devotion may have bliss,

I'm sure 'tis honour that must save in this. *Crowne, Justinian.*

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die :

Death's but a sure retreat from infamy. *Garth, Disp. v. 321.*

Honour's the soldier's treasure, bought with blood,

And kept at life's expense.

Rowe, Fair Pen.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,

That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men

To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow. *Addison, Cato.*

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,

The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,

And imitates her actions where she is not ;

It is not to be sported with.

Addison, Cato.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,

Than wound my honour.

Addison, Cato, I. 4.

Bid me for honour plunge into a war,

Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death ;

Then thou shalt see that Marcus is not slow

To follow glory, and confess his father.

Addison, Cato.

Content thyself to be obscurely good :

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,

The post of honour is a private station. *Addison, Cato, IV. 2.*

Give me, kind heaven, a private station,

A mind serene for contemplation :

Title and profit I resign ;

The post of honour shall be mine.

Gay, Fable II. ii. 69.

Honour and shame for no condition rise ;

Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

Pope, E. M. IV. 193.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin ;

He's arm'd without that's innocent within. *Pope, Im. Hor. I. i. 93.*

In points of honour to be tried,

Suppose the question not your own.

Swift.

HONOUR—*continued.*

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
 At every slender twig of nice distinction.
 These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well ;
 But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
 Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
 Stand at another bar than that of laws. *Thomson, Tancred, v. 7.*

There is, my lord, an honour, the calm child
 Of reason, of humanity and mercy,
 Superior far to this punctilious demon,
 That singly minds itself, and oft embroils
 With proud barbarian niceties the world. *Thomson.*

If honour calls, where'er she points the way,
 The sons of honour follow, and obey. *Churchill, Farewell, 67.*

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order :
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border. *Burns, Ep. to a Young Friend.*

I've scann'd the actions of his daily life
 With all the industrious malice of a foe ;
 And nothing meets my eye but deeds of honour.
H. More, Daniel, 1.

Say what is honour? 'Tis the finest sense
 Of justice which the human mind can frame,
 Interest, each lurking frailty, to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffer'd or done. *Wordsworth.*

A life of honour and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth,—
 'Tis but a name—
 And yet its glory far exceeds
 That base and sensual life which leads
 To want and shame. *Longfellow.*

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
 And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.
Quoted by Marq. of Hartington, Reform Bill, Ap. 12, 1866.

HOPE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Sh. Rich. III. v. 2.

HOPE—continued.

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts. *Sh. Two G.* III. 1.
 The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope. *Sh. M. for M.* III. 1.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. *Sh. Macb.* IV. 2.
 The night is long that never finds the day. *Ib.* IV. 2.

What can we not endure,
 When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure. *Nabbes.*

Hope ! of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure !
 The captive's freedom, and the sick man's health,
 The lover's victory, and the beggar's wealth ! *Cowley.*

Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. *Milton, Sonnet XXII.*

Yet when an equal prize of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear. *Milton, Comus, 410.*
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost. *Milton, P. L.* IV. 108.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
 And other ammunitions of despair,
 Were ever able to despatch by fear. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,
 Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,
 Robs us of our best virtue—resolution. *Lee, Constantine.*

Hope, with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
 Shows from a rising ground possession nigh ;
 Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite :
 So easy 'tis to travel with the sight. *Dryden, Aurengzebe.*

A beam of comfort, like the moon thro' clouds,
 Gilds the black horror, and directs my way. *Ib. Love's triumph.*

A man condemn'd to leap a precipice,
 Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
 Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
 To break his dreadful fall. *Dryden.*

HOPE—*continued.*

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height ;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the fight. *Prior, Charles Montague.*

In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders filled with hope. *Green, The Spleen, 50.*

While there is life there's hope, he cried,
Then why such haste ?—so groan'd and died. *Gay, Fable 27.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind. *Pope, E.M. 1.95.*

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. *Ib. 1. 91.*

See some fit passion every age supply ;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die. *Ib. 11. 273.*
Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me. *Southerne, Disappointment.*

But while hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair. *Thomson, Sophonisba, 1. 3.*

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair. *Young, N. T. vii.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here :
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death ;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys. *Young, N. T.*

She bids me hope ! and, in that charming word,
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd. *Ld. Lyttelton, Ep.*
None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope, where reason would despair. *Ib. Epigram*

Hope,
Though 'tis pale sorrow's only cordial,
Has yet a dull and opiate quality,
Enfeebling what it lulls.

Mason

HOPE—*continued.*

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, the darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. *Goldsmith, Song from Captivity, II.*

O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain! *Glover, Boadicea.*

White as the white sail on a dusky sea,
When half th' horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity. *Byron, Island, v. 1.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray. *Byron.*

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race. *Scott, Rokeby, vi. 2.*
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live. *Coleridge.*

A blossom full of promise is life's joy,
That never comes to fruit; Hope, for a time,
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,
And it looks flourishing;—a little while
'Tis past, we know not whither, but 'tis gone. *L. E. Landon.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell! *Campbell, Pl. Hope, I.*
Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe. *Ib.*

Unfading hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! immortal power! *Ib.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between. *Ib. II. 375.*

Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away. *Moore, Loves of the Angels.*

HORSE—HORSEMANSHIP—see Hunting.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
 Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.* 295.

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! *Sh. Rich. III.* v. 3.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.

Dryden, Palamon and Arcite.

Then Peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell. *Pope, Im. Hor.* III.

With flowing tail and flying mane, [144.
 With nostrils never streak'd by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse—the wild—the free—
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thundering on.

Byron, Mazeppa.

Ah ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,
 And bid your steed go faster ;
 He does not know, as he scrambles along,
 That he has a fool for his master.

O. W. Holmes.

HOSPITALITY—see Beggars, Charity, Dining.

I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
 Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

Sh. Timon. iii. 4.

My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little recks to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality.

Sh. A. Y. L. II. 4.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale :
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good. *Goldsmith, Traveller*, 13.

HOSPITALITY—*continued.*

While you in this isle are biding,
 You shall feast without providing.
 Every dainty you can think of,
 Every wine which you would drink of,
 Shall be yours ; all want shall shun you,
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Dryden.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;
 All things were held in common, and what one had was
 another's.

*Longfellow, Evangeline.***HOUSES**—*see Building.*

Bear this well in mind, old houses mended,
 Cost little less than new before they're ended.

*Colley Cibber, Prol. to the Double Gallant, 15.***HOUSEWIFERY.**

Nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote. *Mil. P. L.* ix. 232.

HUMANITY.

Humanity is policy in war,
 And cruelty's a prodigal, that heaps
 A suicidal burthen on itself.

*Dawes.***HUMILITY**—*see Birth.*

You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
 For naught but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves.

Sh. Oth. i. 1.

Take heed of ever-weening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with gay peacock's train ;
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself, an humble thought retain.

Sir John Davies.

He that will once give the wall
 Shall be quickly thrust into the kennel.

Chapman, May Day.

Be wise,
 Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.

Massing. Duke Mi?

I see those who are lifted highest on
 The hill of honour, are nearest to the
 Blasts of envious fortune ; whilst the low
 And humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
 Of flowers.

Ford, Love's Labyrinth.

HUMILITY—*continued.*

There are some that use
 Humility to serve their pride, and seem
 Humble upon their way, to be prouder
 At their wish'd journey's end. *Denham, Sophy.*

He that is down needs fear no fall ;
 He that is low, no pride ;
 He that is humble, ever shall
 Have God to be his guide. *Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress.*

He should be humble who would please. *Prior.*

Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,
 Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'T is meet
 The great should have the fame of happiness,
 The consolation of a little envy ;
 'T is all their pay for those superior cares,
 Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

Young, Brothers, l. 1.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility !
 And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin,
 Is pride that apes humility. *Coleridge, Devil's Walk.*

Lowliness is the base of every virtue :
 And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest. *Bailey, Festus.*

Humility, that low, sweet root.
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot. *Moore, Loves of Ang.*

The bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest. *Jas. Montgomery.*

HUMOUR.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
 And every humour has his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest. *Sh. Sonnet. 91.*

Some things are of that nature as to make
 One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache. *Bunyan.*

HUNGER.

Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
 And fed by spoonfuls else they always burst. *Byron, D.J. II. 158.*

HUNGER—*continued.*

Man is a carnivorous production,
 And must have meals, at least one meal a day ;
 He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
 But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
 Although his anatomical construction
 Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
 Your labouring people think beyond all question,
 Beef, veal, and mutton fitter for digestion. *Byron, D.J.* II. 67.

HUNTING—*see Horsemanship.*

Never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem all one mutual cry : I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. *Sh. Mid. N.* IV. 1.
 The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
 Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn.
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds.

Gay, Rural Sports.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
 Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
 Mount for the chase, nor view in all his course
 A scene so gay. *Somerville, Chase,* 3.

In vain malignant streams and winter fogs
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts ;
 The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
 In this delightful exercise to raise
 His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy. *Ib. Chase,* 1.

Fields, woods, and streams,
 Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my cheering voice ; my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round. *Ib. Chase,* 4.

Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
 The gallant chiding loads the trembling air. *Ib. Chase,* 4.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Pope, Wind. For.*

Poor Jack, no matter who,—for when I blame
 I pity, and must therefore sink the same,—
 Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
 And always e'er he mounted, kiss'd his horse.

Cowper, Retirement, 575.

HUNTING—*continued.*

He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
 Who, after a long chace o'er hills, dales, bushes,
 And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
 Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted twice?" *Byron, D.J.v.35.*

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
 Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
 Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
 And once o'er several country gentlemen. *Ib. D. J. xiv. 33.*

The forest music is to hear the hounds
 Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
 Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
 Their perfect language in a mingled sound. *Day, Isle of Gulls.*

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
 The grim bear hush'd its savage growl;
 In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
 Its fangs with dying howl. *Street, Poems (Am.).*

When huntsmen wind the merry horn,
 And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
 Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
 Would, like a lifeless clod outstretched lie,
 Shut up from all the fair creation offers? *Jo. Baillie, Ethwald,*

HUSBAND—*see Marriage, Wife.*

See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

To all married men be this caution,
 Which they should duly tender as their life,
 Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife. *Massinger, Pict.*
 Marry! no, faith; husbands are like lots in
 The lottery, you may draw forty blanks
 Before you find one that has any prize
 In him; a husband generally is a
 Careless domineering thing, that grows like
 Coral; which as long as it is under water
 Is soft and tender; but as soon
 As it has got its branch above the waves,
 Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd. *Murston, Courtezan.*

HUSBAND—*continued.*

A prudent father,
 By nature charged to guide and rule her choice,
 Resigns his daughter to a husband's power,
 Who, with superior dignity, with reason,
 And manly tenderness, will ever love her;
 Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant. *Thomson.*

Know then,
 As women owe a duty—so do men.
 Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
 Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;—
 Clothe them in winter, tender them in age.
Wilkins, Miseries of Enforced Marriage.

As the husband is, the wife is;
 Thou art mated with a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature
 Will have weight to drag thee down. *Tennyson, Locksley Hall.*

HYPERBOLE.

When he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Sh. Rom. III. 2.*

HYMNS.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
 And turn delight into a sacrifice *Suckling, The Church Porch.*

HYPOCRISY—*see* Cunning, Deceit, Dissimulation, Falsehood, Knavery, Lies.

This outward-sainted deputy,—
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
 As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts, *Sh. M. of V. III. 2.*
 Well said; that was laid on with a trowel. *Sh. As Y. L. I. 2.*
 Bear a fair pretence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint. *Sh. Com. E. III. 2.*

To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eyes,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. *Sh. Macb. I. 5.*

HYPOCRISY—*continued.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum;
 And he, long-traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence. *Sh. K. John*, iv. 3.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions. *Sh. Hen. vi. 3*, iii. 3.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil;
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. *Sh. R. iii. 1*. 3.
 Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides!
 Who cover faults, at last them shame derides. *Sh. Lear*, i. 1.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain! *Sh. Rom.* iii. 2.
 'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself. *Sh. Ham.* iii. 1.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. *Sh. Oth.* iv. 1.

Divinity of hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows. *Ib.* ii. 3.

Foul hypocrisy's so much the mode,
 There is no knowing hearts, from words or looks
 Thieves, bawds, and panders, wear the holy leer;
 E'en ruffians cant, and undermining knaves
 Display a mimic openness of soul! *Shirley, Parricide.*

Neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth;
 And oft, though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate; while goodness thinks no ill,
 Where no ill seems. *Milton, P. L.* iii. 682.

HYPOCRISY—*continued.*

Satan was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

Milton. P. L. iv. 122.

They
Can pray upon occasion, talk of Heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach, like any priest. *Otway, Orphan.*

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave ;
But when religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine. *Waller.*

He's the greatest monster, without doubt,
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without. *Denham.*

Thou has prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivance undone me ;
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear,
Thou hast betray'd me. *Rowe, Lady Jane Grey, ii. 1.*

The man who dares to dress misdeeds,
And colour them with virtue's name, deserves
A double punishment from gods to men. *Ch. Johnson, Medea.*

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse. *Gay, Fable i. 17.*

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without. *Pope, M. E. i. 77.*

The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;
The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd. *Young, N. T. 8.*

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at picquet ;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good. *Ib. L. of F. 5.*

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause. *Cowper, Task, iii. 100.*

HYPOCRISY—*continued.*

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
 In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin. *Peter Pindar.*

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
 Dissimulation always sets apart
 A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
 Is that which passes with least contradiction. *Byron, D. J. xv. 3.*

He was the mildest manner'd man
 That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought. *Byron, D. J. 341.*

Strong in his words but in his actions weak,
 His greatest talent not to do—but speak,
 Language that burns th' unwary to entice,
 A head all fire, and a heart all ice. *Byron, Lara.*

A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
 With flowers bestrew'd. *Pollok, Course of Time.*

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
 In naked ugliness. He was a man
 Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
 To serve the devil in. *Pollok, Course of Time, VIII. 615.*

In sermon style he bought,
 And sold, and lied; and salutations made
 In scripture terms. He pray'd by quantity,
 And with his repetitions long and loud,
 All knees were weary. *Pollok, Course of Time.*

A man may cry Church! Church! at every word
 With no more piety than other people;
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
 Because it keeps a cawing from the steeple.
Hood, Ep. to Rae Wilson, Esq.

IDEALISTS.

Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

Sh. M. of V. II. 9.

IDLENESS—see Inactivity, Sloth.

Eschew the idle life!
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought.

George Turberville.

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast;—no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust* in us unused.

Sh. Ham. IV. 4.

The grey-ey'd morning braves me to my face,
And calls me sluggard.

Middleton, Family Love.

Men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the mettle of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Ben Jonson.

A lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever listless loit'ers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

Pope.

Life's cares are comforts: such by Heaven designed;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse.

Young, Night Thoughts, 2.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

Smart.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless when it goes as when it stands. *Cowper, Retirement. 681.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

Ib. 623.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy: made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

Ib. Task, I. 301.

* To become mouldy.

IDLENESS—*continued.*

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
 Who oftenest sacrifice are favoured least. *Cowper, Task, I. 409.*

How various his employments, whom the world
 Calls idle; and who justly, in return,
 Esteems that busy world an idler too! *Cowper, Task, III. 352.*

By nature's laws, immutable and just,
 Enjoyment stops where indolence begins;
 And purposeless, to-morrow, borrowing sloth,
 Itself heaps on its shoulders loads of woe,
 Too heavy to be borne. *Pollok, Course of Time.*

Tax not my sloth that I
 Fold my arms beside the brook;
 Each cloud that floateth in the sky
 Writes a letter in my book. *Emerson.*

IGNORANCE—*see Knowledge.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Sh. Hen. VI. p. 2, IV. 7.

We ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
 By losing of our prayers. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 1.*

Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,
 Audacious ignorance hath done the deed;
 For who knows most, the most he knows to doubt;
 The least discourse is commonly most stout. *Daniel.*

The truest characters of ignorance
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire. *Butler.*

From ignorance our comfort flows,
 The only wretched are the wise. *Prior, To Hon. C. Montague.*

By ignorance is pride increas'd;
 They most assume who know the least. *Gay, Fables.*

Where ignorance is bliss
 'Tis folly to be wise. *Gray, Ode on Eton College.*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Byron, Eng. Bards.*

Where blind and naked ignorance
 Delivers brawling judgments, unabashed,
 On all things all day long. *Tennyson, Idylls, Vivien.*

IMAGINATION.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name. *Sh. M. N. D. v. 1.*

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ? *Sh. Rich. II. i. 3.*

Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men ?
 The unreach'd paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er informs the pencil and the pen,
 And o'erpowers the page where it would bloom again !
Byron, Ch. H.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence. *Byron.*

Imagination frames events unknown,
 In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin ;
 And what it fears creates ! *Hannah More.*

Do what he will, he cannot realise
 Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies ;
 Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
 The truth, the beauty pictur'd in his mind. *Rogers, Human Life.*

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well :
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on itself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man. *Addison, Cato, v. 1.*

IMMORTALITY—*continued.*

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Addison, Cato, v. 1.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
 Morn without eve ! A race without a goal !
 Unshor'ten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life,
 Beginning still, where computation ends !
 'Tis the description of a deity !

Young, N. T. VI. 542.

Can it be ?

Matter immortal ? and shall spirit die ?
 Above the nobler shall less noble rise ?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall man alone,
 Imperial man ! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds ?

Ib. VI. 701.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever ?
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all !
 This is a miracle ; and that no more.

Ib. VII. 1407.

Immortality o'ersweeps

All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals
 Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
 Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever !

Byron.

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
 But that which warm'd it once shall never die.

Campbell.

A voice within us speaks that startling word—
 " Man thou shalt never die ! " Celestial voices
 Hymn it into our souls ; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild star
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality.

R. H. Dana (Am.).

IMPLACABILITY.

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Sh. Ric. III. I. 4.

IMPATIENCE.

Oh ! how impatience gains upon the soul,
 When the long promised hour of joy draws near !
 How slow the tardy moments seem to roll !

Mrs. Tisha.

IMPLOING.

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery. *Sh. V. & A.*

IMPOSSIBILITY.

And what's impossible can't be,
 And never, never comes to pass. *G. Colman, Maid of the Moor.*

IMPRISONMENT.

Captivity,
 That comes with honour, is true liberty. *Massinger, F. Dowry.*
 Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bail,
 Two prisons quits ; the body and the jail. *Bishop King.*

IMPUDENCE.

He that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence ;
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*
 With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
 Ne'er blushed ; unless in spreading vice's snares,
 He blunder'd on some virtue unawares. *Churchill, Rosciud.*

INCOME—see Money, Prosperity.

I've often wished that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end. *Pope, Imit. of Horace, II. 6.*

INCONSTANCY—see Change.

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more ;
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
 To one thing constant never. *Sh. M. Ado. II. 3.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another ;
 So the remembrance of my former love,
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten. *Sh. Two G. II. 4.*

Let us examine all the creatures, read
 The book of nature through, and we shall find
 Nothing doth still the same ; the stars do wander,
 And have their divers influence ; the elements
 Shuffle into innumerable changes ;
 Our constitutions vary ; herbs and trees
 Admit their frosts and summer : and why then
 Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
 More subtle than the spirits in our blood,

INCONSTANCY—*continued.*

Be such staid things within us, and not share
 Their nat'ral liberty? Shall we admit a change
 In smaller things, and not allow it in
 What most of all concerns us?

Shirley, Traitor.

There are three things a wise man will not trust :
 The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
 And woman's plighted faith.

Southey, Madoc.

There is no music in a voice,
 That is but one and still the same ;
 Inconstancy is but a name,
 To fright poor lovers from a better choice. *Rutter, Shep. Hol.*

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 That kisses everything it meets.
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

Sir Robert Ayton.

INDEPENDENCE.

Bless'd are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.

Sh. Ham. III. 2.

How happy is he born or taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill. *Sir H. Wotton, Happy Life.*
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Ib.

The man who by his labour gets
 His bread in independent state,
 Who never begs, and seldom eats,
 Himself can fix or change his fate. *Prior, The Old Gentry, 5.*
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' nature up to nature's God. *Pope, E. M. IV. 331.*
 Hail ! independence, hail ! heaven's next best gift.
 To that of life and an immortal soul !
 The life of life, that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms. *Thomson, Lib.*

INDEPENDENCE—*continued.*

Hail! independence!—by true reason taught,
 How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought!
 Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
 Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
 Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
 And, in both cases, independence bleeds. *Churchill, Indep.* iv.
 Thy spirit, Independence, let me share; [95.
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Smollett, Ode to Independence.

Gather gear by ev'ry wile that's justify'd by honour;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge, nor for a train attendant;
 But for the glorious privilege of being independent.

Burns, Epistle to a Young Friend, 7.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Among them, but not of them. *Byron, Ch. H. III. 113.*

INDIFFERENCE—*see* **Hate, Scorn.**

The time was that I hated thee;
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
 But since thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
 But do not look for further recompense. *Sh. As Y. L. III. 5.*
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be? *G. Wither, Shepherd's Resolution.*

Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
 What's he to me, or I to him. *Churchill, Ghost, iv.*

A primrose by the river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him;
 And it was nothing more. *Wordsworth, Peter Bell, I. 12.*

INDIFFERENCE—*continued.*

I care for nobody, no, not I,

If nobody cares for me. *Bickerstaff, Love in a Village*, I. 3.

INDIGENCE—*see* Compassion, Distress, Poverty.

Famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes ;

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. *Sh. Rom.* v. 1.

INDISCRETION—*see* Frailty.

To what gulfs

A single deviation from the track

Of human duties leads !

Byron, Sardanapalus.

INDUSTRY—*see* Action, Activity, Decision, Promptitude.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky

Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. *Sh. All's W.* I. 1.

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,

But for the end it works to.

Sh. Cymb. III. 6.

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher,

True industry doth kindle honour's fire.

Sh.

Virtue, though chained to earth, will still live free,

And hell itself must yield to industry. *Ben Jonson, Masque.*

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,

Is never to be out of action ; we should think

The soul was never put into the body,

Which has so many rare and curious pieces

Of mathematical motion, to stand still. *Webster, Devil's L. Case.*

He does allot for every exercise

A several hour ; for sloth, the nurse of vices,

And rust of action, is a stranger to him.

Massinger.

If little labour, little are our gains :

Man's fortunes are according to his pains. *Herrick, Ap.* 183.

In every rank, or great or small,

'Tis industry supports us all.

Gay, Fable VIII. pt. ii.

In works of labour, or of skill,

I would be busy too,

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

Watts, Hymns.

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,

And industry begets a love of gain.

Goldsmith.

INDUSTRY—*continued.*

Protected industry, careering far,
 Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
 And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
 Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

Joel Barlow (Am.).

He who will not work shall want,
 Nought for nought is just—
 Won't do, must do when he can't;
 Better rub than rust,
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destin'd end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Longfellow.

INEBRIETY—*see Drinking.*

Give him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care,
 There let him bouse and deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.

Burns, Scotch Drink.

INEXPERIENCE.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

INFAMY.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of dishonour.
 Great men are never sound after it:
 It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
 Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

Middleton, Mayor of Quinborough.

What grief can be, but time doth make it less?
 But infamy, time never can suppress. *Drayton, Rosamund.*

INFANCY—*see Childhood.*

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care;
 The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
 And bade it blossom there.

Coleridge.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
 I rode a-horseback on my father's knee;
 Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
 And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Longfellow, From the Danish.

INFIDELITY IN RELIGION—see Bible, Religion.

Not, thus, our infidels th' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete ;
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes ;
And with one excellence another wound,
Maim heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams.
Bid mercy triumph over God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise :
A God all mercy, is a God unjust. *Young, N. T. iv. 225.*

If a man loses all when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain. *Ib. vii. 199.*

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,
Some sinister intent taints all he does. *Ib. viii. 704.*

He shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Byron, C. H. iii. 107.*
Thus men too careless of their future state,
Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late. *Dryd. D. Guise.*

INFIDELITY, PERSONAL—see Frailty, Fickleness.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh ! *Sh. M. Ado, iv. 1.*

She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be—to loathe her. *Sh. Oth. iii. 3.*

Had she not fallen thus, oh ! ten thousand worlds
Could ne'er have balanc'd her ; for heaven is in her,
And joys which I must never dream of more. *Lee, Cæs. Borg.*

I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress, and a friend :
Treason is there in its most horrid shape
Where trust is greatest ! and the soul resign'd,
Is stabb'd by her own guards. *Dryden, All for Love.*

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound. *Byron, Fare thee well.*

INFIDELITY, PERSONAL—*continued.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
 In all the others all she loves is love,
 Which grows a habit she can no'er get over,
 And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
 As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her.

Byron, D. J. III. 3.

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.

Moore, Lalla Rookh.

Can I again that form caress,
 Or on that lip in rapture twine?
 No, no! the lip that all may press
 Shall never more be press'd by mine!

Moore.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

Moore.

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as the wind,
 And the restless, ever-mounting flame is not more hard to bind.
 If the tears I shed were tongues, they yet too few would be
 To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown to me.

Bryant, Poems (Am.).

Another daughter dries a father's tears;
 Another sister claims a brother's love;
 An injured husband hath no other wife,
 Save her who wrought him shame. *Maturin, Bertram, IV. 2.*
 O wretched is the dame, to whom the sound
 "Your lord will soon return," no pleasure brings. *Ib. II. 3.*

Thou must live amid a hissing world.
 A thing that mothers warn their daughters from,
 A thing the menials that do tend thee scorn,
 Whom when the good do name, they tell their beads,
 And when the wicked think of, they do triumph. *Ib. IV. 2.*

Who robs me of my wealth,
 May one day have ability, or will
 To yield the full repayment—but the villain
 That doth invade a husband's marriage rights,
 Is murd'rer of his peace, and makes a breach
 In his life's after-quiet, that the grief
 Of penitence itself cannot repair.

Hawkins, Cymbeline.

INFINITUDE—*see* Eternity.

What's time, when on eternity we think ?
 A thousand ages in that sea must sink ;
 Time's nothing but a word ; a million
 Is full as far from infinite as one.

*Denham.***INFORMERS.**

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

*Sh. Sonnet 125.***INGRATITUDE**—*see* Curses.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
 Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Sh. Tw. N. III. 4.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !

Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.

Time hath a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done.

Sh. Troil. III. 3.

I am rapt, and cannot cover
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words !

Sh. Timon, v. 1.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
 That it had its head bit off by its young.

Sh. Lear, I. 4.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child
 Than the sea-monster !

Sh. Lear, I. 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !

Sh. Lear, I. 4.

Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to 't.

Sh. Lear, III. 4.

INGRATITUDE—*continued.*

If there be a crime

Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude. *Brooke, Earl of Warwick.*

He that doth public good for multitudes,
Finds few are truly grateful. *Marston, Sophonisba.*

The wretch, whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honour let him lay no claim,
But stand confess'd the brute disguised in man;
And when we would with utmost detestation,
Single some monster from the traitor head,
'Tis but to say ingratitude's his crime. *Frowde, Philotas.*

All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind. *Thomson, Coriol. i. 4.*

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him. *Young, Busiris, 2.*

So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impelled the steel.
Byron, English Bards. (On Kirke White.)

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,— they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a
seed. *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 10.*

INHUMANITY.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From every drachm of mercy. *Sh. M. of Ven. iv. 1.*

INJURY.

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him who bears the strong offence's cross. *Sh. Sonnet 34.*

INN—*see Tavern.*

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.
Shenstone, Lines on the window of an inn at Henley.

INN—*continued*

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where gray beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

Along the varying road of life,
 In calm content, in toil or strife,
 At morn or noon, by night or day,
 As time conducts him on the way,
 How oft doth man, by care oppress'd,
 Find in an inn a place of rest?
Combe, Syntax. IX.

INNOCENCE.

Innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience.
Sh. Wint. T. III. 2.

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.
Sh. Wint. T. II. 2.

Innocence unmov'd
 At a false accusation, doth the more
 Confirm itself; and guilt is best discover'd
 By its own fears.
Nabbes, Bride.

Happy the innocent, whose equal thoughts
 Are free from anguish as they are from faults.
Waller.

I thank the gods, no secret thoughts reproach me,
 No; I dare challenge Heaven to turn me outward,
 And shake my soul quite empty in their sight.
Dryden.

'The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,
 Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
 And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
Rowe.

There is no courage but in innocence;
 No constancy, but in dishonest cause.
Southerne, Fate Capua.

Against the head which innocence secures,
 Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;
 Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of heav'n.
Dr. Johnson, Irene.

INSCRUTABILITY—see Providence.

Thou great mysterious Power, who hast involved
 Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex
 The pride of human wisdom, to confound
 The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith
 Of thy presuming creatures!

Hannah More.

INSPIRATION.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me.
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight:
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise. *Sh. Son. 38.*
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast,
 For ten inspired, ten thousand are possest. *Roscommon.*

The muse of inspiration plays
 O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
 And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
 Burns with her step, yet man regards it not! *Moore.*

INSTINCT—see Reason.

Then vainly the philosopher avers
 That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs.
 How can we justly different causes frame,
 When the effects entirely are the same?
 Instinct and reason how can we divide?
 'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride. *Prior Sol.*
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee what sense, so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How instinct varies in the growling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine;
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near. *Pope, E. M. i. 219.*

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison and to choose their food. *Id. III. 99.*

INSTINCT—*continued.*

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 Thy art of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave. *Ib.* III. 173.
 Oft when blind mortals think themselves secure,
 In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin.

INSTRUCTION—*see Education.*

Thomson, Agamemnon.

He is a good divine that follows his
 Own instructions ; I can easier teach twenty
 What were good to be done, than to be one
 Of the twenty to follow my own teaching :
 The brain may devise laws for the blood, but
 A hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. *Sh. M of V.* I. 2.

INTEGRITY—*see Conscience, Honour.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
Sh. Hen. VI. 2, III. 2.
 Do right ; though pain and anguish be thy lot,
 Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot :
 Do wrong for pleasure's sake,—then count thy gains,—
 The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains.
Shuttleworth, Bp. of Chichester.

INTENTION.

In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend. *Pope.*

INTEREST.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets ;
 But gold that's put to use, more gold begets. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.*
 Interest is the most prevailing cheat ;
 The sly seducer both of age and youth :
 They study that, and think they study truth.
 Where interest fortifies an argument,
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;
 For souls already warped, receive an easy bent. *Dryden.*

INVENTION.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor miss'd ; so easy it seem'd,
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible. *Milton, P. L.* VI. 498.
 All the inventions that the world contains,
 Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
 But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
 Upon them by mistake or oversight. *Butler, Hud.*

INVOCATION.

Ye mysterious powers,
 Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just,
 As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me :
 Whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
 Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
 The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
 Eternal sunshine and eternal peace.

Thomson.

IRELAND.

Now for our Irish wars :
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, have privilege to live. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 1.*
 Long, from a nation ever hardly used,
 At random censured, wantonly abused,
 Have Britons drawn their sport ; with partial view
 Form'd general notions from the rascal few.

Churchill, Rosciad, 529.

IRRESOLUTION—see Delays, Doubt.

Like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect.

Sh. Ham. III. 3

ITALY.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
 But what avail her inexhausted stores,
 Her bloomy mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ? *Addison, Italy.*
 Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer Italy extends,
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride :
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
 With venerable grandeur marks the scene. *Goldsmith's Trav.*

Italia ! O Italia ! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame. *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 42.*

ITALY—continued.

Fair Italy !

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all art yields, and nature can decree,
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility ;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defac'd.

Byron, Ch. H. iv. 26.

Soft skies of Italy ! how richly drest
 Smile the wild scenes in your purpleal glow ;
 What glorious hues reflected from the west
 Float o'er the mountains of eternal snow !

Mrs. Hemans.

The skies of radiant Italy !
 Oh ! they are deeply blue ;
 And nothing save their kindred waves,
 Can match their sapphire hue.

Lady Flora Hastings.

IVY.

See there the envious world portrayed
 In that dark look, that creeping pace !
 No flower can bear the ivy's shade—
 No tree support its cold embrace.
 The oak that rears it from the ground
 And bears its tendrils to the skies,
 Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
 And in its poisonous arms he dies."
 Oh ! how could fancy crown with thee
 In ancient days the god of wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the vine ?
 Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er ;
 Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
 But now are heard no more.

*Langhorne.**Mrs. Hemans.*

JEALOUSY—*see* Envy.

Foul jealousy ! thou turnest love divine
 To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
 With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine ;
 And feed itself with self-consuming smart.
 Of all the passions of the mind, thou vilest art !

Spenser, F. Q. III. 1.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. *Sh. Com. Er. v. 1.*
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Sh. Ham. IV. 5.*

Trifles, light as air,

Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of Holy Writ. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

O beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves ! *Id. 3.*

Nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme. *Sh. Oth. v. 2.*

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolved. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

Where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, " kill, kill ;"
 Distempering gentle love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire. *Sh. Ven. & Ad. 109.*

All jealousy
 Must still be strangled in its birth ; or time
 Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
 To overcome the truth. *Davenant, Cruel Brother.*

Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart ;
 Envious observer, prying in ev'ry part :
 Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee,
 O would to God that love could be without thee.

Daniel, Rosamond.

JEALOUSY—*continued.*

When this disease of jealousy can find
A way to seize upon a crazy mind ;
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,
The humour feed, and turn to the disease. *Howard, V. Virgin.*

Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame desire,
The great don't fan, but quite put out the fire. *Dryden, Aur. 3.*

Oh jealousy ! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms ;
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle nature into bitterness ! *Rowe, J. Sh. III. 1.*

To doubt's an injury ; to suspect a friend
Is breach of friendship : jealousy's a seed,
Sown but in vicious minds ; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive. *Lansdowne, Heroic Love.*

O Jealousy ! thou most unnatural offspring
Of a too tender parent ! that in excess
Of fondness feeds thee, like the pelican,
But with her purest blood ; and in return
Thou tear'st the bosom whence thy nurture flows.
Frowde, Philotas.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. *Pope, E. C. II. 358.*

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. *Thomson, Spring, 1072.*

Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage. *Thomson, Ib. 1089.*

Among the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own !
Superior virtue and superior sense,
To knaves and fools will always give offence.
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there. *Churchil.*

Oh ! the pain of pains,
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another. *Young, Bus. III. 1.*

JEALOUSY—*continued.*

Passions, if great, though turn'd to their reverse,
 Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
 And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
 Retains her temper, never lost her heart. *Young Brothers*, IV. 1.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
 To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
 To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
 Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed. *Id. Revenge*, III. 1.

O jealousy! each other passion's calm
 To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
 Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise
 For all the transports beauty can inspire. *Young, Revenge*. II. 1.

O jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
 More cruel than the grave! what ravages
 Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms! *Mallet, Eur.*
 All other passions have their hour of thinking,
 And hear the voice of reason. This alone
 Breaks at the first suspicion into frenzy,
 And sweeps the soul in tempests. *Francis, Constantine.*

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright:
 She did this during e'en her husband's life—
 I recommend as much to every wife. *Byron, D. J.* I. 48.

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
 For jealousy dislikes the world to know it. *Byron, D. J.* I. 65.

That anxious torture may I never feel,
 Which doubtful, watches o'er a wandering heart.
 Oh! who that bitter torment can reveal,
 Or tell the pining anguish of that smart! *Mrs. Tighe, Psyche.*

O jealousy,
 Thou ugliest fiend of hell, thy deadly venom
 Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
 Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
 And drinks my spirit up! *Han. More, David and Goliath*, 1.

JESTS, JESTERS, JESTING—*see Wit.*

This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,
 And utters it again when Jove doth please;
 He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.

JESTS, JESTERS, JESTING—*continued.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.*

Laugh not too much ; the witty man laughs least :
For wit is news only to ignorance :
Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses : for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby. *Herbert, Temple.*
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Johnson, London, 165.

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast ;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense ; nor friend nor patron spares.
Horace, (Francis).

JESUITS.

For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder.
Their founder was a blown-up soldier. *Butler, Hud. 3. II. 1561.*

JEW.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Sh. M. of Ven. I. 3.*
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the eternal mind ;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause ;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all. *Cowper.*

JOKES.

And gentle dulness ever loves a joke. *Pope, Dunciad. II. 34.*

JOY, JOYFULNESS.

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words,
And choke me with unutterable joy. *Otway, Caius Marius.*
Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.

Lee, Mithridates.

Now, by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
I'm so overwhelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my wither'd limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Dryden.

296 JOY, JOYFULNESS—JUDGES, JUDGMENT, JUSTICE.

JOY, JOYFULNESS—*continued.*

Joys are for the gods
Man's common course of nature is distress :
His joys are prodigies ; and like them too,
Portend-approaching ill. The wise man starts,
And trembles at the perils of a bliss. *Young, Brothers, 5.*
But what are past or future joys ?
The present is our own !
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone. *Bp. Heber, from Pindar.*

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear. *T. Moore.*

JUDGES, JUDGMENT, JUST, JUSTICE.—*see Criticism, Guilt.*

It often falls in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong :
But justice though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last will make her own cause right. *Spenser, F. Q. I.*
I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong. *Sh. M. of Ven. 1 v. 1.*
A Daniel come to judgment ; yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee ! *Sh. M. Ven. 1 v. 1.*

And then the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. *Sh. As. Y. L. II. 7.*

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies await, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. *Sh. Wint. T. III. 2.*

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
Sh. Hen. VI. 2. II. 1.

I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy : and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.
Sh. Hen. VIII. II. 4.

JUDGES, JUDGMENT, JUST, JUSTICE—continued

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Sh. Lear, v. 3.

A man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming one or pitying, threatening the other. *Sh. Cor. I. 6.*
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray;
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge, he is adjudg'd to pain.

T. Lodge and R. Green, Looking-Glass.

Justice, like lightning, ever shall appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

Swetnam, Woman Hater.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

Chapman, Widow's Tears.

A good man should and must,
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.

Ben Jonson.

The gods

Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself. *Ib. Catiline.*
Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind.

Denham, Prudence, 163.

Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

Butler, Hud. II. 1177.

Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.

Butler, Hud.

Of all the virtues justice is the best;
Valour without it is a common pest:
Pirates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Show us how ill that virtue may be placed.

Waller.

Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Pope, Dunciad, I. 51.*

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine. *Ib. Rape L. III. 21.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. *Pope, E. C. I. 9.*

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife. *Ib. E. C. 82.*

298 JUDGES, JUDGMENT, JUST, JUSTICE—JURIES, JURYMEN.

JUDGES, JUDGMENT, JUST, JUSTICE—*continued.*

The rulers of the world,
Unmercifully just, who punish all
To the severest rigour of the laws,
Are most unjust themselves, and violate
The laws they seem to guard ; there is a justice
Due to humanity. *Ch. Johnson.*

So sure the fall of greatness raised on crimes !
So fixed the justice of all-conscious heaven ! *Dr. Johnson.*

When judges a campaigning go,
And on their benches look so big,
What gives them consequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a bushel wig. *Peter Pindar.*

JULIA'S EYES.

Her eye (I am very fond of handsome eyes),
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either ; and there would arise,
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

JUNE.

Byron, D. J. I. 60.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if't be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

JURIES, JURYMEN.

Lowell, Vision of Sir Launfal.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Sh. M. for M. II. 1.*

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?
And as they please, make matter of fact
Run all on one side, as they're pack'd. *Butler, Hud. 2.II.365.*

This box contains a man of wit ;
A man of sense, a man not fit ;
A man of strength, a man of place ;
A man devoid of every grace ;
A man of rank, a man of none ;
A man who'd rather be at home ;
A man of luck, a man of taste ;
A man who would his country waste :
These men, when sworn, a jury make,
To clear up many a mistake.

Anon.

KEEPSAKE.

I form'd for thee a small bouquet,
A keepsake near thy heart to lay,
Because 't is there, I know full well,
That charity and kindness dwell.

Miss Gould.

KENT.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle :
Sweet is the country, because full of riches :
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy. *Sh. Hen. VI. 2. IV. 7.*

KICK, KICKING.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers ?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs ?
'Tis well, it's no worse, a *Farce (Bickerstaff)* 1. 4.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in,
His postique parts, without his feeling,
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? *Butler, Hud. 1. II. 205.*

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Butler, Hud. 2. I. 221.*

Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. *Ib. 2. III. 1065.*

KINDNESS—see Benevolence, Charity, Forbearance, Nature.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. *Sh. Tam. S. IV. 2.*

Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move ;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love. *Rochester.*

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied ;
For noble souls in nature are allied. *Dryden.*

Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Prior, Prol. to Royal Mischief.

KINDNESS—*continued.*

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
 To the long-parching thirst of drooping flowers;
 Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
 And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
 Are thy kind words.

Gay, Dione.

To rest the weary, and to soothe the sad,
 Doth lessen happier men, and shames the bad.

Byron.

Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
 Not led by profit, nor allured by praise.

Crabbe.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart;
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought.

T. Moore.

Generous as brave,
 Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
 Of love and duty, were to him as needful
 As his daily bread.

Rogers, Italy.

Angry looks can do no good,
 And blows are dealt in blindness;
 Words are better understood
 If spoken but in kindness.

*J. Burbidge, (Am.).***KINGS**—*see Court, Loyalty, Princes, Royalty, War.*

The king-becoming graces
 Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Sh. Macb. iv. 4.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord.

Sh. Rich. II. III. 2.

The presence of a king engenders love
 Amongst his subjects, and his royal friends.

Sh. Henry IV. 1. III. 1.

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.

Sh. Henry IV. 2. iv. 1.

O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer; thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety.

Sh. Hen. IV. 2. iv. 4.

KINGS—continued.

What have kings

That privates have not too, save ceremony ? *Sh. Hen. V. IV. 1.*

Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre : and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3. IV. 6.*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it : but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 1.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will.

Sh. Ham. IV. 5.

The king, who delegates

His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves

The crown he wears.

Brooke, Earl of Warwick.

He's a king,

A true, right king that dares do aught, save wrong ;

Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;

Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs

Of spongy sycophants ; who stands unmov'd,

Despite the jostling of opinion. *Marston, Ant. and Mellida.*

O wretched state of kings ! that standing high,

Their faults are marks shot at by every eye.

Dekker, Match me in London.

The king that yields to popular commotions,

Is more the slave than sovereign of his people.

Philips, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.

A crown,

Golden in show, is but a crown of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,

To him who wears the regal diadem,

When on his shoulder each man's burthen lies :

For therein lies the office of a king,—

His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,—

That for the public all its weight he bears. *Milton, P. R. II. 458.*

Kings, like Heaven's eye, should spread their beam around,

Pleased to be seen while glory's race they run ;

Rest is not for the chariot of the sun :

Luxurious kings are to the people lost ;

They live like drones upon the public cost. *Dryden, Aureng.*

KINGS—*continued.*

Some are born kings,
 Made up of three parts fire : so full of heaven,
 It sparkles at their eyes : inferior souls
 Know them as soon as seen, by sure instinct,
 To be their lords, and naturally worship
 The secret god within them. *Dryden, Cleomenes.*

Kings' titles commonly begin by force,
 Which time wears off, and mellows into right ;
 And power, which in one age is tyranny,
 Is ripen'd in the next to true succession. *Dryden, Span. F.*

Unbounded power and height of greatness give
 To kings that lustre which we think divine ;
 The wise who know them, know they are but men,
 Nay, sometimes weak ones too. The crowd indeed,
 Who kneel before the image, not the god,
 Worship the deity their hands have made:
Rowe, Ambitious Stepmother.

What is a king ? a man condemn'd to bear
 The public burthen of the nation's care. *Prior, Solomon, 3.*
 Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive :
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own !
 For law and gospel both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine. *Swift.*

The man whom heaven appoints
 To govern others, should himself first learn
 To bend his passions to the sway of reason.
Thomson, Tancred and Sigismunda.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
 Profusely gives them honours, riches, power.
 Whate'er the expanded heart can wish ; when they,
 Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
 Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
 Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they,—
 Guilty at once of sacrilege to Heaven,
 And of perfidious robbery to men ? *Mallet, Alfred.*

KINGS—*continued.*

Let him maintain his pow'r, but not increase it ;
 The string prerogative when strain'd too high
 Cracks like the tortur'd chord of harmony,
 And spoils the concert between king and subject.

Havard, King Charles I.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
 Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among
 The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by
 The roots : or fire, which warmeth afar off,
 And burneth near at hand ; or the sea, which makes
 Men hoist their sails in a flattering calm,
 And to cut their masts in a rough storm.

Johnson.

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
 And reigns content within them. Him we serve
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free ;
 But recollecting still that he is man,
 We trust him not too far.

Cowper, Task, v. 331.

He is ours,
 T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

Cowper, Task, v. 341.

At princes let but satire lift his gun,
 The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
 E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
 Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

Peter Pindar.

All these men, or their fathers, were my friends
 Till they became my subjects ; they fell from me
 As faithless leaves drop from the o'erblown flower,
 And left me a lone blighted thorny stalk,
 Which, in its solitude can shelter nothing. *Byron, Doge, III. 2.*

A crown ! what is it ?
 It is to bear the miseries of a people !
 To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
 And sink beneath a load of splendid care !
 To have your best success ascribed to fortune,
 And fortune's failures all ascribed to you !
 It is to sit upon a joyless height,
 To ev'ry blast of changing fate expos'd !
 Too high for hope ! too great for happiness !

Hannah More, Daniel.

KINGS—*continued.*

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
 And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
 Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
 Which better had been branded by the hangman.
 What then? Kings do their best—and they and we
 Must answer for th' intent, and not th' event. *Scott, Kenil.*

It being now settled that emp'ors and kings,
 Like kites made of foolscap are high flying things,
 To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,
 Have been tied in a string to be whisk'd to and fro,
 Just wherever it suits the said foolscap to go.

Moore, Crib's Memorial.

Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait
 Upon a king; care with his furrow'd brow,
 Unsleping watchfulness, lone secrecy,
 Attend his throne by day, his couch by night.

Earl Russell, Don Carlos.

KISS, KISSING—*see Courtship.*

He kiss'd me hard,
 As if he'd pluck up kisses by the roots,
 That grow upon my lips.

Sh. Oth. III. 3.

You may ride us
 With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, e'er
 With spur we heat an acre. *Sh. Wint. T. I. 2.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. *Sh. Rich. III. I. 2.*

Give me one kiss; I'll give it thee again;
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. *Sh. Ven. Ad. 200.*

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
 (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
 Look in mine eyeballs; there thy beauty lies:
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? *Ib. 115.*

Kissing and bussing differ but in this;
 We buss our wantons, but our wives we kiss. *Herrick, Aph. 200.*

Give me one kiss and no more:
 If so be this makes you poor,
 To enrich you I'll restore
 For that one, two thousand more. *Herrick, Hesp. 45.*

Oh! let me live for ever on those lips!
 The nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless. *Dryden, Don. Seb.*

KISS, KISSING—*continued.*

I felt, the while, a pleasing kind of smart;
 The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
 When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
 The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,
 Like drops of honey loth to fall away. *Ib. Mar. a la Mode.*

The kiss you take is paid by that you give:
 The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt. *Lansdowne, Heroic L.*

Give, or lend, or let me take
 One sweet kiss, I ask no more,
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er. *Dodsley, Colin's Kisses.*

Kiss rhymes to bliss in fact, as well as verse. *Byron, D. J. VI. 59.*

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
 The tyrant's wish, "That mankind only had
 One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce."

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
 And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
 It being (not now, but only while a lad)
 That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
 To kiss them all at once from north to south. *Byron, D. J. VI. 27.*

Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss,
 A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake, for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckon'd by its length. *Byron, D. J. II. 186.*

Turn away those lips of blisses
 I am poison'd by thy kisses!
 Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:
 Ruin's sweet, when they undo me! *T. Moore.*

I ne'er on that lip for a moment have gaz'd,
 But a thousand temptations beset me,
 And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you've rais'd,
 How delicious 't would be—if you'd let me! *T. Moore.*

KNAVERY.

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow,
 O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascals naked through the world! *Sh. Oth. iv. 2.*

KNAVERY—*continued.*

As thistles wear the softest down,
 To hide their prickles till they're grown,
 And then declare themselves, and tear
 Whatever ventures to come near;
 So a smooth knave does greater feats
 Than one that idly rails and threats. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye;
 With all those tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

Addison, Martial, XII. 54.

KNOWLEDGE—*see Genius, Ignorance, Learning, Wisdom.*

The charm dissolves apace
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. *Sh. Temp. v. 1.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
 Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider. *Quarles.*

Knowledge describes alone, wisdom applies;
 That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise. *Quarles.*

Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
 The lowest of your throng. *Milton, P. L. IV. 830.*

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain;
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly. *Milton, P. L. VII. 127.*

For what is truth and knowledge, but a kind
 Of wantonness and luxury of the mind;
 A greediness and gluttony of the brain,
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again;
 And grows more desperate like the worst diseases,
 Upon the nobler part, the mind, it seizes. *Butler.*

He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. *Butler, Hud. I, I. 149.*

He knew what ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own. *Ib. Hud. 2, III. 296.*

KNOWLEDGE—*continued.*

Virtue only makes our bliss below ;
 And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. *Pope, E. M.* iv. 397.
 Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Ib. M. E.* i. 40.
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there. *Pope, Ep. Arbuth.*
 Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man. *Pope, E. M.* ii. 1.
 She knew a man, who knew another,
 Who knew the very party's brother.

Ed. Moore, Trial of Slim Sal. Am.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
 Unhedged, lies open in life's common field,
 And bids all welcome to the vital feast. *Young.*

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. *Cowper, Task*, vi. 88.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper, Task, vi. 96.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
 But an exchange of ignorance for that
 Which is another kind of ignorance. *Byron, Manfred*, ii. 4.
 Sorrow is knowledge ; they, who know the most,
 Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
 The tree of knowledge is not that of life. *Byron, Ib.* i. 1.

Deep subtle wits,
 In truth, are master spirits in the world.
 The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,
 Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
 Who hath the skill to use them. *Joanna Baillie, Basil*, ii. 3.
 To know one God, and know ourselves, is all,
 We can true happiness or wisdom call. *Reading, Christ. Inst.*

LABOUR—see Activity.

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Sh. Macb.* II. 3.

Nature lives by labour ;

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens and rolling world,

All live by action ; nothing lives at rest

But death and ruin.

Dyer.

Labour like this, our wants supplies,

And they must stoop who mean to rise.

Cowper.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.

Beattie, Minstrel.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun

The many still must labour for the one. *Byron, Corsair*, I. 8.

Labour with what zeal we will,

Something still remains undone,

Something uncompleted still

Waits the rising of the sun. *Longfellow, Something left Undone.*

LABOUR IN VAIN.

The task he undertakes

Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry. *Sh. Rich.* II. II. 2.

I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

Sh. Hen. VI. 3, I. 4.

Defend me common sense, say I,

From reveries so airy, from the toil

Of dropping buckets into empty wells,

And growing old with drawing nothing up.

Cowper, Task, III. 188.

LADIES—see Family.

A lady's morning work : we rise, make fine,

Sit for our picture, and 't is time to dine.

Shirley.

And, when a lady's in the case,

You know, all other things give place.

Gay, Fable 50.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show

'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.

Pope, M. E. II. 41.

LAMPOONS—see Satire.

Jack writes severe lampoons on me, 'tis said,

But he writes nothing who is never read. *Hodgson, Mart.* III. 9.

LANDSCAPE.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,

Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,

And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all

The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! *Thomson, Sum.*

LANGUAGE.

Others for language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for dress ;
 Their praise is still, 'the style is excellent' :
 The sense they humbly take upon content. *Pope, E. C. II. 305.*

LARK.

Now hear the lark
 The herald of the morn ; whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heavens, so high above our heads,
 Making such sweet divisions. *Sh. Rom. III. 5.*

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty. *Sh. Ven. & Ad. 853.*

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watchtower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow. *Milton, L' Allegro, 41.*

And now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
Milton, P. R. II. 279.

Up springs the lark,
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn ;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. *Thomson, Spring, 587.*

LAST WORDS.

They say, the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony ;
 When words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain :
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
Sh. Rich. II. II. 1.

LATE HOURS.

Look at the clock ! said Winifred Pryce,
 As she opened the door to her husband's knock,
 Then paused to give him a piece of advice—
 You nasty varmint, look at the clock ! *Barham, Ingold. Leg. 35.*

LAUGHTER.

They laugh that win. *Sh. Othello, IV. 1.*
 Laughter, holding both his sides. *Milton, L' Allegro, 31.*

LAUGHTER—*continued.*

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace ;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face. *Pope, Prol. 35.*

LAW, LAWYERS—*see Patriotism.*

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror. *Sh. M. for M. II. 1.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 2.*

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. *Hen. VI. 2, IV. 2.*
Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Sh. T. Ni. III. 4.*

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into it *Sh. Timon. III. 5.*

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. *Jul. C. I. 3.*
I'll answer him by law ; I'll not budge an inch. *Sh. T. S. ind.*

Multitudes of laws are signs either
Of much tyranny in the prince, or much
Rebellious disobedience in the subject. *Marston, Fawn.*

The lawyer

Gives forked council ; takes provoking gold
On either hand, and puts it up
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still without a fee. *Ben Jonson, Volpone (see Junius, 39.)*

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law. *B. Jonson, Volpone.*

While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than 't argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss,
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses :
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which they engage and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day. *Butler, Hud. III. 3, 455.*

LAW, LAWYERS—*continued.*

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men
To help him to his goods again.

Butler, Hudibras.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
T' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay. *Butler, Hud. III. 3, 483.*

Law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages,
Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession. *Butler, Hud. 3, III. 439.*

Lawyers, of whose art the basis
Is raising feuds and splitting cases. *Butler.*

Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast. *Butler, 2, II. 359.*

The mighty Julius pleading at the bar,
Was greater than when thundering in the war,
He conquer'd nations: 'tis of more renown
To save a client than to storm a town.

Lansdowne, Beauty and Law.

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please:
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence. *Gay, Fable, part 1. 2*

LAW, LAWYERS—*continued.*

There take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell,
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu. *Pope, (fr. Boileau).*
 These

Insnares the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right ;
 An iron-race ! *Thomson, Autumn, 1289.*

There was on both sides much to say :
 He'd hear the cause another day ;—
 And so he did—and then a third
 He heard it then, and kept his word,
 But with rejoinders or replies,
 Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
 For sixteen years the cause was spun,
 And then stood where it first begun. *Dean Swift.*

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
Goldsmith, The Traveller, 386.

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
 Honesty shines with great advantage there. *Cowper, Hope, 401.*
 He saw a lawyer killing a viper
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable ;
 And the Devil smil'd, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel. *Coleridge, Devil's Walk, iv.*

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
 Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Lines quoted in Latin by Sir Edward Coke.
 Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
 Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Sir W. Jones, Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.
 No man e'er felt the halter draw,
 With good opinion of the law. *Trumbull, McFingal, III. 489.*
 Mastering the lawless science of our law,
 That codeless myriad of precedent,
 That wilderness of single instances,
 Through which a few by art or fortune led
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

LEADERS.

Tennyson, Aylmer's Field.
 That odd impulse, which, in wars and creeds,
 Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads. *Byron.*

LEARNING—*see Argument, Authors, Education, Knowledge.*

"The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
 Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—
 That is some satire, keen and critical. *Sh. Mid. N. v. 1.*

LEARNING—*continued.*

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music;
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter.

Sh. Hen. v. i. 1.

Learning is an addition beyond
 Nobility of birth: honour of blood,
 Without the ornament of knowledge, is
 A glorious ignorance.

J. Shirley.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain;
 A trade of knowledge, as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat;
 An art t'incumber gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit.

Butler, l. III. 1339.

To master John the English maid
 A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
 And, that the child may learn the better,
 As he can name, he eats the letter.
 Proceeding thus with vast delight,
 He spells and gnaws from left to right.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

Prior, Alma, 2.

Pope.

Churchill, Rosciad, 591.

Voracious learning, often over-fed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This book-case, with dark booty almost burst,
 This forager on other's wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
 Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
 Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
 Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

Young, N. T. v.

Young, N. T.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines,
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool because they're men of sense.

Young, Epistle to Mr. Pope, II.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!

Young, Last Day, II.

LEARNING—*continued.*

Learning itself, received into a mind
 By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
 Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
 Where children would with ease discern the way. *Cowper*
 Au reste, (as we say,) the young lad's well enough,
 Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff.
Moore, Fudge Family.

Learning unrefin'd,

That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind. *Falconer, Shipwreck.*

LEGITIMACY.

Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
 And if she did play false, the fault was her's ;
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
 That marry wives. *Sh. K. John, i. 1.*

LELY, (Sir Peter).

Lely on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. *Pope, Aug. i. 149.*

LENDING—*see* **Borrowing.**

Loan oft loses both itself and friend. *Sh. Ham. i. 3.*
 How hard, when those who do not wish
 To lend (that's lose) their books,
 Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
 With literary hooks :
 Who call and take some fav'rite tome,
 But never read it through ;
 And thus complete their set at home,
 By making one at you.
 For volumes lent I look around,
 For tracts my tears are spilt ;
 But when they take a book that's bound,
 'Tis, surely, extra-guilt ! *Tom Hood.*

LETTERS, LETTER-WRITING.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
 That ever blotted paper ! *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 2.*

Read o'er this :

And after, this ; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*

Let us see——

'Leave, gentle wax ; and manners, blame us not ;
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
 Their papers is more lawful. *Sh. Lear, iv. 6.*

LETTERS, LETTER-WRITING—*continued.*

Full oft have letters caus'd the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.

Butler, Hud.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart—
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. *Pope, Eloisa, 50.*

Letters admit not of a half-renown ;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gained true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man. *Young, Epis. to*
Good bye—my paper's out so nearly, *[Pope, 202.*
I've only room for—your's sincerely.
T. Moore, Fudge Family in Paris, 6.

LIBERALITY.

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

LIBERTINE.

His addiction was to courses vain ;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports ;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity. *Sh. Hen. v. i. i.*

LIBERTY—*see Freedom.*

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

A show of liberty.
When we have lost the substance, is best kept,
By seeming not to understand those faults,
Which we want power to mend. *May, Cleopatra.*

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side ;
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind—had I no better guide.
Milton, to C. Skinner.
License they mean when they cry liberty. *Milton, Sonnet, 12.*

LIBERTY—*continued.*

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, 291.

Oh ! give me liberty
For were ev'n Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls. *Dryden, Don Seb.*

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish. *Addison, Cato, II.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Addison, Cato. II.*

Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead !
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind heaven
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. *Somerville, Chase, 1.*

When liberty is lost,
Let abject cowards live ; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themselves, enough
To merit chains. *Thomson, Sophonisba.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born ;
And each must have his portion ; vulgar minds,
Repose or crouch beneath their load ; the brave
Bear theirs without repining. *Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.*

The greatest glory of a free-born people,
Is to transmit that freedom to their children. *Havard, Regu.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of their blessing. *Cowper, Task, 11, 40.*

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. *Cowper, Task, v. 883.*

But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for ; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek. *Cowper, Task. v. 374.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. *Cowper, Task, v. 446.*

LIBERTY—*continued.*

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth hath seen or fancy can devise.
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild as fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air. *Cowper, Char.*
 The wish, which ages have not yet subdued
 In man, to have no master save his mood. *Byron, Island, l. 2.*

Easier were it

To hurl the rooted mountain from its base
 Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
 Determin'd to be free. *Southey, Joan of Arc.*

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause;
Moore, Lalla Rookh.

There is a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss,
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this? *Thos. Moore.*

Mankind are all, by nature, free and equal.
 'Tis their consent alone gives just dominion.

LICENTIOUSNESS.

Duncombe, Jun. Brut.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
Sh. Hen. v. III. 3.

LIE, LIES—*see* **Defiance, Fiction.**

The lie circumstantial, and the lie direct. *Sh. As Y. L. v. 4.*
 These lies are like the father that begot them,
 Gross as a mountain, open, palpable. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, II. 4.*
 Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Sh. Rich. II. I. 1.

You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie. *Sh. Oth. v. 2.*
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.

Dryden, Abs. & Arch. I. 114.

The man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part;
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise.

Gay, Fable.

LIFE—*see* Adversity, Child, Death, Despair, Dissolution, Providence, Retirement.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Sh. Temp.* iv. 1.

Reason thus with life ;

If I lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keepest,
Hourly afflict. *Sh. M. for M.* iii. 1.

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;
And after one hour more, 't will be eleven :
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe ;
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale. *Sh. As Y. L.* ii. 5.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Sh. Macb.* ii. 3.

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Sh. Macb.* v. 5.

The time of life is short !

To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour. *Sh. Hen.* iv. i. v. 2.

Life is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth ;
When all the comforts man can share,
As wandering as his fancies are ;
Till, in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away. *Bishop King.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou livest
Live well ; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.
Milton, P. L. ii. 554.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round :
So life we praise, that does excel,
Not in much time, but acting well. *Waller, Long & Short Life.*

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Dryden, Palamon & Arcite, iii. 887.

LIFE—*continued.*

'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;
 It pays our hopes with something still that's new :
 Each day's a mistress, unenjoyed before ;
 Like travellers we're pleased with seeing more.
 Did you but know what joys your way attend,
 You would not hurry to your journey's end. *Dry. Auren.* iv. 1.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
 Yet fooled with hope, men favour the deceit ;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
 To-morrow's false than the former day ;
 Lies worse ; and while it says, " We shall be blest
 With some new joys," cuts off what we possess'd, *Ib.* iv. 1.

Take not away the life you cannot give,
 For all things have an equal right to live. *Dryden, Pyth. Phil.*
 On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears :
 Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
 Our fortunes meet us.

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
 If ill, 'tis ours ; if good the act of heaven. *Dryden.*
 Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
 Proud of the present, to the future blind ! *Ib. Cymon & Iph.* 323.

Ev'ry state,
 Allotted to the race of man below,
 Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow.
Rowe, Lady Jane Grey.

Life's a jest, and all things show it ;
 I thought so once, and now I know it. *Gay, Ep. on Himself.*
 Live while you live, the epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies :
 Lord, in my views let both united be ;
 I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

Doddridge, Epigram on his Family Arms.

Life can little more supply,
 Than just to look about us and to die. *Pope, E. M.*
 O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate ! *Pope, Rape,* III. 102

Even so luxurious men unheeding pass
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
 Till blown away by death, oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life. *Thomson, Sum.*

LIFE—*continued.*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot ! *Young, N. T. II. 361.*

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
 Earth's highest station ends in " Here he lies :"
 And " dust to dust " concludes her noblest song. *Ib. IV. 97.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
 As tapers waste that instant they take fire. *Young, N. T. v. 717.*

Vain man ! to be so fond of breathing long,
 And spinning out a thread of misery.
 The longer life, the greater choice of evil. *Young, N. T.*

He sins against this life, who slights the next. *Young, N. T.*
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more. *Ib. N. T.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Ib. v. 773.*

Life is a trifle we must shortly pay,
 And where's the mighty lucre of a day ? *Young.*

The days of life are sisters, all alike ;
 None just the same, which serve to fool us on
 Through blasted hope, with change of fallacy,
 While joy is like to-morrow, still to come,
 Nor ends the fruitless chase but in the grave. *Young, Broth. I.*

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. *Gray, Elegy 20.*

To each his sufferings : all are men
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own. *Gray, Eton College.*

By day or night,
 In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
 One hour without its care ! Not sleep itself
 Is ever balmy ; for the shadowy dream
 Oft bears substantial woe. *Smollet, Regicide.*

LIFE—continued.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower,
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies ! *Dr. Johnson, Winter.*

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone ;
 Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
 Th' eternal gave it, and that end is virtue. *Ib. Irene, III. 8.*

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
 New forms arise, and different views engage,
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
 Till pitying nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. *Ib. Van. H. W. 305.*

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driveller and a show. *Ib. V. H. W. 315.*

Enlarge my life with multitude of days
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
 That life protracted is protracted woe. *Ib. Van. H. W. 255.*

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground :
 'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

Mrs. Piozzi, The Three Warnings

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I ! *Burns, Despondency. 1.*

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
 With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
 A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
 A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
 A sense of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
 Closing at last in darkness and despair. *Cowper, Hope.*

LIFE—continued.

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away *Cowper, Hope.*

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others, suffering more. *Ib. Task, iv. 333.*

How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience—as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found. *Ib. vi. 25.*

Well, well—the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes
And, as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails ;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs us, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name. *Byron, D. J. II. 4.*

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it, this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity.
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity. *Ib. II. 64.*

There still are many Rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high ;
But time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one, in turn, some grand mistake,
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake. *Byron, D. J. v. 21.*

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon th' horizon's verge.

How little do we know that which we are !

How less what we may be ! The eternal surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar

Our bubbles : as the old burst, new emerge,

Lash'd from the foam of ages. *Byron, D. J. xv. 99.*

LIFE—continued.

My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, though more of woe ;
 Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life.

Byron.

How short is human life ! the very breath
 Which frames my words, accelerates my death. *Han. More.*

What is life ?

A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,
 Like a vex'd bark, is toss'd upon the waves
 Of pain and pleasure by the wavering breath
 Of passions.

L. E. Landon.

What makes the happiest life below,
 A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
 A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
 But left by will, or giv'n by fate ;
 A land of no ungrateful soil,
 A constant fire within your grate :
 No law ; few cares ; a quiet mind ;
 Strength unimpair'd, a healthful frame ;
 Wisdom with innocence combin'd ;
 Friends equal both in years and fame. *Martial* x.47, (*Merivale*.)

All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest.

Moore, *National Airs*.

Oh ! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

Moore, ' *O think not my Spirit.*'

What's life ? at best a wandering breath ;
 When saddest, but a passing sigh ;
 When happiest, but a summer wreath—
 A scent of roses floating by.

Croly.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem. *Longfellow, Psalm of Life.*
 Life is real, life is earnest ;
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest ;
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Longfellow.

LIFE—*continued.*

What different lots our stars accord !
 This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a lord !
 And that to be shunn'd like a leper !
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
 Another, like Colchester-native, born
 To its vinegar only and pepper. *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg*
 We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Baily, Fest.*
 If life be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands ?
 Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan girl to sew ;
 Pray heaven for a human heart,
 And let your selfish sorrow go. *Tennyson.*
 Life—what is life ? but the immediate breath we draw :
 Nor have we surety for a second gale.
 A frail and fickle tenement it is ;
 Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,
 Is broke e'er half its sands are run.

Notes and Queries, Dec. 19th, 1863.

LIGHT.

Hail, holy light ! offspring of heaven first-born !
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee, unblam'd ? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate. *Milton, P. L. III. 1.*
 Let there be light ! God said, and forthwith light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep ; and, from her native east,
 To journey through the airy gloom began,
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud. *Milton, P. L. VII. 244.*

Before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters deep and dark,
 Won from the void of formless infinite. *Milton, P. L. III. 8.*
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire. *Ebenezer Elliott*

LIGHTNESS.

Pray what is lighter than a feather?
 Dust, my friend, in summer weather.
 What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
 The wind that blows them both away.
 What is lighter than the wind?
 The lightness of a woman's mind,
 And what is lighter than the last?
 Ah, now, my friend, you have me fast!

Notes and Queries, Aug. 11th, 1866.

LIGHTNING.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
 For e'er thou can'st report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
 So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath. *Sh. K. John, i. 1.*

LILIES, LILY OF THE VALLEY, WATER LILY.

Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 1.*

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow,
 What Regal vestments can with them compare;
 What King so shining! or what Queen so fair!

Thomson, Paraphrase on St. Matthew.

No flower amid the garden fairer grows
 Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
 The queen of flowers. *Keats.*

Oh! beautiful thou art!
 Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen
 Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
 Of a pure heart.
 Bright lily of the wave!
 Riding in fearless grace with every swell,
 Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
 Dwelt in thy cell. *Mrs. Hemans*

LIMITED LIABILITY—see Speculators.

The history of human-kind to trace
 Since Eve the first of dupes our doom unriddled,
 A certain portion of the human race
 Has certainly a taste for being diddled.
 Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
 A rage that time seems only to redouble—
 The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
 For rolling in Pactolian streams

LIMITED LIABILITY—*continued.*

That cost our modern rogues so little trouble
 No matter what, to pasture cows on stubble
 To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
 To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
 Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
 Only propose to blow a bubble,
 And Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !
Hood, A Black Job.

LION.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpow'r'd. *Sh. Rich. II. v. 1.*

The lion is, beyond dispute,
 Allow'd the most majestic brute ;
 His valour and his generous mind
 Prove him superior of his kind. *Gay, Fable 12.*

LIPS—*see* **Kissing.**

O, how ripe in show
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.

LITERATURE—*see* **Authors, Books, Critics.**

He liked those literary cooks
 Who skim the cream of other's books,
 And ruin half an author's graces
 By plucking bon-mots from their places. *Han. More, Floreo.*

LIVELIHOOD.

What makes a knave a child of God,
 And one of us ?—a livelihood. *Butler, Hud.*

LOCKS—*see* **Hair, Tresses.**

Two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets her smooth ivory neck.
Pope, Rape of L. II. 20.

LOGIC.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side. *Butler, Hud. I, I. 65.*

If a man who turnips cries,
 Cries not when his father dies,
 'Tis a sign that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father ? *Dr. Johnson, (Johnsoniana), 30.*

LONDON.

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead. *Dr. Johnson, Lond.*

London ! the needy villain's general home,
 The common sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state. *Ib. London.*

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the foresty
 Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town ! *Byron, D.J. x. 82.*

The sev'nth day this ; the jubilee of man.
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer ;
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
 And snug apprentice gulp their weekly air :
 The coach of hackney, whisky, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair ;
 Till the tir'd jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl,
Byron, Childe Harold, i. 69.

LOOKS—see Countenance, Face.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again ;
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows ;
 Commanded always by the greater gust :
 Such is the likeness of you common men. *Sh. H. vi. 3, iii. 1.*

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
 Bears a command in it : tho' thy tackle's torn,
 Thou showest a noble vessel. *Sh. Coriol. iv. 5.*

What brutal mischief sits upon his brow !
 He may be honest, but he looks damnation. *Dryden, Don Seb.*

LOOKS—*continued*

Each vassal has a wild, distracted face,
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In time of danger.

Dryden.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.

*T. Moore.***LOQUACITY**—*see* Boasting, Bores.

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.

Sh. M. of V. II. 2.

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

Sh.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it had, with greater ease;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.

Butler, Hud.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

Gay, Fables, Introduction.

Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

*Gay, Fable 1. 44.***LOSS, LOSSES.**

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down.

Sh. M. of Ven. IV. 1.

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

Burns.

That 'loss is common,' would not make
My own less bitter—rather more;

Too common! never morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

Tennyson, In Memoriam.

LOVE, LOVERS—*see* Beauty, Cupid, Declaration, Friendship, Imagination, Jealousy.

Come live with me, and be my love.
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yield. *Marlowe, Pass. Shepherd.*
Love does reign

In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous war :
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
And yet his peace is but continual jar :
O miserable men that to him subject are. *Spenser, F. Queen.*

True he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound :
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every drachm of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound. *Spenser, Fairy Queen.*

For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see. *Spenser.*

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, and would itself excel ;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.
Spenser, Hymn in Honour of Love.

For several virtues

Have I lik'd several women : never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. *Sh. Temp. III. 1.*

Thou Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit, with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.
Sh. Two G. I. 1.

As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. *Sh. Two G. I. 1.*

LOVE, LOVERS—continued.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod ! *Sh. Two G. i. 2.*

O how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away. *Sh. Two G. i. 3.*

In revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow. *Ib. ii. 4.*

For now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was. *Sh. Two G. ii. 4.*

O gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth !
Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now, can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love. *Sh. Two G. ii. 4.*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. *Sh. Two G. ii. 7.*

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns ;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage. *Ib. ii. 7.*

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice : which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form. *Sh. Two G. iii. 2.*

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go. *Sh. Two G. iv. 2.*

Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition. *Sh. Two G. v. 1.*

I care not for her, I ;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not. *Sh. Two G. v. 4.*

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd. *Ib. v. 4.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that which flies, and flying what pursues.

Sh. Mer. W. II. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it.

Sh. T. Ni. I. 1.

I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him. *Sh. T. Ni. I. 5.*

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes.

Sh. T. Ni. I. 5.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ? *Sh. T. Ni. II. 4.*

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

Sh. T. Ni. II. 4.

(Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Sh. T. Ni. III. 1.

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Sh. T. Ni. III. 1.

Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But, either it was different in blood ;
Or else, misgraffed in respect of years ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.

Sh. Mid. N. I. 1.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow ;
 By his best arrow with the golden head.
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves. *Sh. Mid. N. i. 1.*
 Things base and vile, holding no quality,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste ;
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd. *Sh. Mid. N. i. 1.*

Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you. *Sh. Mid. N. ii. 2.*

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
 With sighs of love. *Sh. Mid. N. iii. 2.*

O, why rebuke you him, that loves you so ?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. *Sh. Mid. N. iii. 2.*

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact. *Sh. Mid. N. v. 1.*

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
Sh. Love's L. L. iv. 3.

Love is full of unbefitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance. *Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.*

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit. *Sh. M. of Ven. ii. 6.*

Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'er-looked me, and divided me :
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
 And so all yours. *Sh. M. of Ven. iii. 2.*

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins. *Sh. M. of Ven. iii. 2.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness : the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. *Sh. As Y. L. III. 5.*

I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not. *Sh. As Y. L. III. 5.*

Wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children. *Ib. III. 5.*
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ? *Ib. III. 5.*

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
It is to be all made of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance. *Sh. As Y. L. v. 2.*

If it prove so, then loving goes with haps ;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps. *Sh. M. Ado, III. 1.*

Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument. *Sh. All's W. IV. 2.*

He says, he loves my daughter :
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes ; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 3.*

Prosperity's the very bond of love :
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 3.*

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. *Sh. Rich. II. III. 2.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Sh. Hen. IV. 1, IV. 2.

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart. *Sh. Hen. VI. 1, IV. 5.*

I never su'd to friend nor enemy ;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word :

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Sh. Rich. III. 1. 2.

To be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Sh. Troil. III. 2.

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

Sh. Jul. C. IV. 2.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Sh. Ant. Cleop. I. 1.

I know not why

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason.

Sh. Cymb. IV. 2.

Men's vows are women's traitors.

Sh. Cymb. III. 4.

Love's not love,

When it is mingled with regards that stand

Aloof from the entire point.

Sh. Lear, I. 1.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;

Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lovers' tears ;

What is it else ? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Sh. Rom. I. 1.

Alas ! that love whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will. *Sh. Rom. I. 1.*

Ruin'd love, when it is built anew

Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater. *Id. II. 2.*

Stony limits cannot hold love out :

And what love can do, that dares love attempt. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears !

Sh. Rom. II. 2.

Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—ay :

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,

They say Jove laughs.

Sh. Rom. II. 2

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world. *Sh. Rom.* II. 2.

Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ib.* II. 2.

Come what sorrow can,
 I cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight. *Sh. Rom.* II. 6.

Love moderately ; long love doth so,
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *Sh. Rom.* II. 6.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both
 Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
 You must not take for fire.

Be somewhat scanty of your maiden presence,
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. *Sh. Ham.* I. 3.

Doubt thou the stars are fire ;
 Doubt that the sun doth move :
 Doubt truth to be a liar ;
 But never doubt, I love. *Sh. Ham.* II. 2.

'T is a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love. *Sh. Ham.* III. 2.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. *Ib.* III. 2.

Nature is fine in love : and, where 't is fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves. *Sh. Ham.* IV. 5.

There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too-much. *Sh. Ham.* IV. 7.

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. *Sh. Ham.* IV. 7.

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love. *Oth.* I. 3.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Excellent wretch ; Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee ! and, when I love thee not
Chaos is come again. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

If he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. *Sh. Oth. IV. 2.*

My love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them. *Sh. Oth. IV. 3.*

Love is a spirit all compact of fire ;
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her :
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her. *Sh. Pas. Pil. VII.*

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make. *Sh. Sonnet 91.*

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear ;
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere. *Sh. Sonnet 102.*

LOVE, LOVERS—continued.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love 's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved ;—
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sh. Sonnet 116.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.

Sh. Sonnet 141.

Love is that madness which all lovers have ;
 But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave ;
 'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound ;
 But paradise is in th' enchanted ground :
 A palace void of envy, cares, and strife,
 Where gentle hours delude so much of life. *Beaumont & Flet.*
 To ask the reason why thou art in love,
 Or what might be the noblest end in love,
 Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
 That many times slides gently o'er the heart. *Beau. & Fl. Cor.*
 The end of love is to have two made one,
 In will and in affection.

Ben Jonson.

Such is the posie love composes ;
 A stinging nettle mix'd with roses.

Brown, Pastorals.

Love ne'er should die ;
 'Tis the soul's cordial ; 'tis the fount of life :
 Therefore should spring eternal in the breast.
 One object lost, another should succeed ;
 And all our life be love.

Brown, Pastorals.

Equality is no rule in love's grammar :
 That sole unhappiness is left to princes
 To marry blood. *Beaumont & Fletcher, Maid in the Mill.*
 Love's of a strangely open simple kind,
 And thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.

Cowley.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss ;
 But of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.

Cowley.

Love is maintain'd by wealth, when all is spent,
 Adversity then breeds the discontent. *Herrick, Aph. 144.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?

Prithee, why so pale ? *Sir Jno. Suckling, on a Wedding.*

Instruct me now what love will do ;
 'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.

Inform me next what love will do ;
 'Twill strangely make a one of two.

Teach me besides what love will do ;

'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.

Tell me, now last, what love will do ;

'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through. *Ib. Hesp. 253.*

Love's of itself too sweet ; the best of all

Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall. *Herrick, Aph. 330.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite ;

And what we blush to speak, she bids us write. *Ib. Aph. 146.*

Let moderation on thy passions wait ;

Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate. *Ib. 253.*

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Raleigh, Nymph's Reply to Pass. Sheph.

Blushes a woman's passions may reveal,

But men their passions by their words should tell. *Orrery.*

An "ignis fatuus" that bewitches,

And leads men into pools and ditches. *Butler, Hud. 1, i. 509.*

The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,

And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;

They leave no marks behind them where they fly,

Tho' through the tend'rest part of all, the eye. *Ib. Cat & Puss.*

Quoth he, to bid me not to love

Is to forbid my pulse to move,

My beard to grow, my ears to stick up,

Or, when I'm in a fit to hiccup !

Butler, Hud.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

All love at first, like gen'rous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
But when 'tis settled on the lee
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older.

Butler, Hudibras.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes
When out of wood they extract coals :
So lovers should their passion choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke.

Butler, Hud.

In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.

Ib. Hud. III. 1. 913.

What mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?

Butler, Hud. 2. 1. 23.

A lover is, the more he's brave
T' his mistress, but the more a slave ;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must.
Whether it be unjust or just.

Ib. Ep. to his Lady, 193.

For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.

Ib. Lady's Answer, 131.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find ;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secured by truth.
The cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draughts of life go down ;
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise.

Rochester.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never miss'd my heart,
It fled so pleasingly away ; but now my soul
Is all Lavinia's ; now she is fix'd
Firm in my heart ; by secret vows made there,
Th' indelible records of faithful love !

Otway, Cai Mar.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
 Attended on his throne by all his guards
 Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions. *Otway, Orphan.*

All love may be expelled by other love,
 As poisons are by poisons. *Dryden, All for Love.*

Love gives esteem, and then he gives desert ;
 He either finds equality, or makes it :
 Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
 But planes and levels all. *Dryden, Marriage-à-la-Mode.*

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years ;
 And every little absence is an age. *Dryden, Amph.*

True love is never happy but by halves ;
 An April sunshine, that by fits appears ;
 It smiles by moments but it mourns by years. *Ib. K. Arthur.*

Love is a passion
 Which kindles honour into noble acts. *Dryden, Rival Ladies.*
 The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
 Is hardly granted to the gods above. *Dryden, Pal. & Arcite, II.*

Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
 Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds. *Ib. III. 803.*

Love endures no tie,
 And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury. *Ib. II. 148.*

The power of love
 In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
 Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod,
 By daily miracles declared a god.
 He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the blind,
 And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind. *Ib. II. 350.*

Love various minds does variously inspire :
 He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
 Like that of incense on the altar laid ;
 But raging flames tempestuous souls invade,—
 A fire, which every windy passion blows ;
 With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Dryden, Tyrannie of Love.

Love teaches cunning even to innocence ;
 And where he gets possession, his first work
 Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
 Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,
 To feast alone. *Dryden, Tempest, 2128.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

The ills of love, not those of fate, I fear,
These I can brave, but those I cannot bear. *Dryden.*

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds. *Ib. Cymon, 464.*

Love is a child that talks in broken language,
Yet then he speaks most plain. *Dryden, Troil. & Cres. 2218.*

How many are not lov'd who think they are !
Yet all are willing to believe the fair :
And, though 'tis beauty's known and obvious cheat,
Yet man's self love still favours the deceit. *Ib. Con. Gren. II. 1.*

I am not what I was : since yesterday,
My food forsakes me, and my needful rest ;
I pine, I languish, love to be alone ;
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh.
When I see Torrismond, I am unquiet,
And when I see him not, I am in pain. *Dryden, Span. Friar.*

When yet a virgin free and undispos'd,
I lov'd, but saw you only with my eyes ;
I could not reach the beauties of your soul :
I have liv'd since then in contemplation,
And long experience of your growing goodness ;
What then was passion is my judgment now,
Thro' all the several changes of your life
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you. *Haynes, Fatal Mistake.*

If you miscarry, you are lost so far ;
For there's no erring twice in love or war. *Pomfret, Love Tri.*
Let those love now, who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more. *Parnell, Perv. V.*
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss ;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

Rowe, Lady J. Grey, II. 1.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost. *Addison, Cato, IV. 1.*

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what. *Addison, Cato.*

With what graceful tenderness he loves !
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and soothe his thoughts. *Ib. Cato.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love :
 The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
 Sink in the soft captivity together. *Addison, Cato.*

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness :
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse. *Addison, Cato.*

She that would raise a noble love, must find
 Ways to beget a passion for her mind ;
 She must be that which she to be would seem ;
 For all true love is grounded in esteem
 Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
 Than all the crooked subtleties of art. *Sheff. D. Buckingham.*

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows. *Prior, Henry & Emma.*

I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose ;
 They have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart. *Prior.*

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
 How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
 Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
 And those are punish'd most who most obey. *Ib. Solomon, 2.*

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
 That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.
Congreve, The Way of the World, III. 12.

Life without love's a load, and time stands still ;
 What we refuse to him, to death we give ;
 And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Congreve.*

Love is that passion which refines the soul :
 First made men heroes, and those heroes gods,
 Its genial fires inform the sluggish mass ;
 The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm ;
 Gives wit to fools and manners to the clown.
Higgon's, Gen. Conq.

Love, thou hast every bliss in store,
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more ;
 Each other every wish they give—
 Not to know love, is not to live. *Gay, Fables.*

Love is not in our power,
 Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice,
 We only love where fate ordains we should,
 And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.
Frowde, Fall of Saguntum.

LOVE, LOVERS—continued.

Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire than his own. *Lansdowne.*

Soon as thy letters trembling, I uncloset,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still utter'd with a tear ! *Pope, Eloisa.*

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Pope, Eloisa.*

O, happy state, when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law :
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast ;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart. *Pope, El.*

Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear. *Swift, Cadon. & Vanessa.*

Let the fools
Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles ;
All our prosperity is placed in love :
We have enough of that to make us happy. *Southerne, Oron.*

I have a heart ! but if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me, *Southerne.*

A lover is the very food of nature,
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
His fever'd fancy. *Thomson, Sophonisba.*

Wilt thou be undone ?
Resign the towering thought ? the vast design
With future glories big ! the warrior's wreath ?
The praise of senates ? an applauding world ?
All for a sigh ? all for a soft embrace ? *Thomson, Soph. v. 2.*

Why should we kill the best of passions, love ?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue. *Id. Soph. v. 2.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away. *Thomson, Spring, 980.*

Banish that fear ; my flame can never waste,
For love sincere refines upon the taste. *Cibber, Dou. Gal. v. 1.*
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he loved. *Shenstone.*

Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smiled—and I could not but love :
She is faithless—and I am undone. *Shenstone, Pastoral, iv.*

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light ?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,
Mingle with life, and form my very soul ? *Young, Busiris. v. 1.*

Love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures ;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl. *Young, Rev. i. 1.*

The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety. *Young, Rev. iv. 1.*
But oh ! those eyes ! those murderers ! oh whence,
Whence didst thou steal those burning orbs ? from heaven ?
Thou didst ; and 'tis religion to adore them. *Young, Rev. v. 2.*

Who never lov'd, ne'er suffered ; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
And when we feel for others, reason reels
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad. *Young, N. T. v.*
If love were endless, men were gods ; 'tis that
Does counterbalance travail, danger, pain,—
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave. *Young.*

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love and passion unapproved ;
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows,
Reciprocally breathed, confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an unexhausted stream,
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace. *Smollett.*
None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair ;
But love can hope, where reason would despair, *L. Lyttelton.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man. *Armstrong, Art P.H.*

Love is a passion whose effects are various, [IV. 358.
 It ever brings some changes upon the soul,
 Some virtue or some vice, till then unknown,
 Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

H. Brooke, Gustavus Vasa.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
 The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
 But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
 And fans the slumbering spark of heav'nly fire. *Johnson, Irene.*

It's gude to be merry and wise,
 It's gude to be honest and true,
 And afore you're off wi' the auld love
 It's best to be on wi' the new. *Old Scotch Song.*

It's good to be off wi' the old love
 Before ye be on wi' the new.
Old Scotch Song, quoted by Sir W. Scott in Bride of Lam.

Had we never loved so kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted. *Burns, Song A Fond Kiss.*

Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer! *Burns.*

It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beats me, and sets me a' on flame!
Burns, Epistle to Davie.

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
 And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
 Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
 Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance
 The raptur'd soul by intermingling glance
 Of mutual bliss. *Mrs. Tighe, Psyche, vi.*

Economy in love is peace to nature,
 Much like economy in worldly matter;
 We should be prudent, never live too fast;
 Profusion will not, cannot always last. *Peter Pindar.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

|| Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 || Us—love, forgive us ! cinders, ashes, dust. *Keats, Lamia.*

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
 Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
 More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
 Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
 Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
 Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne—
 A sincere woman's breast ; for over-warm,
 Or over-cold, annihilates the charm. *Byron.*

Away ! away ! my early dream,
 Remembrance never must awake ;
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?
 My foolish heart be still, or break. *Byron.*

It is the same together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow decline :
 We are entwined : let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last ! *Byron.*

Why did she love him ? Curious fool ! be still ;
 Is human love the growth of human will ! *Byron, Lara, 22.*

Alas ! what else is love but sorrow ? Even
 He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve
 About its first and best inhabitants. *Byron, Heaven & E. i. 3.*

I loved her well ; I would have loved her better,
 Had love been met with love : as 't is, I leave her
 To brighter destinies, if so she deems them. *Byron, II. & E.*

The war of elements no fears impart
 To love, whose deadliest bane is human art :
 There lie the only rocks our course can check. *Ib. Bride of Ab. 2.*

If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt, and feel,
 Betoken love—that love was mine. *Byron, Giaour.*

Oh ! I envy those
 Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
 Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
 That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought. *Ib.*
 Earth holds no other like to thee,
 Or if it doth, in vain for me. *Byron, Giaour.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love indeed is light from heaven ;
 A spark of that immortal fire,
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love ;
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought ;
 A ray of him who form'd the whole ;
 A glory circling round the soul ! *Byron, Giaour, 1127.*

Love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
 And if it dares enough 't were hard
 If passion met not some reward. *Byron, Giaour.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
 But mine was like the lava flood
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame. *Byron, Giaour.*

And there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
 And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
 And burning blushes, tho' for no transgression,
 Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left. *Byron, D. J.*
 Oh, love ! what is there in this world of ours
 Which makes it fatal to be lov'd ? Ah, why
 With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh ? *Byron, D. J. III. 2.*

Love bears within itself the very germ
 Of change : and how should this be otherwise ?
 That violent things more quickly find a term
 Is shown through nature's whole analogies. *Byron, D. J.*

O love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,
 Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,
 How self-deceitful is the sagest part
 Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along. *Byron, D. J. I. 106.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, often in exchange ;
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
 Men have all these resources, we but one—
 To love again, and be again undone. *Byron, D. J. I. 194.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love's a capricious power ; I've known it hold
 Out through a fever caused by its own heat ;
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat. *Byron, D. J. II. 22.*

Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
 For love must be sustained like flesh and blood,—
 While Bacchus pours out wine ; or hands a jelly :
 Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food. *Byron, D. J. II. 176.*

My days of love are over, me no more
 The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
 Can make the fool of which they made before. *Ib. I. 216.*

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing :
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And, if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them, but mockeries of the past alone. *Byron, D. J. II. 199*

Oh Love ! thou art the very god of evil,
 For, after all, we cannot call the devil. *Byron, D. J. II. 205.*

O love ! O glory ! what are ye who fly,
 Around us ever, rarely to alight ?
 There's not a meteor in the polar sky
 Of such transcendant and more fleeting flight,
 Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
 Our eyes in search of either lovely light ;
 A thousand and a thousand colours they
 Assume, then leaves us on our freezing way. *Ib. D. J. VII. 1.*

Love rules the camp ; the court, the grove, for love
 Is heaven, and heaven is love : " so sings the bard ;
 Which it were rather difficult to prove,
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).
 Perhaps there may be something in " the grove,"
 At least it rhymes to " love : " but I'm prepared,
 No doubt (no less than landlords of their rental,
 If " courts and camps " be quite so sentimental. *Ib. XII. 13.*

Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness,
 Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
 And yet—oh, more than all ! untired by time. *Byron, Corsair.*
 'Tis his nature to advance or die ;
 He stands not still, but or decays or grows
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity. *Ib. C. Har. III. 103.*

LOVE, LOVERS—continued.

Oh love! young love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!

Byron, Ch. H. II. 81.

O! that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her. *Id. C. H. Pilg. IV. 177.*

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter:
And then God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter. *Id. Beppo.*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all. *Byron, The Dream, 56.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. *Scott, Lady, IV. 1.*

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie.
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Scott, Lay, v. 13.*

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed:
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green,
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. *Scott, Lay, III. 1.*

In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony. *Scott, Lady of the Lake, IV. 18.*
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that make his love! *Scott, Marmion, III. 17.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

What say'st thou, wise one ? that all-powerful love
 Can fortune's strong impediment remove ?
 Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
 The pride of genius with the pride of birth. *Crabbe.*

In many ways does the full heart reveal
 The presence of the love it would conceal. *Coleridge.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold—
 His eyes are in his mind. *Coleridge, to a Lady.*

Man, while he loves, is never quite deprav'd,
 And woman's triumph, is a lover sav'd. *Hon. G. Lamb.*

Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart ;
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
 Affection's tendrils round. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Hear, Father ! hear,—and aid !
 If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
 In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
 Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid ;
 If I have sought to live
 But in one light, and made a mortal eye
 The lonely star of my idolatry,
 Thou that art love, oh ! pity and forgive ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

Our love was like most other loves ;
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
 And " Fly not yet,"—upon the river ;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows,—and then we parted.
 We parted ; months and years rolled by ;
 We met again four summers after ;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
 For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers ;
 And she was not the ball-room's belle ;
 But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !
Praed, Belle of the Ball-room.

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Do anything but love ! or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship : never let him know
How dear he is ; flit like a bird before him ;
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower ;
But be not won ; or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness. *L. E. Landon.*

O love ! thy essence is thy purity !
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone for ever, and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame. *L. E. Landon.*

They sin who tell us love can die ;
It's holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times receiv'd, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
In heaven it hath its perfect rest :
It soweth here with grief and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there. *Southey, Curse K. x. 10.*

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ? *Campbell, Pl. Hope.*

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted :
Whilst the joyous thrush, and the gentle dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the serpent, as yet, only sported. *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present :
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot, and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant ! *Id. Miss Kilmansegg.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
 When young hearts yearn together?
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,
 Oh! there's nothing in life like making love.
 Save making hay in fine weather! *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

I love thee, I love thee! 'tis all that I can say—
 It is my vision in the night, my dreaming in the day;
 The very echo of my heart, the blessing when I pray:
 I love thee, I love thee! is all that I can say. *T. Hood, Poems.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart. *Wordsworth.*

Oh nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own. *T. Moore.*
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art. *Id. Come rest.*

The choice what heart can doubt,
 Of tents with love or thrones without. *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*
 Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow had more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity. *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through sorrow—through glory and shame?
T. Moore.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
 That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
 I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
 But must not, dare not love again. *T. Moore.*
 O magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
 Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
 Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart? *Id.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above. *T. Moore.*
 So brief our existence, a glimpse at the most
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
 But oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart that could echo it near.
 Ah, well may we hope when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
 For a smile or a grasp of the hand hast'ning on
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this. *T. Moore, 'And doth not*
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete, [a meeting.]
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
 How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly,
 Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!
 Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it?
 Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it. *T. Moore.*
 True love is at home on a carpet,
 And mightily likes his ease,—
 And true love has an eye for a dinner,
 And starves beneath shady trees.
 His wing is the fan of a lady,
 His foot 's an invisible thing,
 And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
 And shot from a silver string. *N. P. Willis, Poems.*
 Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come snow,
 We will stand by each other, however it blow;
 Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
 Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

Longfellow, from the German.

The first sound in the song of love
 Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
 Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
 Of that mysterious instrument the soul,
 A play the prelude of our fate. *Longfellow.*
 Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian:
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight. *Longfellow.*
 I hold it true, whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all. *Tennyson, In Memor. xxvii.*

LOVE, LOVERS—*continued.*

Love strong in wish, is weak in reason, still
 Forming a thousand ills, which ne'er shall be,
 And, like a coward, kills itself to-day
 With fancy'd grief for fear it die to-morrow. *Sewell, Raleigh.*

O love! when womanhood is in the flush,
 And man is a young and unspotted thing,
 His first breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
 Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring. *Cunningham.*

I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow;
 So altered are thy face and mind,
 'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Earl Nugent.

Oh, woman's love! at times it may
 Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
 With true, undeviating ray,
 And never from its idol turns.
 Its sunshine is a smile—a frown
 The heavy cloud that weighs it down.

Croly.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,
 Or while there's water in the pathless main.

Old Song.

My heart with love is beating,
 Transported by your eyes;
 Alas! there's no retreating,
 In vain your captive flies.

Old Song.

Let no one say that there is need
 Of time for love to grow;
 Ah no! the love that kills indeed
 Despatches at a blow.

Lord Holland.

He, who for love has undergone
 The worst that can befall,
 Is happier thousand-fold than one
 Who never loved at all;
 A grace within his soul has reigned,
 Which nothing else can bring—
 Thank God, for all that I have gained,
 By that high suffering.

M. Milnes (Lord Houghton).

The heart that passion never fired—
 Of other's love, can nothing tell—
 How can I teach you what's inspired,
 Unless you are inspired as well?

Houghton.

Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
 The loathsome prostitution of a hand
 Without a heart. Love sacrifices all things
 To bless the thing it loves. *Bulwer Lytton, Lady of Lyons.*

LOVERS' VOWS.

What mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed? *Butler, Hud. III. 23.*

You know how fickle common lovers are:
Their oaths and vows are cautiously believed,
For few there are but have been once deceived. *Dryden.*

LOVELINESS—see Dress.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
Milton, P. L. VIII. 547.

Her gentle limbs she did undress,
And laid down in her loveliness. *Coleridge, Christabel, I.*

LOYALTY.

I would serve my king,
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in the wars;
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for him;
As every true-born subject ought. *Otway, Orphan.*

'Tis not the walls or purple that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.
Herrick, Aph. 130.

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
Who not forsake me at my greatest need,
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty;
But shared my dangers to the last event,
And fenced them with their own. *Dryden.*

Let fools the name of loyalty divide,
Wise men and gods, are on the strongest side.
Sedley, Ant. Cleop.

LUST.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not—lust, like a glutton, dies;
Love is all truth—lust full of foulest lies. *Sh. Ven. & Ad. 134.*

LUST—continued.

But when lust

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being. *Milton, Comus, 463.*

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein. *Rowe, R. Convert.*

I know the very difference that lies
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust;
I know the one is as a golden spur,
Urging the spirit to all noble aims;
The other but a foul and miry pit,
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career. *F.K. Butler, Francis I.*

LUXURY.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind
At once corrupts; the body and the mind. *Crowne, Caligula.*
What will not luxury use? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare;
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood. *Gay, Trivia.*

O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee?
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy! *Goldsmith, Des. Vil.*
Sofas, 't was half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets, every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish. *Byron D. J. v.65.*
Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.

H. More, Belshazzar, 1.

LYING—see Lies.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
G. Herbert, The Church Porch.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two. *Watts, Against Lying.*

MACHIAVELLI.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
 Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick,
 But was below the least of these,
 That pass th' world for holiness. *Butler, Hud. 3. 1. 1314.*

MADNESS—see Deceit.

By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense
 (Such a dependency of thing on things)
 As e'er I heard in madness. *Sh. M. for M. v. 1.*

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget! *Sh. K. John, III. 4.*
 That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis 'tis true. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. *Ib.*
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*
 Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
 Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness,
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Alas, how is't with you,
 That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,
 And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse? *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*
 There is a pleasure sure, in being mad,
 Which none but madmen know. *Dryden, Span. Fr. II. 1.*

He raves, his words are loose
 As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense:
 So high he's mounted on his airy throne,
 That now the wind has got into his head,
 And turns his brains to frenzy. *Dryden, Span. Fr. II. 1.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Ib. Abs. & Achil. I. 163.

MADRIGAL.

When two score throats together squall,
 It may be call'd a madrigal. *Swift,*

MAGNET.

Th' obedient steel with living instinct moves,
And veers for ever to the pole it loves.

Darwin.

That trembling vassal of the pole,
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.

Byron

MAIDENHOOD—see Celibacy.

She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

Sh. Rom. I. 1.

Maids' nays are nothing, they are shy,
But to desire what they deny.

Herrick, Aph. 131.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot? *Pope, Eloisa to Ab.*

The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms,
But adds for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Broome.

MAIDENS.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Byron, Childe Harold, I. 9.

A child no more! a maiden now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly, and a dovelike eye;
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.

Mary Howitt.

MALICE.

Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To false accusation.

Massinger.

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise. *Gay, Epistle IV.*

Oh! never "hold malice," it poisons our life
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may;
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day. *Eliza Cook.*

MAMMON.

Mammon led them on :

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven ; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.

Milton, P. L. l. 679.

MAN—see Authority, Character, Charity, Courage, Cowardice, Delay,
Home, Hypocrisy, Idleness.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side ! *Sh. M. for M. III. 2.*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad. *Sh. M. for M. v. 1.*

Oh, what men dare do ! what men may do !
What men daily do, not knowing what they do. *Sh. M. Ado, iv. 1.*

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*

In speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. *Sh. Hen. iv. 2. II. 3.*

But we all are men,
In our own natures frail ; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels. *Sh. Hen. VIII. v. 2.*

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and vent'rous.
Sh. Ric. III. iv. 4.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity ; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. v. 1.*

God made him, therefore let him pass for man. *Sh. M. of V. I. 2.*
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a man ! *Sh. Jul. C. v. 5.*

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. *Sh. Rom. III. 2.*

MAN—*continued.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords. *Sh. C. E. II. 1.*

Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !
Sh. Oth. III. 3.

I will sooner trust a crocodile,
When he sheds tears ; for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once ; or anything
That's evil to our nature, than a man ;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding them, if we give way. *Beaum. & Fl. Coxcomb.*

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Herbert, Man.*

Man is a name of honour for a king ;
Additions take away from each chief thing. *Chapman.*

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
Out of the ground was taken : know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return. *Milton, P. L. x. 205.*

Trust not a man ; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant :
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him ;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
Otway, Orphan, II. 1.

Mankind each other's stories still repeat,
And man to man is a succeeding cheat. *Howard, D. of Lerma.*

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.
Dryden, All for Love, IV. 1.

MAN—*continued.*

Mankind one day serene and free appear ;
 The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe ;
 New passions, new opinions still excite ;
 And what they like at noon, they leave at night. *Garth.*

Consider, man ; weigh well thy frame,
 The king, the beggar, are the same ;
 Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
 Then sinks into his native clay. *Gay, Fables, xvi. 2.*

Man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes. *Ib. Shep. and Philos.*
 Each animal,

By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind :
 But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
 Freebooter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
 The whole creation ; men and beasts his prey,
 These for his pleasure, for his glory those. *Somerville, Field Sports.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side.
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err. *Pope, E. M. II. 1.*

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Pope, E. M. II. 63.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Pope, E. M. II. 107.*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree. *Pope, E. M. II. 231.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather, or prunella. *Pope, E. M. IV. 203.*

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world. *Pope, E. M. II. 13.*

MAN—*continued.*

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall.
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all. *Pope, E. M. III. 44.*
 Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw ;
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;—
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Ib. II. 275.*
 Not always actions show the man ; we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind ;
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies. *Pope, M. E. II. 109.*
 See the same man in vigour, in the gout ;
 Alone, in company, in place, or out ;
 Early at business, and at hazard late ;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall. *Pope, M. E. I. 71.*
 Man is a very worm by birth,
 Vile, reptile, weak and vain ;
 Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
 Then sinks to earth again. *Pope.*
 Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide. *Swift.*
 Fond man ! the vision of a moment made !
 Dream of a dream ! and shadow of a shade ! *Young, Par. on Job.*
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He, who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes. *N. T. I. 70.*

MAN—continued

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own. *Gray, Prospect of Eton College, 10.*

Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long. *Goldsmith, Hermit, 8.*

Men are machines, with all their boasted freedom,
 Their movements turn upon some favourite passion ;
 Let art but find the latent foible out,
 We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.
H. Brooke, Gustavus Vasa.

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that ?
 Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that. *Burns, Honest Poverty.*

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flower, dishevell'd in the wind :
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
'Tis man's pride, Cowper, Task, III. 261.

His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
 The privilege he prizes most,
 To stand by helpless woman's side. *Miss Holford, Marg. Anj.*
 The mind of man is vastly like a hive ;
 His thoughts so busy ever—all alive !
 But here the simile will go no further ;
 For bees are making honey, one and all ;
 Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
 Committing, as it were, self-murder. *Peter Pindar.*

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
 Of high resolve ; on fancy's boldest wing
 To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
 The keenest pang to peacefulness, and taste
 The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield ;
 Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,
 To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
 To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
 Of natural love in sensualism, to know
 That hour as blest when on his worthless days
 The frozen hand of death shall set his seal,
 Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
 The one is man that shall hereafter be,
 The other, man as vice has made him now. *Shelley, Queen Mab.*

MAN—*continued.*

Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by death, lord of the human soil.
Byron, Heaven and Earth, i. 3.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men. *Byron, D. J. v. 17.*

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;
'Tis pity tho', in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure. *Ib. i. 133.*

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts. *Byron, D. J. i. 128.*

Virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine. *Ib. Bride of Ab. i. 1.*

Admire, exult—despise,—laugh, weep,—for here
There is such matter for all feeling :—man !
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 109.*

Again attend !—and see a man whose cares
Are nicely plac'd on either world's affairs,—
Merchant and saint ; 'tis doubtful if he knows
To which account he most regard bestows. *Crabbe.*

Once in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man :—and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee. *James Montgomery.*

MANNERS.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd. *Sh. T. Ni. iv. 1.*

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides ;
Beguiling them of commendation. *Sh. Hen. iv. 1. III. 1.*

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to man. *Pope, E. M. i. 13.*

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times. *Ib. M. E. i. 172.*

MANNERS—*continued.*

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ ;
The substitute of genius, sense, and wit.

Cowper.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and clouds and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies. *W. C. Bryant, March.*

MARCHING.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment. *Sh. Ric. III. v. 2.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*see* Courtship, Connubial Happiness, Father, Husband, Love, Wife.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art ;
Some knowledge on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart ;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify ;
They are most good, who best know why. *Sir T. Overbury.*

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall,
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both : therefore, take heed. *Sh. Tp. iv. 1.*

Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown. *Sh. Temp. v. 1.*
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state ;
Money buys land, and wives are sold by fate. *Sh. Mer. W. v. 5.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are. *Sh. T. Ni. II. 4.*

The ancient saying is no heresy ;
Hanging and wiving go by destiny. *Sh. M. of Ven. II. 8.*

A light wife doth make a heavy husband. *Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.*

Mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can ; yqu are not for all markets.

Sh. As Y. L. III. 5.

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

A young man married, is a man that's married. *Sh. A. W. II. 3.*

Honest company I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife. *Sh. T. S. III. 2.*
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign : one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt. *Sh. Tam. S. v. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ? *Sh. Tam. S. v. 2.*
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace :
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. *Sh. Tam. S. v. 2.*

Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. *Sh. Wint. T. I. 2.*

Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife : but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair Posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 3.*

He is the half-part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in ! *Sh. K. John, II. 2.*
Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. *Sh. Hen. VI. I. IV. 1.*

What is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. *Sh. Hen. VI. I. v. 5*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship. *Sh. Hen. VI. 1. v. 5.*

The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another ;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit ;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Neglected beauty now is prized by gold ;
And sacred love is basely bought and sold :
Wives are grown traffic, marriage is a trade,
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,
There must of moneys too a wedding be,
That coin, as well as men, may multiply.
Randolph, Muse's Looking-Glass.

What do you think of marriage ?
I take't, (as those that deny purgatory,)
It locally contains or heaven or hell ;
There's no third place in it. *Webster, Duchess of Malfy.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife ;
And then, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, when there's such difference in years
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
Massinger, New Way to Pay Old Debts.

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
 Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
 Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
 Eternity of pleasures. *Ford, Broken Heart.*

Fathers their children and themselves abuse,
 That wealth, a husband, for their daughters choose. *Shirley.*

The only comfort of my life
 Is, that I never yet had wife ;
 Nor will hereafter, since I know,
 Who weds, o'erbuys his weal with woe. *Herrick. Hesp. 246.*

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
 Come in for dowry with a wife. *Herrick, Aph. 309.*

Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man. *Milton, P. L. iv. 748.*

For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace. *Ib. iv. 297.*

Hail, wedded love ! mysterious law
 Of human offspring. *Milton, P. L. iv. 750.*

As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,
 So men are by themselves employ'd
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after to get loose. *Butler, Hud. 3, i. 63.*

When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd ;
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, died ;
 Nor took the pains t'address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure.
Butler, Ep. to his Lady, 239.

Women first were made for men,
 Not men for them. It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one,
 And they no freedom of their own ;
 And therefore men have power to choose
 But they no charter to refuse. *Butler, Ep. to his Lady, 273.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

Though women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them agen :
 For when, out-witted by his wife,
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
 If woman had not interven'd
 How soon had mankind had an end ! *Ib. Lady's Answer, 244.*

When I am old, and weary of the world,
 I may grow desperate, and take a wife
 To mortify withal. *Otway.*

Who wed with fools, indeed, lead happy lives ;
 Fools are the fittest, finest things for wives :
 Yet old men profit bring, as fools bring ease,
 And both make youth and wit much better please.
Otway, Soldier's Fortune.

When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
 Worse than they have already, call 'em wife !
 But a new married wife's a teeming mischief,
 Full of herself : why, what a deal of horror
 Has that poor wretch to come, that married yesterday !
Otway, Orphan.

Marriage to maids, is like a war to men ;
 The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes
 Of winning at the last, still draws them on. *Lee, Mithridates.*

When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,
 And dares the fury of the wind and tides,
 But losing once that hold, to the wide ocean born,
 It drives away at will, to every wave or scorn.
Dryden, Tyrannie of Love.

All of a tenour was their after life,
 No day discolour'd with domestic strife ;
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd. *Ib. Palamon & Ar. 3.*

After this alliance,
 Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
 And every creature couple with its foe. *Dryden, Span. Friar.*
 If you would have the nuptial union last,
 Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast. *Rowe, Fair Pen.*

Art thou not half my self?
 One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
 Guided our wills. *Rowe, Fair Pen.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

And now your matrimonial cupid,
 Lash'd on by time, grows tired and stupid.
 For story and experience tell us
 That man grows old and woman jealous.
 Both would their little ends secure ;
 He sighs for freedom, she for power :
 His wishes tend abroad to roam,
 And her's to domineer at home.

Prior, Alma, 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.
 Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure. *Congreve, O. B. v. 8.*

Wedded love is founded on esteem,
 Which the fair merits of the mind engage ;
 For those are charms that never can decay ;
 But time that gives new whiteness to the swan,
 Improves their lustre.

Fenton, Marianne.

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for a mate. *Pope, Wife of B. 38.*

Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure. *Thomson, Spring.*

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
 Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend ! *Ib.*

Oh ! married love !—each heart shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chains inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright. *Langhorne.*

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
 Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,—
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
 The prize of happiness must still be won :
 And, oft, the careless find it to their cost,
 The lover in the husband may be lost ;
 The graces might alone his heart allure ;
 They and the virtues, meeting, must secure. *Lord Lyttelton.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

But love in whispers lets us ken
 That men were made for us, and we for men. *Ramsay, G. Shep.*
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate. *Young, Love of Fame, 6.*
 Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 We who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Cotton, Fireside, v.

Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets.

Cowper, Task, III. 290.

Misses! the tale that I relate
 This lesson seems to carry,
 Choose not alone a proper mate
 But proper time to marry. *Cowper, Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
 Where folks are very apt to scold and hate;
 Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
 Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine. *Peter Pindar.*

Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
 A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
 Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour
 Down to a very homely household savour. *Byron, D. J. III. 5.*
 The bloom or blight of all men's happiness. *Byron, Bride of A.*

Full well we know, that many a favourite air,
 That charms a party, fails to charm a pair.
 And as Augusta play'd, she look'd around,
 To see if one was dying at the sound.
 But all were gone—a husband, wrapt in gloom,
 Stalk'd careless, listless, up and down the room. *Crabbe.*

There's a bliss beyond all the minstrel has told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
 And Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this—it is this! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY—*continued.*

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
 When such a bright planet governs the fate,
 Of a pair of united lovers !
 'Tis theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,
 To enjoy the pure primæval kiss
 With as much of the old original bliss
 As mortality ever recovers ! *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

But alas ! alas ! for the woman's fate,
 Who has from a mob to choose a mate !
 'Tis a strange and painful mystery !
 But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;
 The more the fish, the worse the catch ;
 The more the sparks, the worse the match ;
 Is a fact in woman's history. *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

Across the threshold led,
 And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
 His house she enters, there to be a light,
 Shining within, when all without is night ;
 A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
 Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing ! *Rogers, P.H.L*

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
 "What reason can be given,
 "Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven ?"
 "They have," says he, "no women there."
 She quick returned the jest :
 "Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest." *Festoon, (R. Graves).*

You'd marry the marquis, fair lady, they say ;
 You are right ; we've suspected it long :
 But his lordship declines in a complaisant way,
 And, faith, he's not much in the wrong. *Martial, ix. 5. Halhed.*
 You ask me to draw (a hard task on my life)
 The picture of her whom I'd have for my wife ;
 Yet certain it is, that I have seen the lass,
 But would you behold her—go look in your glass.
T. L. Merritt, (Am.)

MARY.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
 For once it was a magic sound to me,
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be. *Byron, D. J. v. 4*

MASQUERADE.

Hail, blest confusion ! here are met
 All tongues and times and faces,
 The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
 The Brahmin talks of races ;
 And where's your genius, bright Corinne ?
 And where's your brogue, Sir Lucius ?
 And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
 One chapter of Confucius.
 Lo ! dandies from Kamschatka flirt
 With beauties from the Wrekin ;
 And belles from Berne look very pert,
 On Mandarins from Pekin ;
 The Cardinal is here from Rome,
 The Commandant from Seville ;
 And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
 And Faustus from the Devil. *Praed, The Fancy Ball.*

MASSACRE.

Slaughter grows murder when it goes too far,
 And makes a massacre of what was war. *Dryden.*

MASTERS.

We cannot all be masters,
 Nor all masters cannot be truly followed. *Sh. Oth. i. 1.*

MATCH-MAKING.

How all the needy honourable misters,
 Each out-at-elbow peer, desp'rate dandy,
 The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
 (Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
 At making matches, where 'tis gold that glisters,
 Than their he relatives), like flies o'er candy
 Buzz round 'the Fortune' with their busy battery,
 To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery !

MATHEMATICS.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater ;
 For he by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale. *Byron, D. J. XII. 32.*
Butler, Hud. 1, i. 119.

MAY.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the year ;
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
 And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
 When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
Dryden, Palæmon and Arcite, 663.

MAY—*continued.*

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who, from her green lap, throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee and wish thee long.

Milton, Ode VIII.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
 When earth was born in bloom;
 The light is made of many dyes,
 The air is all perfume:
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue,
 The very rainbow showers
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
 And sown the earth with flowers.

Hood, Song 'O Lady.'

Each hedge is cover'd thick with green;
 And where the hedger late hath been,
 Young tender shoots begin to grow
 From out the mossy stumps below.
 But woodmen still on spring intrude,
 And thin the shadow's solitude,
 With sharpen'd axes, felling down
 The oak-trees budding into brown.

*Clare.***MEANNESS.**

/ Can you imagine I so mean would prove,
 / To save my life by changing of my love?

*Dryden.***MEASURES.**

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.

*Goldsmith, Good Natured Man, II.***MECHANIC.**

Mechanic slaves,
 With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view.

*Sh. Ant. Cleop. v. 2.***MEDALS.**

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame;
 In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?

Pope, M. E. v. 53.

MEDALS—continued.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie ;
 With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore ;
 This, the blue varnish, that, the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

*Prior.***MEDDLE.**

I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter. *Sh. Troil. i. 1.*

MEDICINE—see Doctors.

Joy, temperance, and repose,
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

*Longfellow.***MEDIATION.**

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
 To save the expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 This bloody duel without blows.

*Butler, Hudibras.***MEDITATION.**

Who readeth much and never meditates.
 Is like a greedy eater of much food,
 Who so surcloys his stomach with his cates,
 That commonly they do him little good. *Joshua Sylvester.*

MEETING.

When shall we three meet again ?
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain ? *Sh. Macb. i. 1.*

A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
 And I could laugh ! I am light, and heavy : welcome :
 A curse begin at very root of his heart,
 That is not glad to see thee ! *Sh. Coriol. ii. 1.*

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
 To see you here before me. *Sh. Oth. ii. 1.*

I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
 For public miseries and for private fears ;
 And this blest meeting has o'erpaid them all. *Dryden & Lee.*

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence ;
 Else who could bear it ? *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away. *T. Moore.*

MELANCHOLY—see Cheerfulness, Epitaphs.

I can suck melancholy out of a song. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 5.*

I am as melancholy as a gib cat. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, I. 2.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And giv'n thy treasures and my rights of thee

To thick ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy.

Sh. Hen. IV. 1, II. 3.

Melancholy is briefly this,

A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged

With fear and sorrow; first begat i' th' brain,

The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd

As suddenly into the heart, the seat

Of our affection.

Ford, Lover's Melancholy.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,

And I with thee will choose to live. *Milton, Il Penseroso.*

He droops, and hangs his discontented head,

Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority, *Rowe, Fair Pen.*

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,

Deserted paths, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws

A death-like silence, and a dread repose;

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,

Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,

And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Pope.

My melancholy haunts me everywhere,

And not one kindly gleam pierces the gloom

Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort.

Southerne, Loyal Brothers.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,

Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,

And from her wild sequester'd seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

Collins, Ode on the Passions.

There is a mood

(I sing not to the vacant and the young,)

There is a kindly mood of melancholy,

That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.

Dyer, Ruins of Rome.

MELANCHOLY—*continued.*

Melancholy is a fearful gift ;
What is it but the telescope of truth ?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter darkness,
Making the cold reality too real.

Byron.

Melancholy
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end ; but spreads itself
'Twixt heav'n and earth, like envy between man
And man—and is an everlasting mist.

Byron.

Go, you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away ;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay !

Rogers.

As melancholy as an unbraced drum. *Centlivre, Wonder*, II. 1.
See the strange working of dull Melancholy !
Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
Corrupt the sense, delude the intellect,
And in the soul's fair table falsely grave
Whole squadrons of phantastical chimeras.

Anthony Brewer, Lingua, I. 7.

MELODY.

O, surely melody from Heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

Kirke White.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

Scott, Lay, II. 1.

MEMORIALS.

When all these shining leaves are fill'd,
How will the owner's heart be thrill'd,
On every opening leaf to find
Some tribute of affection kind,
Some token, some memorial dear
Of each lov'd friend, concentred here ;
And when those friends are far away,
Still here their semblance to survey,
And mark the image of each mind
In living colours well defin'd.

MS.

MEMORY—*see* Absence.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Sh. Macb. iv. 8.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.

Sh. Ham. i. 5.

Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind,
Rush forward on the brain, and come to mind ;
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.

Dryden.

Let fate do her worst ; there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.

T. Moore.

Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former happier day,
When heaven was still the spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fall'n away ;
Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be !

T. Moore.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

O memory ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Goldsmith.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

Byron, Doge of Ven.

In that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime,
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments pour the grief of years.

Byron, Giaour.

Alas ! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

Byron, Lara, 1.

MEMORY—*continued.*

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear !
Drooping she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return.

Byron.

Ah ! tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past ;—
What is recall'd by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last ?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret ?

L. E. Landon.

Hail, memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway ! *Rogers, P. Mem.*

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain ;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

Ib.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm :
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?
His faithful dog's already at his feet !

Ib.

Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers.

Ib.

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Those scenes which I am doom'd no more to know,
Full oft shall memory trace—my soul's tormentor—
And turn each pleasure past to present woe. *Mat. G. Lewis.*

On this dear jewel of my memory
My heart will ever dwell, and fate in vain,
Possessing that, essay to make me wretched.

*Earl Russell, Don Carlos.***MENTAL ANGUISH**—*see Grief, Sorrow.*

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest ;
A balm for the sickness of care :
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

Byron.

MERCY—*see* Benevolence, Bounty, Compassion.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. *Sh. M. for M. II. 1.*

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As Mercy.

Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

Merciful heaven :

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.

Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

How would you be,
If He, which is at the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended. *Ib. IV. 2.*

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Sh. M. of Ven. IV. 1.

The quality of Mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

Ib. IV. 1.

If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ?

Sh. Hen. v. II. 2.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. *Sh. Timon, III. 5.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?

Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Sh. Tit. And. I. 2.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *Sh. Rom. III. 1.*

MERCY—*continued.*

The greatest attribute of heaven is Mercy ;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Lover's Progress.

He's a bad surgeon, that, for pity, spares
The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish ; he that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the just. *Randolph, M. Look. Glass.*
Great minds erect their never-failing trophies
On the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph
O'er a suppliant, by base fortune captiv'd,
Argues a bastard conquest. *Massinger, Emperor of the East.*

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

Waller, to my Lord Protector.

Mercy is good : a very good dull virtue :
But kings mistake its timing, and are mild
When manly courage bids them be severe. *Dryden, Span. Friar.*

Mercy ! what's that ? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.

Smith, Phædra and Hyppolitus.

O mercy, Heav'nly born ! Sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.

Somerville, Chase, 3.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Pope, Universal Prayer.

Mercy is still a virtue, and most priz'd,
When hope of pardon leaves us. *Southerne, Loyal Brother.*

Of all the paths which lead to human bliss,
The most secure and grateful to our steps,
With mercy and humanity is mark'd ;
The sweet-tongued rumour of a gracious deed
Can charm from hostile hands th' uplifted blade,
The gall of anger into milk transform,
And dress the brow of enmity in smiles.

Richard Glover.

MERCY—*continued.*

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do. *Byron, Marino Fal.*

Spider ! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes ;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou should'st eat the flies ;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

*Southey.***MERIT**—*see Beauty, Corruption, Honour.*

The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king. *Sh. Hen. VIII. i. 1.*

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise. *Heath.*

There's a proud modesty in merit ;
Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay
Ten times the gift it asks. *Dryden, Cleomenes.*

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who waits till all commend. *Pope.*

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Pope, Rape of the Lock, v. 34.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own.
Churchill, Ep. to Hogarth, 1.

In this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage ;
So far is worth for making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure. *Young.*

Let high birth triumph ! What can be more great ?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. *Young.*

MERMAID.

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Sh. Mid. N. ii. 2.*

METAPHYSICS.

The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.

Sh. Tam. S. i. 1.

METEOR.

Gone—like a meteor, that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and ere we've said
"Look ! look, how beautiful !"—'tis fled !

T. Moore.

METEOROLOGY.

Careful observance may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.

Swift.

METHODISTS—*see* Dissenters, Hypocrisy, Presbyterians, Puritans, Saints.

He saw an old acquaintance
As he passed by a Methodist meeting ;
She holds a consecrated key,
And the Devil nods her a greeting.
She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt ! my name's Religion !"
And she looked to Mr. _____,
And leered like a love-sick pigeon. *Coleridge, Devil's Walk, XII.*

METRE—*see* Hexameter, Pentameter, Poetry, Rhythm, Verse.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Pope, E. C. II. 344.*
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge, The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.

MIDNIGHT—*see* Night.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time. *Sh. Mid. N. v. 1.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

'Tis midnight :—on the mountains brown

The cold round moon shines deeply down ;

Blue roll the waters, blue the sky

Spreads like an ocean hung on high,

Bespangled with those isles of light,

So wildly, spiritually bright. *Byron, Siege of Corinth, XI.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,

And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

Mrs. Barbauld, A Summer Evening's Meditation.

MIDNIGHT OIL.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Gay, Shepherd and Philosopher.

Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

Pope, Dunciad, l. 94

MILDNESS.

His probity and mildness shows
His care of friends, and scorn of foes.

Addison.

MILITIA—see Soldiers.

Raw in fields the rude Militia swarms;
Mouths without hands: maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

Dryden, Cymon and Iphigenia, 400.

MILTON.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Dryden, Lines under Milton's Picture.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.

Cowper, Table Talk, 557.

MIND—see Apparel, Consolation.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

Spenser, Fairy Queen, vi. 9.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. *Milton, P.L. l. 254.*

To subdue the unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect

Upon all apprehensions; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do,
Impossible! unless souls were alike

In all, which differ now like human faces.

Rowe.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest. *Pope, E.M. Ep. II. 104.*

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

Churchill, Ep. to Hogarth.

MIND—continued.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

Young, N. T. VIII. 923.

Different minds

Incline to different objects ; one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty.

Akenside.

The immortal mind superior to its fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on its own foundation. *Akenside, Plea. of Imagin. II.*

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each. *Goldsmith, Traveller.*

The gaudy glass of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye ; the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind. *Armstrong, Art P. H.*
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way. *Byron, D. J. v. 110.*
The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things. *Joanna Baillie, Rayner, v. 2.*

The mind within me panted after mind,
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,
And in my human heart there was a void,
Which nothing but humanity could fill. *James Montgomery.*

He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By nature's first great title—mind. *Croly, Pericles and Asp.*

MINIATURES.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be.

B. Jonson, Good Life and Long Life.

MIRACLES.

A miracle, with miracles enclosed,
Is man ; and starts his faith at what is strange ?
What less than wonders from the Wonderful ;
What less, than miracles from God can flow ?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme,
That Cause uncaused, all other wonders cease.

Young.

MIRTH—*see* Care, Character, Cheerfulness.

A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest. *Sh. Love's L. L. 7. II. 1.*

More merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed. *Sh. Mid. N. v. 1.*
I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad. *Sh. As Y. L. iv. 1.*

'Tis ever common,

That men are merriest when they are from home.
Sh. Hen. v. i. 2.

And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day. *Sh. Hen. VIII. Prolog.*
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides. *Milton, L' Allegro, 31.*

Come thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing mirth. *Milton, L' Allegro.*

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles. *Milton, L' Allegro, 25.*
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Milton, L' Allegro.*

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. *Milton. L' Allegro.*

Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause ;
But fill up every minute of this day. *Rowe, Fair Pen.*

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun. *Byron.*

O mirth and innocence ! O milk and water !
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter ;
I love you both, and both shall have my praise. *Byron.*

And yet, methinks, the older that one grows,
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, tho' laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after. *Byron, Beppo.*

O ! spirits gay, and kindly heart !
Precious the blessing ye impart. *Joanna Baillie.*

MISCHIEF.

O, mischief! thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! *Sh. Rom. v. 1.*
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*
 He that may hinder mischief,
 And yet permits it, is an accessory. *Freeman, Imperial.*
 As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
 So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief, does it all. *Aaron Hill.*
 When to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill! *Pope, Rape.*

MISERS.

He that toils and labours hard
 To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
 Is from the use of all debarr'd.
 And though he can produce more spankers,
 Than all the usurers and bankers,
 Yet after more and more he hankers;
 And after all his pains are done,
 Has nothing he can call his own,
 But a mere livelihood alone. *Butler, Hudibras.*
 Go, miser! go; for lucre sell thy soul;
 Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,
 That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
 See what a vast estate he left his son. *Dryden.*
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryden.*
 'Tis strange the miser should his care employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy. *Pope, M. E. iv. 1.*
 The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold;
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain. *Pope, Rape of L.*
 The miser true
 Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear
 Of wasting what he heaps. *Harvard.*

MISERS—*continued.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
 And fears to give a farthing to the poor ;
 Proclaims that penury will be his fate !
 And, scowling, looks on Charity with hate. *Peter Pindar.*

Why call the miser miserable ? as
 I said before : the frugal life is his,
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise : a hermit would not miss
 Canonisation for the selfsame cause—
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities !
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial ;
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial. *Byron, D.J. XII. 7.*

MISERY—*see Adversity.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Sh. Temp. II. 2.*

Famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. *Sh. Rom. v. 1.*

Misery is trodden on by many ;
 And, being low, never relieved by any. *Sh. Ven. & Ad. 707.*

I am the centre of all miseries :
 What wander from me, leave their proper places.
Crown, Darius.

I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells ;
 This is her house, where the Sun never dawns ;
 The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof :
 Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
 And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings. *Rowe.*

MISFORTUNE—*see Sorrow.*

What greater ills have the heavens in store,
 To couple coming harms with sorrows past. *Sidney.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 So fast they follow. *Sh. Ham. IV. 7.*

Nothing is a misery,
 Unless our weakness apprehend it so :
 We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,
 In anything that's manly, than to make
 Ill-fortune as contemptible to us
 As it makes us to others.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Honest Man's Fortune.

When one is past, another care we have ;
 Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave. *Herrick, Ap. 287.*

MISFORTUNE—*continued.*

Misfortune brings
 Sorrow enough: 'Tis envy to ourselves,
 To augment it by prediction. *Habington, Queen of Arragon.*
 Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end. *Young, F. of R. i. 226.*
 Who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew
 Himself or his own virtue. *Mallet.*
 Misfortune does not always wait on vice,
 Nor is success the constant guest of virtue. *Havard, Regul.*

MISSAL.

Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
 Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
 Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean aneled too,
 With long and ghostly shanks,—forms which, once seen,
 Could never be forgot. *Wordsworth.*

MISTRESS.

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
 A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures;
 To be a wretched woman for thy leisure,
 To toy and waste an hour of idle time with? *Rowe, Fair Pen.*
 Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
 A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
 The peace of innocence and pride of virtue?
 My prodigality has given thee all,
 And, now I've nothing left me to bestow,
 You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made. *Ib. Fair Pen.*

MISTRUST—*see Candour, Doubt.*

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing dangers; as by proof we see
 The waters swell before a boisterous storm. *Sh. Ric. III. II. 3.*

MOB—*see Demagogues, Multitude, Populace, Rabble.*

Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels gent,
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
 And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
 Without respect of person or of port. *Spencer, F. Q. 3. xi. 46.*
 You have many enémies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. *Sh. Hen. VIII. II. 4.*

MOB—*continued.*

What would you have, you curs,
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. *Sh. Coriol. i. 1.*

They praise, and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise? *Milt. P. R. III. 50.*
 And since the rabble now is ours,
 Keep the fools hot, preach dangers in their ears;
 Spread false reports o' the Senate; working up
 Their madness to a fury quick and desperate;
 'Till they run headlong into civil discords,
 And do our business with their own destruction.

The scum *Otway, Caius Martius.*
 That rises upmost, when the nation boils. *Dryden, Don. Seb.*
 The captain of the rabble issu'd out
 With a black shirtless train: each was an host;
 A million strong of vermin, every villain
 No part of government, but lords of anarchy,
 Chaos of power, and privileg'd destruction;
 Outlaws of Nature! yet the great must use 'em
 Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult. *Dryden, Don. Seb.*
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide. *Dryden.*

Some popular chief,
 More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
 And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;
 The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd:
 And one and all's the word: true cocks o' th' game!
 They never ask for what, or whom they fight,
 But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe,
 Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel. *Dryden, Span. Friar.*
 All upstarts, insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race. *Gay, Fable i. 14.*

And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
 Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
 And loudest shouts when lowest lie
 Exalted worth and station high. *Scott, Rokeby, vi. 26.*

MOB—*continued.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king! *Scott, Lady of L. v. 30.*
 'Tis ever thus: indulgence spoils the base;
 Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,
 Like noxious vapours from the fulsome marsh
 When morning shines upon it. *Joa. Baillie, Basil, II. 3.*

MODERATION.

I'd have you sober and contain yourself,
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But mod'rate your expenses now, at first,
 As you may keep the same proportion still. *Ben Jonson.*
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While tories call me whig, and whigs a tory.

MODESTY—*see Beauty.* *Pope, Imit. of Horace, I. 2. 67.*

It is the witness still of excellency,
 To put a strange face on his own perfection. *Sh. M. Ado, II. 3.*
 Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

Sh. Hen. VI. 3, III. 2.

The blushing beauties of a modest maid. *Dryden, Ovid.*

The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties while she hides, reveals;
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was. *E. Moore, Spider & Bee, 19.*

That modest grace subdued my soul,
 That chastity of look which seems to hang
 A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
 And by forbidding most inflames desire. *Young.*

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. *Fielding, Tom Th. I. 2.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 329.

MONEY—*see Avarice, Corruption, Gold, Income, Love, Riches.*

If money go before, all ways lie open. *Sh. Mer. W. II. 2.*

Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults
 Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Ib. III. 4.*

MONEY—continued.

- Their love
 Lies in their purses ; and whose empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 2.*
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench. *Sh. Timon, IV. 3.*
 Get money ; still get money, boy ;
 No matter by what means. *Ben Jonson, Every M. in his H. II. 3.*
 That I might live alone once with my gold.
 O, 'tis a sweet companion ! kind and true :
 A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
 Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
 That which makes all men false, is true itself.
Ben Jonson, His Case is altered.
 When all birds else do of their music fail,
 Money's the still sweet nightingale. *Herrick, Aph. 133.*
 Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologic sense. *Butler, Hud. 2, I. 441.*
 For what is worth in anything,
 But so much money as 'twill bring ? *Butler, Hud. 2, I. 465.*
 Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
 How debts and mortgages enchant !
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from execution save !
 What charms, that can reverse extent,
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from scire facias. *Butler, Hud. 3, I. 1031.*
 'Tis true we've money, th' only power
 That all mankind falls down before. *Butler, 3, II. 1327.*
 How melancholy are my poor breeches ; not one chink ?
Farguhar, Twin Rivals. I.
 Trade it may help, society extend,
 But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend :
 It raises armies in a nation's aid,
 But bribes a senate, and a land's betray'd. *Pope, M. E. III. 29.*
 Get place and wealth, if possible with grace ;
 If not, by any means get wealth and place.
Pope, Imit. Hor. I. 1103.
 My friend, get money ; get a large estate
 By honest means, but get—at any rate. *Francis, Hor. I. 193.*

MONEY—*continued.*

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.

Byron, D. J. x. 79.

MONTHS.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February hath twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty and one,
Except in leap-year, then's the time.
When February's days are twenty-nine. *Moore's Almanack.*

MONUMENT.

Where London's column, pointing to the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Pope, M. E. III. 339.*

MOON—*see* Night.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Sh. Ham. I. 3.

That silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes
Have passed beneath her placid eye,
Since first to light this wayward earth
She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth.

Donne.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon
Riding in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Milton, P. L. iv. 605.*

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring tide, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest. *Butler, Hud. 3, I. 1321.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Addison, Ode.

MOON—*continued.*

The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.

Otway, Caius Martius.

The moon enchants the watery world below,
Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb and flow. *Lee.*

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts through all the skies. *Pope.*

So when the sun's broad beams have tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserved, the glaring orb declines. *Pope.*

Meanwhile the moon,
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson east,
Turn'd to the sun, directs her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as oblique tubes descry
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day. *Thomson, Summer*

The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her chaste, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature: there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while. *Byron, D. J. i. 113.*

The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor which is not repose. *Byron, D. J. i. 114.*

The moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
That lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade. *Southey, Madoc.*

MOON—*continued.*

How like a queen comes forth the lovely moon
 From the slow opening curtains of the clouds ;
 Walking in beauty to her midnight throne !
 The stars are veil'd in light : the ocean-floods,
 And the ten thousand streams, the boundless woods,
 The trackless wilderness, the mountain's brow,
 Where winter on eternal pinions broods,
 All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom below,
 Touch'd by thy smile, lone moon ! in one wild splendour glow.

MORALITY.

I find the doctors and the sages
 Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
 And two in fifty scarce agree
 On what is pure morality.

*Croly.**T. Moore.***MORNING**—*see Dawn.*

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

Sh. Hen. VI. III. 2, 1.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Sh. Ham. I. 1.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Sh. Son. 33.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Sh. Venus and Adonis, 143.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds.

Milton, P. L. IV. 642.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl

Milton, P. L. V. 1.

MORNING—continued.

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 29.*

Behold what streaks
Of light embroider all the cloudy east:
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
Upon the mountain-top sits gaily dress'd,
While all the birds bring music to his levee. *Otway.*

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson:
The flowers more od'rous seem; the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness;
All nature smiles, and the whole world is pleased. *Lee, Cass. Bor.*

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks,
As if the sun were listless to appear,
And dark designs hung heavy on the day. *Dryden, Duke of G.*

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes the azure sky;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day. *Parnell, Her.*

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Yet stretch'd around to melt the bending sphere.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale *Thomson, Summer.*
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. *Akenside, Pl. Im.*

Now mighty nature bounds us from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream. *Byron, Lara.*
Night wanes—the vapours, round the mountains curl'd,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world. *Byron, Lara.*

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day. *Byron, Ch. Har. III. 98.*

MORNING—*continued.*

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,
Rides through rejoicing heavens. *Southey, Thalaba.*

Day glimmered in the east, and the white moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky. *Rogers, Italy.*

MORTALITY—*see Life.*

All, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapour, vanish and decay. *Spenser, Ruins of Time.*

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And, after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay. *Sh. K. John, v. 7.*

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care. *Dryden.*

Who breathes must suffer ; and who thinks, must mourn ;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.
To contemplation's sober eye, *Prior, Solomon, III. 240.*

Such is the race of man ;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began,
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day. *Gray, Ode on the Spring.*

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. *Pope, E. M. III. 19.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves.
Young N. T. I. 424.

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.
Johnson, Van. Hum. Wishes, 317.

'Tis a stern and a startling thing to think
How oft mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving ;
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that life
Is dying, and death is living ! *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

MORTALITY—*continued.*

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
 With which I charge my page!
 A worm is in the bud of youth,
 And at the root of age. *Cowper, on the Bills of Mortality.*

All that's bright must fade—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest. *T. Moore, Nat. Aims.*

Roses bloom, and then they wither,
 Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
 Shapes of light are wafted hither,
 Then like visions hurry by. *J. G. Percival, (Am.).*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there!
 There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair. *Longfellow, Resignation.*

MOTHER—*see Affection, Parents, Sons.*

There is a sight all hearts beguiling—
 A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
 Who with spread arms and dancing feet,
 And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
Baillie, Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie.

A mother's love—how sweet the name!
 What is a mother's love?
 —A noble, pure, and tender flame,
 Enkindled from above,
 To bless a heart of earthly mould;
 The warmest love that can grow cold;
 This is a mother's love. *James Montgomery.*

Ah! bless'd are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,
 That faithful and unalter'd love remains:
 Who, life wreck'd round them, hunted from their rest,
 And by all else forsaken or distress'd,
 Claim in one heart, their sanctuary and shrine,
 As I, my mother, claim'd my place in thine! *Mrs. Norton.*
 There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
 For her new-born babe beside her lies;
 Oh, heaven of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
 With the rapture a mother only knows! *Henry Ware, Jr. (Am.).*

MOTIVES.

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable; to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. *Sh. Macb. iv. 2.*

MOUNTAINS—*see* Alps, Enmity.

Mountains have fallen,
 Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
 Rocking their Alpine brethren ; filling up
 The ripe green vallies with destruction's splinters ;
 Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
 Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
 Their fountains find another channel. *Byron, Manfred.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains :
 They crown'd him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow,
 Around his waist are forests brac'd,
 The Avalanche in his hand. *Byron, Manfred.*

He who first met the highland's swelling blue,
 Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue ;
 Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace. *Byron, Island.*

MOUNTEBANK.

All his ingredients
 Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
 Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
 A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle :
 I know them to a dram. *Ben Jonson, Volpone.*

MOURNING—*see* Funeral, Widows.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead ;
 Excessive grief the enemy to the living. *Sh. All's W. 1. 1.*
 Do not for ever, with thy veiled lids,
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;
 Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that live, must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity. *Sh Ham. 1. 2.*

We must all die !

All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well : and can that man that does so
 Need lamentation for him ? *Beaumont and Fletch. Valentinian.*

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate ;
 Awhile with drooping wings she mourns his fate ;
 But time the rueful image wears away,
 Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day. *Gay.*

Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plumes of ostrich crown'd ?
 No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain ;
 It only serves to prove the living vain. *Gay, Trivia.*

MOURNING—*continued.*

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. *Young, N. T. iv. 676.*

O, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling !
O, very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles ! *Hood, Haunted House.*

MOUTHING—*see* Oratory.

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.
Churchill, Rosciad, 322.

MULTITUDE—*see* Mob, Populace.

The multitude unaw'd is insolent ;
Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain. *Mallet, Mustapha.*

MURDER—*see* War.

Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature. *Sh. Macb. iii. 4.*

Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. *Sh. Ham. i. 5.*

Murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*

Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Ib. ii. 2.*

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd
Assassination. *Cibber, Cæsar in Egypt.*

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime. *Dryden, Cock & Fox.*

Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies :
The gods on murd'ers fix revengeful eyes.

MUSE—*see* Poetry. *Chapman, Widow's Tears.*

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention. *Sh. Hen. v. i. Cho.*

MUSES, THE NINE.

Calliope the deeds of heroes sings ;
Great Clio sweeps to history the strings ;
Enterpe teaches mimes their silent show ;
Melpomene presides o'er scenes of woe ;

MUSES—*continued.*

Terpsichore the flute's soft power displays ;
And Erato gives hymns the gods to praise ;
Polymnia inspires melodious strains ;
Urania, wise, the starry course explains ;
And gay Thalia's glass points out where folly reigns.

Rollin, Arts and Sciences.

MUSIC—*see Bells, Discord, Singing.*

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die,—
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall ;
O, it came o'er my ear ilke the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Sh. T. Ni. I. 1.

Give me some music ; music moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 5.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :

Let no such man be trusted.

Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones ;
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Sh. Two G. III. 2.

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Sh. Rom. iv. 5.

For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden ;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.

Butler, Hud. 1, II. 121.

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

Herrick, Aph. 273.

MUSIC—continued.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence. *Milton, Comus, 244.*

Music can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love;
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art. *Addison.*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak;
 I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
 And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
Congreve, Mourning Bride, 1. 1.

Music's force can tame the furious beast;
 Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
 His rage; the lion drop his crested main
 Attentive to the song. *Prior, Solomon.*

Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
 Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me.
 There's sure no passion in the human soul,
 But finds its food in music. *Lillo, Fatal Curiosity.*

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs. *Pope, St. Cecilia's Day.*

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm.
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above. *Pope, St. Cecilia's Day.*

Music resembles poetry; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. *Pope, E. C. 1. 143.*

Some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. *Pope, E. C. 342.*

MUSIC—continued.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid ! *Collins, Passions, 95.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies. *Cowper, Task, vi.1.*

He hears, alas ! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling. *Byron, D. J.*

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears ;
There earth is but an echo of the spheres. *Byron, D.J. xv. 5.*

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto. *Byron, Beppo, 32.*

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay ;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love. *James Hogg.*

" This must be the music," said he, " of the spears,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one !"
Moore's Fudge Family, 5.

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are even more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray. *Thos. Moore.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before. *Rogers, Human Life.*

Music, the tender child of rudest times,
The gentle native of all lands and climes ;
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

MUSIC—*continued.*

See to the desk Apollo's sons repair :—
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair ;
 In unison their various tones to tune,
 Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;
 In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute ;
 Twang goes the harpsichord, too-too, the flute ;
 Brays the loud trumpet ; squeaks the fiddle sharp :
 Winds the French-horn ; and twangs the tingling harp.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief, *Rejected Addresses.*
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison and of plague. *Armstrong, A.P.H.*

MUTABILITY—*see Age, Mortality, Vicissitude.*

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
 And after summer, ever more succeeds
 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold ;
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. *Sh. H. VI. 2, II. 4.*
 The flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow dies ;
 All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts, and then flies :
 What is this world's delight ?
 Lightning, that mocks the night,
 Brief even, as bright.

Shelley.

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
 At every little breath misfortune blows ;
 'Till left quite naked of their happiness,
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire ;
 This is the common lot.

Young.

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
 Sense and light are fleeting fast ;
 Time and tide must flow together,
 Life and death will soon be past.

*J. Montgomery.***MYRTLE.**

The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
 Consigned to Venus by Melissa's hand),
 In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
 The myrtle crowns the happy lover's heads,
 Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.—
 Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

Dr. Johnson, on a Sprig presented to a Gentleman.

NAME—*see* Cottle, Detraction, Fame.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
With care transmit them down to other hands. *Shirley.*

What's in the name of lord, that I should fear
To bring my grievance to the public ear? *Churchill.*

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked. *Cowper. Task, VI. 101.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Campbell, P. H. II. 5.*

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust. *Southey.*

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.
Wordsworth, Sonnet.

Oh never breathe a lost one's name
To those who call'd that name their own;
It only stirs the smouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel stone. *Eliza Cook.*

NAPOLEON.

Where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones?
Byron, Age of Bronze, III. 49.

NATURE—*see* God.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! *Sh. Wint. Tale, I. 2.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Sh. Troil, III. 3.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature! *Sh. Camb. III. 3.*

NATURE—continued.

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man. *Aleyn, Crescy.*

Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.
Massinger, Parliament of Love, v.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. *Milton, P. L. v. 511.*

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow ;
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.
Dryden, Annus Mirabilis.

From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws—
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause. *Prior.*

How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains! *Ib. Solomon, b. 1.*

Nature in her productions, slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height. *Somerville, Chase.*

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot ;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare. *Pope, M. E. iv. 47.*

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise. *Pope, E. M. i. 13.*

Lo! the poor Indian—whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hills, a humbler heav'n. *Ib. i. 99.*

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same ;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art. *Pope, E. C. 58.*

NATURE—*continued.*

He who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxim draws.

Gay, Fable.

Each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank which, lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.

Thomson.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeeful year;
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! *Ib. Winter, 106.*

Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we found
One contradiction? the continual sport
Of fighting powers? Oh! wherefore hast thou sown
Such war within us, such unequal conflict,
Between stern reason and impetuous passion? *Thomson, Ag. i. 1.*

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? *Thomson, Spring, 465.*

The liberal hand of Nature
Has not created us, nor any nation,
Beneath the blessed canopy of heaven,
Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
Their native virtues and their Maker's bounty. *Thomson.*

Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor;,
Who lives to fancy never can be rich. *Young, N. T. vi.*

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few. *Ib. Love of Fame, v.*

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower:
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes. *Cowper, Reti.*

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art,
But Nature's works far lovelier. *Cowper, Task, i. 429.*

NATURE—*continued.*

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
 Nor was perfection made for man below.
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plan'd,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Beattie, Minstrel.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest notion
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
 Earth, air, stars,—all that spring from the great whole,
 Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

Byron, D. J. III. 120.

I heard the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn from the alder bough ;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I brought not home the river and sky ;—
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

Emerson.

NAVIGATION.

Rude as their ships was navigation then,
 No useful compass or meridian known ;
 Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
 And knew no North but when the pole-star shone. *Dryden.*

NECESSITY.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*

The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. *Sh. Lear, III. 2.*

He must needs go that the devil drives. *Sh. All's W. I. 3.*

Spirit of nature ! all suffering power,
 Necessity ! thou mother of the world ! *Shelley, Q. Mab. vi.*

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Milton, P. L. IV. 803.

NECESSITY—*continued.*

'Tis necessity
 To which the gods must yield ; and I obey,
 Till I redeem it by some glorious way. *Beau. & Fl. False One.*
 When fear admits no hope of safety, then
 Necessity makes dastards valiant men. *Herrick, Aph.* 320.
 Strong as necessity he starts away,
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day. *Savage.*

NECROMANCY.

'Tis said that words and signs have power
 O'er spirits in planetary hour ;
 But scarce I praise their venturous part
 Who tamper with such dangerous art. *Sir W. Scott.*

NECTAR.

One sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. *Milton, Com.* 813.

NEGLECT—*see* Absence.

In this perverted age,
 Who most deserves can't always most engage ;
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it should procure. *Young.*
 Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. *Gray, Elegy,* 14.

NETTLE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains ;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.
 'Tis the same with common natures,
 Use 'em kindly, they rebel,
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues obey you well. *Aaron Hill, (Eleg. Extracts.)*

NEWS, NEWSMAN, NEWSPAPERS.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend. *Sh. Hen. iv.* 2, 1, 1.
 Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves, when they are felt. *Sh. Ant. Cleop.* 11, 5.

NEWS, NEWSMAN, NEWSPAPERS—*continued.*

With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. III. 7.*

Evil news rides post, while good news baits.
Milton, Sam. Ag. 1538.

The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open ; some
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd. *Dryden, Sp. Fr.*

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy. *Cowper, Task, IV. 12.*

This folio of four pages, happy work !
Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break. *Ib. IV. 51.*

Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day ;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks.
Charles Sprague, (Am.) Curiosity.

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run ;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh ;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crone that's gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town ;
Lively or sad, life's meanest mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings. *Ib.*

The word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters tell whence cometh news :
From North, East, West, and South, solution's made ;
Each quarter gives account of war and trade. *Anon.*

NEWTON.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape. *Pope, E. M. II. 31.*

NEWTON—*continued.*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Pope, Epitaph intended for Sir Is. Newton.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. *Thomson, To Mem. of Sir Is. Newton.*

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."

Byron, D. J. VII. 5.

NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Mrs. Sigourney.

NIGHT—*see Bed, Dawn, Evening, Midnight, Moon.*

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night!
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep;
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty.

Marlowe, Lust's Dominion.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone,
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Sh. Mid. N. v. 2.

Now o'er one-half the world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder.
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Sh. Macb. II. 1.

NIGHT—continued.

There's husbandry in heaven ;
 Their candles are all out. *Sh. Macb. II. 1.*

When the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders and in outrage bloody here. *Sh. Rich. II. III. 2.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And by the bright track of his golden car,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. *Sh. Ric. III. v. 3.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to the world. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

O comfort-killing night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 Vast, sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind, muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
 With close-tongued treason and the ravisher ! *Sh. R. of Luc. 1.*

Stones of small worth may be unseen by day,
 But night itself does the rich gem betray. *Cowley.*

When night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Milton, P. L. I. 500.*

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round. *Ib. ix. 48.*

Now began
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
 The desert ; fowls in their clay-nests were couch'd,
 And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
Milton, P. R. I. 499.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind. *Butler, Hud. 3, I. 1349.*

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain
 And luxury more late, asleep were laid :
 All was the night's ; and in her silent reign
 No sound the rest of nature did invade. *Dryden, An. Mirab.*

NIGHT—*continued.*

All things are hush'd, as nature's self were dead ;
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat :
 Even lust and envy sleep. *Dryden, Indian Emperor.*

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey :
 Nature in silence bade the world repose. *Parnell, Hermit.*

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
 The busy craftsmen, and o'er-labour'd hind
 Forget the travail of the day in sleep :
 Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness ;
 With meagre discontented looks they sit,
 And watch the wasting of the midnight taper. *Rowe, J. Shore.*

The sun was set ; the night came on apace,
 And falling dews bewet around the place ;
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings. *Gay, Shep. Week.*
 Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light ;
 And drew behind the cloudy vale of night. *Pope, Il. VIII. 605.*

The night was dark and still ; a heavier gloom
 Ne'er cover'd earth. In low'ring clouds the stars
 Were muffled deep, and not one ray below. *Thomson.*

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?

'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,

And looks, like other objects, black by night ;

By night an atheist half-believes a God. *Young, N. T. v. 171.*

How like a widow in her weeds, the night,

Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits !

How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps

Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene. *Young, N. T. ix.*

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man ;

Man, turning from his God, brings endless night. *Ib. ix. 2011.*

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.

Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !

Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;

Creation sleeps ! 'tis as the gen'ral pulse

Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,

An awful pause ! prophetic of her end. *Young, N. T. i.*

NIGHT—*continued.*

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;
 The conscious moon, through every distant age,
 Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
 On contemplation's eye her purging ray. *Young, N.T. v.177.*

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there
 Secure that nought of evil could delight
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night ! *Byron, Lara.*

The night
 Shows stars and women in a better light. *Id. D. J. II. 152.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
 I linger yet with nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learn'd the language of another world. *Id. Manfred, III. 4.*

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of Heaven :
 In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths ;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night ! *Southey, Thalaba, 1.*

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
 That soothes the wearied mind ;
 The labour'd day's restoring balm,
 The comfort of mankind. *Leigh Hunt.*

Another day is added to the map
 Of buried ages. Lo ! the beauteous moon,
 Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad
 With the full flock of stars, that roam around
 The azure meads of heaven. *Robert Montgomery.*

NIGHTINGALE—*see Evening.*

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Sh. M. of Ven. v.1.*

NIGHTINGALE—*continued.*

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy ! *Milton, Il Pen. 61.*

O nightingale, that on yon blooming spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill. *Ib. Son. i. 1.*
So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence ;
But she supplies the night with mournful strains;
And melancholy music fills the plains. *Dryden.*

The melancholy Philomel,
Thus perch'd all night alone in shady groves,
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of love,
Making her life one great harmonious woe.
Southerne, Disappointment.

To the poplar shade
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night ; and on the bough
Sole sitting, still, at every dying fall,
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. *Thomson, Sp. 719.*

NO.

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place ;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Cloth'd with sceptic grace.
Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out ;
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.
For be sure our hearts would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with " No." *Eliza Cook.*

NOBILITY, NOBLENESS—*see* Ancestry, Honour, Pedigree.

Born with as much nobility as would,
Divided, serve to make ten noblemen,
Without a herald ; but with so much spirit,
And height of soul, as well might furnish twenty. *Shirley.*
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke ? *Swift.*

NOBILITY, NOBLENES—*continued.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?
Thomson, Coriolanus, III. 3.

Shall I uncovered stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant?
Churchill, Independence, 277.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self-destroy'd her favourite son!
Byron, English Bards, on Kirke White.

Fond man! though all the honours of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility!
Gifford, Juvenal.

How shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race;
Who seek to shine by borrow'd lights alone,
Nor with their fathers' glories blend their own? *Ib. Juvenal.*
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord J. Manners, England's Trust, III. 227.

NONJURORS—*see Dissenters, Methodists, Puritans.*

Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our surest best foundation strike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike.

NONSENSE.

Rowe, Prol. to the Non-jurors.

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it;
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to anything may screw.

Butler, Sat. 2 on the Abuse of Hum. Learning.

Daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit. *Ib. Mod. Crit.*
A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.
Byron.

NORTH.

Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Pope, E. M. II. 222.

NOTHING.

Nothing is new ; we walk where others went :
There's no vice now but has its precedent. *Herrick, Aph.* 213.

Nothing, thou elder brother ev'n to shade !
Thou had'st a being ere the world was made,
And, well-fixed, art alone of ending not afraid. *Rochester.*

Narcissus is the glory of his race ;
For who does nothing with a better grace ?

NOTING.

Young, Love of Fame, Sat. iv. 85.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book. *Sh. Mer. W.* i. 1.

NOVELS—see Books.

A novel was a book
Three volumed, and once read, and oft cramm'd full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page ;
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature ; with itself and truth at war ;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness. *Pollok, C. of Time.*

NOVELTIES—see Customs, Fashion, Fickleness.

All with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past.
Old men love novelties ; the last arrived *Sh. Troil.* iii. 3.
Still pleases best, the youngest steals their smiles. *Young.*
Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind ;
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home. *Foote.*

NUN—see Celibacy, Maidenhood.

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether you can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed ;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage. *Sh. Mid. N.* i. 1.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combin'd with vanity and shame ;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall. *Scott, Marmion,* ii. 3.

OAK.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state ; and in three more decays.

Dryden, Palæmon and Arcite, 1058.

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood ;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.

Churchill, Gotham, l. 303.

OATHS.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth ;
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. *Sh. All's W. IV. 2.*

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. *Sh. Hen. VI. 2, v. 1.*

To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter. *Ib. 3, v. 1.*

The vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing. *Ib. Cymb. II. 4.*

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

Sh. Peric. I. 2.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. *Sh. Troil. v. 3.*

Oaths were not purpos'd more than law
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 197.*

For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow ;
And he that made and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 273.*

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it :
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 377.*

The breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue ; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence,
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word. *Ib. Hud. 2, II. 133*

OATHS—*continued.*

And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best secur'ty. *Butler, Hud. 3, i. 203.*

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes. *Butler, Hud. 3, i. 1281.*

Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble instruments to bind. *Butler, Hud. 2, ii. 107.*

It's a hard world, neighbours,
If a man's oath must be his master. *Dryden.*

Weigh well what you presume to swear!
Oaths are of dreadful weight! and if they're false,
Draw down damnation. *Savage.*

An oath is a recognizance to Heaven,
Binding us over in the courts above
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That those who 'scape this world should suffer there.
Southerne, Oroonoko,

Jack was embarrassed—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore. *Byron, Island, iii. 5.*

OBEDIENCE—*see Courtiers.*

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees. *Sh. Hen. v. i. 2.*

Let them obey that know not how to rule. *Sh. Hen. vi. 2, v. 1.*
I shall in all my best obey you, madam. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*

Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand. *Milton, P. L. v. 519.*
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise. *Ib. vi. 636.*

Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit. *Butler, Hud. 2, ii. 3.*

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd;
He is content who to obey has learn'd. *Sir E. Brydges.*

OBSCURITY—*see Neglect.*

You are not for obscurity design'd,
But, like the sun, should cheer all human kind. *Dryden.*

OBSCURITY—*continued.*

The obscure on earth are oft the famed in heaven,
R. Montgomery.

OBSEQUIOUSNESS—*see Humility.*

Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
 And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
 But from a crowd can single out his grace,
 And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace. *Churchill.*
 He would not with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes,—presumes it may be so.
Cowper, Conversation.

OBSERVATION.

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake. *Pope, M.E.I. 11.*
 Let observation, with extended view,
 Survey mankind from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life,
Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, 1.

OBSTINACY—*see Fickleness, Vagabond.*

You may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or, by oath remove, or counsel shake,
 The fabric of his folly. *Sh. Wint. T. I. 2.*
 Fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief. *Butler, 3, II. 481.*

OCEAN.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the English make it their abode;
 Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,
 And make cov'nant with the inconstant sky. *Waller.*
 Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
 Wide opening and loud roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life! *Young, N. T.*

How happy they,
 Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
 Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
Byron, Island, II. 1.

OCEAN—*continued.*

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Byron, Ch. H. iv. 179.

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
 Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep. *Byron, D. J. II. 103.*

Oh ! how he listened to the rushing deep,
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep ;
 And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
 Rous'd by the roar of his own element ! *Byron, Corsair, 3.*

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
 Dark-heaving :—boundless, endless, and sublime,
 Th' image of eternity, the throne
 Of th' Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
 And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 184.*

Thou glorious sea ! more pleasing far
 When all thy waters are at rest,
 And noonday sun or midnight star
 Is shining on thy waveless breast.
 Yet is the very tempest dear,
 Whose mighty voice but tells of thee ;
 For wild or calm, or far or near,
 I love thee still, thou glorious sea !

Mrs. Hemans.

ODD FELLOWS.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Sh. M. of V. i. 1*

ODDS.

But one against a multitude

Is more than mortal can make good. *Butler, Hud. 1, III. 73.*

OFFENCE, OFFENDING—*see* Cause and Effect, Exculpation

Well you know, we of th' offending side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament ;

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, IV. 1.*

In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear its comment.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds, *Sh. Jul. C. IV. 3.*

And dotage terms so. *Sh. Lear, II. 4.*

My offence is rank, it smells to heaven. *Sh. Ham. III. 3.*

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear ;

None please the fancy who offend the ear.

Garth, Dispensary, IV. 204.

At every trifle scorn to take offence ;

That always shows great pride, or little sense. *Pope, E. C. 386.*

Be not too ready to condemn

The wrongs thy brothers may have done ;

Ere ye too harshly censure them

For human faults, ask—"Have I none?" *Eliza Cook.*

OFFICE—*see* Ambition, Favour, Patronage.

You, yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm :

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers. *Sh. Jul. C. IV. 2.*

To hold a place

In council, which was once esteem'd a honour.

And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost

Lustre and reputation, and is made

A mercenary purchase. *Massinger.*

Here and there some stern, high patriot stood,

Who could not get the place for which he sued.

Byron, D. J. XIII. 70.

OLD AGE—*see* Age, Care.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,

And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight ;

My head besprent with hoary frost I find,

And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright ;

Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past ;

No sun now shines, clouds have all over-cast. *Spenser.*

OLD AGE—*continued.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility :
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.

Sh. As Y. L. II. 3.

Let me not live, quoth he,
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain : whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garments : whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions.

Sh. All's W. I. 2.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
 All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
 Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Sh. Com. Er. v. 1.

I have not that alacrity of spirit
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. *Sh. Ric. III. v. 3.*

'Tis our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age,
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
 Unburden'd crawl towards death.

Sh. Lear, I. 1.

Beshrew my jealousy !
 It seems it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion.

Sh. Ham. II. 1.

Here is one that wishes to live longer ;
 Feels not his gout, nor palsy ; feigns himself
 by scores of years ; flatters his age
 With confident belying, with hopes he may
 With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored :
 And with those thoughts so battens, as if fate
 Would be as easily cheated on as he.

Ben Jonson.

We yet may see the old man in a morning,
 Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
 And there pursue the chace, as if he meant
 To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again. *Otway, Orph.*

OLD AGE—*continued.*

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again. *Denham.*

These are the effects of doting age,—
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution. *Dryden, D. Seb.*

Old age, a second child, by nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains ; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death. *Churchill, Gotham, 1.*

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows ;
Till left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot. *Young.*

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon. *Young.*

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone. *Byron.*

There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age. *Byron.*

OMENS.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign !
The night-crow cried, foreboding luckless time ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sung. *Sh. H. VI. 3, v. 6.*
The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call ;
And thrice the raven flapp'd his wing,
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall. *Mickle.*

OPINIATIVENESS—*see Conceit.*

Nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinionator. *Butler, Miscel. Thoughts.*

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men ; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soever they're design'd to go. *Butler, Ib.*

OPINION—*see* Argument.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man. *Sh. Peric. II. 2.*

Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe
To the virtuous, the only friend to
Undeserving persons. *Chapman, Widow's Tears.*

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be b' a dog glad to be led,
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion. *Butler, Miscel. Thoughts.*

We all, my lords, have err'd,
Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.
Thomson, Tancred and Sigismunda, II. 4.
He lov'd his kind, but sought the love of few,
And valued old opinions more than new. *Park Benjamin, (Am.)*

How much there is self-will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
Of "what will my neighbours say?" *Eliza Cook.*

Opinion ! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks. *Lloyd, The Poet, 55.*

OPPORTUNITY—*see* Activity, Decision, Promptitude, Temptation

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star ; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. *Sh. Temp. I. 2.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds.
Make deeds ill done. *Sh. K. John, IV. 2.*

The means that heav'n yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not heaven's offer, we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress. *Sh. Ric. II. III. 2.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. *Sh. H. VI. 3. IV. 8.*

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay. *Id. H. IV. 1, III. 2.*

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 7.*

OPPORTUNITY—*continued.*

O opportunity ! thy guilt is great :

'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.

Sh. Rape of Lucrece, 126.

Opportunity to statesmen, is like
Heat to chemists ; it perfects the work.

Suckling, Brennoralt.

Accursed opportunity,
That work'st our thoughts into desires ; desires
To resolutions ; and these being ripe and quicken'd,
Thou giv'st them birth, and bring'st them forth to action.

Denham, Sophy.

Thou strong seducer, Opportunity !
Of womankind, half are undone by thee. *Dryd. Conq. Gran.*

Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

Wordsworth.

OPPRESSION—*see Aggression, Conduct, Compassion, Tyranny.*

Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct them.

Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.

Hear this, ye senates, hear this truth sublime,
He who allows oppression, shares the crime.

Darwin, Botanical Monitor.

ORATORY—*see Argument, Counsel, Eloquence, Rhetoric.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. *Milton, P. R. iv. 267.*

And 'tis remarkable, that they,
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead their causes down to worse :
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Prior, Alma, II.

Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords.

Pope, Im. of Horace, Ep. 1, vi. 48.

ORATORY—*continued.*

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck. *Peter Pindar.*

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole."

Byron, D. J. i. 17.

Proud of his 'hear hims,' proud too of his vote

And last virginity of oratory,

Proud of his learning (just enough to quote).

He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory :

With mem'ry excellent to get by rote,

With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,

Grac'd with some merit and with more effrontery,

'His country's pride,' he came down to the country. *Ib. xiii. 91.*

ORDER.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order. *Sh. Troil. & Cres. i. 3.*

All things within it

Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,

As it shows wit had married order.

Ben Jonson.

Order is heav'n's first law ; and this confess'd,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence

That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Pope, E. M. iv. 49.

Where order in variety we see,

And where, though all things differ, all agree. *Ib. W. For. 15.*

Order, thou eye of action ! wanting thee,

Wisdom works hoodwink'd in perplexity ;

Entangled reason trips at every pace,

And truth, bespotted, puts on error's face.

Aaron Hill.

ORIGINAL SIN.

Drudgery and knowledge are of a kin,

And both descended from one parent sin.

Butler, Satire on Gaming.

ORNAMENT—*see Law, Religion.*

Ornament is but the guil'd shore

To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty : in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest.

Sh. M. of Ven. iii. 2.

ORNAMENT—*continued.*

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. *Sh. M. of V.* III. 2.

Ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;* in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. *Sh. M. of V.* III. 2.

ORTHODOXY—*see* Clerical Stipend.

He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Butler, Hud.* 1, 1. 192.
What's orthodox, and true believing,
Against a conscience?—a good living. *Butler, Hud.* III. 1, 1273.

OUTCAST.

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still, flagitious, yet not great. *Pope.*

OUTLAW.

He that is drunken
Is outlawed by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
Herbert, Temple of the Church Porch, 31.

* Sir Thos. Hanmer reads: *Dowdy.*

PAIN—*see* Death.

All delights are vain : but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

Sh. L. L. L. i. 1.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing.

Sh. R. of Luc. 48.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life :
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience.

Milton, P. L. i. 459.

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain. *Thomson.*

Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain. *Hannah More.*

Pain, thou sole perfect thing to earth assign'd,
The body take, but spare, oh, spare the mind !
Wreck'd on thy rocks, or on thy billows tost,
Oh, save the compass, though the bark be lost !
Here reason's self not without fear presides,
And, like the needle, trembles while she guides. *Cotton.*

Again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow. *Byron.*

PAINTER, PAINTING—*see* Art.

Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook ;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Sh. Tam. S. act II. Introduction.

Painting is welcome !
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside ; pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. *Sh. Timon, i. 1.*

A flattering painter who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Goldsmith, Retaliation, 63.

PALENESS—see Love.

A cheek, whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray. *Byron, Prisoner of Chillon.*

PAPER MONEY.

Bless'd paper credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly ;
 Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings :
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore :
 A leaf, like Sybil's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow.
Pope, M. E. III. 39.

PARALLEL.

None but himself can be his parallel.
Theobald, Double Falsehood.

PARASITE.

Live loath'd and long ;
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks !
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er. *Sh. Timon. III. 6.*

PARDON—see Mercy.

I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Sh. M. for M. II. 2.

The prince that pardons
 The first affront offered to majesty,
 Invites a second, rendering that power
 Subjects should tremble at, contemptible. *Massinger.*

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,
 The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.
Denham, On Justice, 81.

Can you forgive the sallies of my passion ?
 For I have been to blame ; oh ! much to blame ;
 Have said such words, nay, done such actions too,
 Base as I am, that my aw'd conscious soul
 Sinks in my breast ; nor dare I lift an eye
 On him I have offended. *Dryden, Troil. & Cress.*

PARENTAL AFFECTION, PARENTS—*see* Daughter, Child.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young :
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 Which sometimes they have used with fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

Sh. Hen. VI. 3, II. 2.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;
 With them, though for a truth, do not contend :
 Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
 The truth awhile, than lose their love for ever :

Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
 Shall have a child that will revenge the deed. *Ranöolph.*

Fathers their children, and themselves abuse ;
 That wealth, a husband, for their daughters choose.

Shirley, School of Compliments.

I know how far a daughter owes obedience :

But duty has a bound, like other empires :

It reaches but to life. For all beyond it

Is the dominion of another world,

Where you have no command. *Dryden, Love Triumphant.*

Parents, to their offspring blind,

Consult not parts, nor turn of mind ;

But, ev'n in infancy, decree,

What this, what t' other son shall be. *Gay, Fable 14, part 2.*

Vulgar parents cannot stamp their race,

With signatures of such majestic grace. *Pope, Odyssey, IV. 75.*

Me let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing age :

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death, *Pope.*

With joy the parent loves to trace

Resemblance in his children's face ;

And as he forms their docile youth

To walk the steady paths of truth,

Observes them shooting into men,

And lives in them life o'er again.

Lloyd, Arcadia, II.

While active sons, with eager flame,

Catch virtue at their father's name ;

When full of glory, full of age,

The parent quits this busy stage,

What in the sons we most admire,

Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

Lloyd, Arcadia, II.

PARLIAMENT

Britain, changeful as a child at play,
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away;
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for Church or State;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2, i. 153.

PARSON *see* Clergyman.

There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk

Cowper, on some names of little note.

PARTING—*see* Adieu, Farewell, Good-night, Love.

What! gone without a word?
 Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
 For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Sh. Two G. II. 2.

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave.

Sh. M. of Ven. II. 7.

His eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible,
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted. *Ib. II. 8.*

Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die. *Sh. Hen. VI. 2, III. 2.*

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 To die by thee were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die were torture more than death. *Ib. III. 2.*

Whether we shall meet again, I know not,
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
 If not, why then this parting was well made. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 1.*

So long

As he could make me with this eye or ear
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
 Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship. *Sh. Cymb. 1. 4.*

PARTING—*continued.*

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone ;
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird ;
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life. *Sh. Rom. IV. 3.*

And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part :
 You, as your business and desire shall point you,
 For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is,—and for my own poor part,
 Look you, I will go pray. *Sh. Ham. I. 5.*

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee.
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing. *Otway, Ven. Pr.*

In taking leave,
 Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes
 Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,
 Still looking back, as if she had a mind
 That you should know she left her soul behind. *Lee, Theod.*
 My heart unmov'd can noise and horror bear,
 Parting from you is all the death I fear. *Dryden, Ind. Emp.*

I part with thee
 As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter,
 Part with their lives ; unwilling, loath and fearful,
 And trembling at futurity. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

Oh, had he ever lov'd, he would have thought
 The worst of tortures bliss, to silent parting. *Cibber, Cæs. in Eg.*

One kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu ;
 Though we sever, my fond heart
 Till we meet shall pant for you. *Dodsley, The Parting Kiss.*

Didst thou say, part ?—O, where is resolution ?
 Where now the steadfast purpose of my soul,
 Which, at thy lov'd command, hath arm'd my heart ?
 Sunk into tremblings, into sighs and tears,
 I cannot bear the trial. *Havard, Regulus.*

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
 Athwart the foaming brine,
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So, not again to mine. *Byron, Ch. Har. 1, 13, Song, v. 10.*

PARTING—*continued.*

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear. *Byron, Ch. Har. i. 13, Song, v. 8.*
 They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
 'Tis wise, 'tis well, but not the less a pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again;
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,
 My eye-balls burn and throb, but have no tears.

Byron, D. J. i. 192.

Thinkst thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart? *Byron, B. of Abyd. 1.*
 To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
 Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

Coleridge, On taking leave of —, 1817.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
 Our hands will never meet again,
 Friends, if we have ever been,
 Friends we cannot now remain:
 I only know I loved you once,
 I only know I loved in vain.
 Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
 Our hands will never meet again! *Hood, False Friend.*
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*
 With all my soul, then let us part,
 Since both are anxious to be free;
 And I will send you home your heart,
 If you will send back mine to me! *Moore.*

PASSION—*see Choler, Hobbies, Independence.*

Take heed lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

Sh. Hen. vi. 2, v. 1.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
 So when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover,
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover. *Sir W. Raleigh.*

PASSION—*continued.*

If passion work like a hot-rein'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself. *Massinger.*

Passions without power,
Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury. *Denham, Sophy.*
When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel. *Higgon's, Gen. Conq.*

Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion violent,
Resistless, and tormenting: they 're a tax
Impos'd by nature on pre-eminence;
And fortitude and wisdom must support them. *Lillo, Elmerick.*
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course,
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before. *Pope.*

Search then the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere:
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here. *Id. M. E. i. 174.*

What dreadful havoc in the human breast
The passions make, when, unconfined and mad,
They burst, unguided by the mental eye,
The light of reason, which, in various ways,
Points them to good, or turns them back from ill! *Thomson.*
Never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor can it ever give, a right decision. *Thomson.*

O ye cold hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here. *Young, N. T. iv.*
While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure. *Id. Busir. iv.*
He's generous, grateful, affable, and brave;
But then he knows no limit to his passion;
The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd
As is his reason, when those winds arise. *Young.*

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond th' impression of the hour;
And O, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share! *Scott, Rokeby, v. 23.*

PASSION—*continued.*

A night of fretful passion may consume
 All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom,
 And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
 Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year. *Sheridan.*

O how the passions, insolent and strong,
 Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
 Make us the madness of their will obey;
 Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey! *Crabbe.*

Alas! too well, too well they know,
 The pain, the penitence, the woe
 That passion brings down on the best,
 The wisest and the loveliest. *Moore, Loves of the Angels.*

PATIENCE—*see Advice, Cowardice, Love.*

I do oppose
 My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his. *Sh. M. of Ven. IV. 1.*

Come what, come may:
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Id. Macb. I. 3.*

What cannot be preserv'd, when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*
 How poor are they, that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*

O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Patience, my lord, why 't is the soul of peace:
 Of all the virtues 't is nearest kin to heaven;
 It makes men look like gods: The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
 The first true gentleman that ever breath'd. *Dekker, Hon. Wh.*

Patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict. *Milton, Sam. Ag. 1287.*

Patience! preach it to the winds,
 To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves
 That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.
Olway, Orphan

PATIENCE—*continued.*

Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear ;
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.

Sir R. Howard, Indian Queen.

Patience is the virtue of an ass,
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.

Lansdowne, Heroic Love.

Preach patience to the sea, when jarring winds
Throw up her swelling billows to the sky !
And if your reasons mitigate her fury,
My soul will be as calm. *H. Smith, Princess of Parma.*

E'en the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

Young, N. T.

PATRIOTISM—*see Bravery, Country, Freedom, Home, Hope.*

Judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue. *Rowe, J. Shore.*

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country ! *Addison.*
Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied by the muse he lov'd. *Pope, M. E. v. 67.*

'Tis not indulging private inclination,
Or selfish passions, that sustains the world,
And lends its rulers grace ; no, 'tis not then
That glory springs, and high immortal deeds :
The public good, the good of others, still
Must bear fond nature down, in him who dares
Aspire to worthy rule ; imperious honour
Still, o'er the most distinguish'd, lords it most. *Thomson.*

In this rank age
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (which dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade) ;
How glorious were the days that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right ! *Ib. Winter, 382.*

A people
Who cannot find in their own proper force
Their own protection, are not worth the saving. *Ib. Cor. III. 2.*

PATRIOTISM—continued.

To fight,
 In a just cause, and for our country's glory,
 Is the best office of the best of men ;
 And to decline it when these motives urge,
 Is infamy beneath a coward's baseness. *Havard, Regulus.*

Our country's welfare is our first concern,
 And who promotes that best—best proves his duty. *Ib.*

The age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. *Cowpér, Task, v. 493.*

France at our doors, he sees no danger nigh,
 But heaves for Turkey's woes th' impartial sigh,
 A steady patriot of the world alone,
 The friend of every country but his own.
Canning, New Mortality (Anti-Jacobin).

Who dies in vain
 Upon his country's war-fields and within
 The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart!
 I tell thee that the voice of patriot blood,
 Thus pour'd for faith and freedom, hath a tone
 Which from the night of ages, from the gulf
 Of death, shall burst and make its high appeal
 Sound unto earth and heaven ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge or death—the watchword and reply,
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm. *Campbell, Fl. of H.*

'Tis home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh,
 This makes him wish to live, and dare to die. *Ib.*

Give me the death of those
 Who for their country die ;
 And O be mine like their repose,
 When cold and low they lie ! *Jas. Montgomery, Wand. of Switz.*
 Then said the mother to her son,
 And pointed to his shield ;—
 " Come with it, when the battle's done,
 Or on it, from the field." *Robert Montgomery.*

True patriots we, for be it understood,
 We left our country for our country's good.
Barrington, (The Pickpocket,) N. S. Wales.

PATRIOTISM—*continued.*

When a patriot falls, must he fall in the battle,
 Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-rattle?
 There's a warfare where none but the morally brave
 Stand nobly and firmly, their country to save.
 'Tis the war of opinion, where few can be found,
 On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
 With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes
 Who are prowling around them, and aiming their blows.

PAYMENT.*Mrs. Dana, (Am.)*

He is well paid, that is well satisfied. *Sh. M. of Ven. IV. 1.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Sh. Hen. V. II. 1.*

PEACE.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, IV. 2.*

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility. *Sh. Hen. V. III. 1.*

Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
 I like it better than a dangerous honour. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, IV. 3.*

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
 To have a godly peace concluded of,—
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood. *Sh. Hen. VI. 1, V. 1.*

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd on our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. *Sh. Rich. III. I. 1.*

I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun. *Sh. Rich. III. I. 1.*

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love. *Sh. Rich. III. II. 1.*

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silent envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's. *Sh. Hen. VIII. III. 2.*

PEACE—*continued.*

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war. *Milton, Sonnet 16.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Butler, Hud. 1, i. 59.*

O beauteous peace !
Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people ?
Thomson, Tancred. II. 1.

Oh, Peace ! thou source, and soul of social life ;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !
Thomson, Britannia.

O Peace ! the fairest child of heaven,
To whom the sylvan reign was given ;
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With every softer scene of love :
Return, sweet peace ! and cheer the weeping swain ;
Return, with ease and pleasure in thy train. *Thomson.*

Peace is the happy, natural state of man ;
War is corruption,—his disgrace. *Thomson.*

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes. *Young, N. T.*

Long peace, I find,
But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
Licence and wanton rage, which war alone
Can purge away. *Mallet, Mustapha.*

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain :
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain."
Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, 201.

And when the sword has made a solitude,
That you proclaim a peace. *Murphy, Zenobia, iv.*

Oh ! there were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears—
The heartsick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the woes, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years.
Scott, Lord of the Isles.

PEACE—*continued.*

Men are unhappy when they know not how
To value peace, without its loss ;
And from the want learn how to use
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.

Sir R. Howard, Blind Lady.

Would you taste the tranquil scene ?
Be sure your bosoms be serene :
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life ;
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

Shenstone.

Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their generous discord with the battle ends ;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Tickell.

Mark ! where his carnage and his conquest cease !
He makes a solitude, and calls it peace. *Byron, Br. of Ab. II. 20.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the world bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts ! *Longfellow, Poems.*

The hand of peace is frank and warm,
And soft as ringdove's wing,
And he who quells an angry thought
Is greater than a king.

Eliza Cook.

PEARL.

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.

Bunyan, Apology for his Book.

PEASANT, PEASANTRY—*see Country Life.*

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 51.

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes. *Ib. Traveller.*

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed. *Ib. Traveller.*

PEDANTRY—*see* Logic.

Pedantry is but a corn, or wart,
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art ;
 A stupefied excrescence, like a wen,
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
 That never grows from natural defects
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
 But from the over-curious and vain
 Distempers of an artificial brain. *Butler, Sat. II.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head.
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears. *Pope, E. C. 612.*

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
 And into coxcombs burnishes our fools. *Young.*

Brimful of learning, see that pedant stride,
 Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride !
 A thousand authors he in vain has read,
 And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head ;
 And thinks that without Aristotle's rule,
 Reason is blind, and common sense a fool ! *Boileau.*

PEDIGREE—*see* Ancestry, Authenticity, Birth, Descent, Honour.

The sap which at the root is bred
 In trees, though all the boughs is spread ;
 But virtues which in parents shine,
 Make not like progress through the line. *Waller, to Zelinda, 13.*

Nobler is a limited command
 Given by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, I. 298.

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
 By heraldry proved valiant or discreet ! *Young.*

What boots it on the lineal tree to trace,
 Through many a branch, the founders of our race—
 Time-honoured chiefs—if, in their right, we give
 A loose to vice, and like low villains live ? *Gifford.*

PEN—*see* Authors, Critics, Writing.

I want curses for those mighty shoals
 Of scribbling Chloris's, and Phyllis' fools ;
 Those oafs should be restrain'd during their lives
 From pen and ink, as madmen are from knives.

Dryden, Epilogue to Troilus and Cressida.

PEN—*continued.*

The unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood.
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.

Dryden, Prol. to Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

No other use of paper thou should'st make
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back :
Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink :
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As nurses from their children keep edged tools.

Dorset, to Ed. Howard on his Plays.

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

Prior, to a Person who wrote ill.

Oh ! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose quill :
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men !

Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 6.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plunder'd,
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,
From Jove's own eagle sunder'd.
But now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers ;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the poet slumbers.

John Quincy Adams.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. *Ld. Lytton, Richelieu, II.2.*

PENITENCE—*see* Repentance.

Death is deferred, and penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverse the doom.

Dryden.

He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt may know.

Thos. Moore.

PENTAMETER—*see* Hexameter.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;

In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge, The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.

PEOPLE—*see* Mob, Popularity, Public Voice, Rabble.

And what the people but a herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol

Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise ?

They praise, and they admire, they know not what,

And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;

And what delight to be by such extoll'd,

To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise ?

Milton. P. R. III. 49.

The people sweat not for their king's delight,

T' enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite ;

Theirs is the toil ; and he who well has served

His country, has his country's wealth deserved.

Dryden, Sigismonda and Guscaro. 583.

" God save the king !" and kings,

For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer ;—

I think I hear a little bird, who sings

The people by and bye will be the stronger :

The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong her

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job.

Byron, D. J. VIII. 50.

PERFECTION—*see* Excess, Man, Supererogation.

All, that life can rate,

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and pride can happy call. *Sh. All's W. ii. 1.*

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And it will make thee think thy swan a crow. *Sh. Rom. i. 2.*

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun. *Sh. Rom. i. 2.*

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw,

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Essay on Poetry.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint !

And those who know thee, know all words are faint !

Hannah More, Sensibility.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,

By just degrees to reach perfection's height.

Somerville, Chase, 1.

PERILS—see Duelling.

How many perils do enfold
 The righteous man to make him daily fall. *Spenser.*
 But there are human natures so allied
 Unto the savage love of enterprise,
 That they will seek for peril as a pleasure. *Byron.*

PERJURY.

At lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*
 And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
 While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
 Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look within?

*Cowper, Expostulation, 386.***PERSECUTION.**

Ripe persecution, like the plant
 Whose nascence Mocha boasted,
 Some bitter fruit produced, whose worth
 Was never known till roasted. *Cotton.*

PERSEVERANCE—see Diligence, Industry.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright. To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. *Sh. Troil. III. 3.*
 By time and counsel, do the best we can,
 Th' event is never in the power of man. *Herrick, Aph. 304.*
 Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
 Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out. *Id. Aph. 247.*
 In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,
 He is the only villain of this world:
 But he who labours firm and gains his point,
 Be what it will, which crowns him with success,
 He is the son of fortune and of fame;
 By those admir'd, those specious villains most,
 That else had bellow'd out reproach against him.

Thomson, Agamemnon.

The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with nature; and her paths are peace. *Young, N.T. 2.*

The dropping shower
 Scoops the rough rock. The plough's attemper'd share
 Decays; and the thick pressure of the crowd
 Incessant passing, wears the stone-pav'd street.
Lucretius, (Good) 1. 314.

PERSEVERANCE—*continued.*

But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive,
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.

Mallett, Epilogue to The Brothers.

Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
Ev'n from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger. *Havard, Reg.*

Pay goodly heed all ye who read,
And beware of saying, I can't,
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly and want. *Eliza Cook.*

Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's lip ;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.
O. W. Holmes, (Am.)

PERSUASION—*see Eloquence.*

There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear ;
Force works on servile natures, not the free. *Ben Jonson.*
Yet hold it more humane, more heav'nly, first,
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear. *Milton, P. R. i. 221.*

PERVERSENESS—*see Obstinacy.*

The slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side ;
His still refuted quirks he still repeats,
New-rai'd objections with new quibbles meets ;
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies, disputing, and the contest ends. *Cowper.*

PETITIONS.

When maidens sue
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs,
As they themselves would owe them. *Sh. M. for M. i. 5.*

Petitions not sweetened
With gold, are but unsavoury ; oft refused ;
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.
Massinger, Emperor of the East.

PETRARCH.

Petrarch ! when we that name repeat,
Its music seems to fall
Like distant bells, soft-voic'd and sweet,
But sorrowful withal ;—

PETRARCH—*continued.*

That broken heart of love !—that life
Of tenderness and tears !
So weak on earth,—in earthly strife,—
So strong in holier spheres !

Lord Houghton.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

“ Petticoat Influence ” is a great reproach,
Which e'en those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach ;
But since beneath it upon earth we're brought
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity. *Byron, D.J. xiv. 26.*

PETTIFOGGERS.

Your pettifoggers, damn their souls,
Share with knaves in cheating fools. *Butler, Hud. 2, i. 515.*

PHILOSOPHERS, PHILOSOPHY—*see Knowledge.*

I pray thee peace ; I will be flesh and blood !
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance. *Sh. M. Ado, v. 1.*
How charming is divine Philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Milton, Comus, 476.*

Your great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause,
That nature uses, by their own bye-laws. *Butler, Sat. i.*

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over.
Whate'er the crabbed'st author saith
He understood b'implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic could inquire for ;
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore. *Butler, Hud. i. 127.*

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest ;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole. *Pope, E. M. ii. 101.*

PHILOSOPHY, PHILOSOPHERS—*continued.*

Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasures of mankind !
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !
 Without thee, what were unenlighten'd Man ?

Thomson, Summer, 1752.

Philosophy consists not
 In airy schemes, or idle speculations :
 The rule and conduct of all social life
 Is her great providence.

Thomson, Coriol.

Much learned dust
 Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan *Couper, Task, III. 161.*

To form his philosophic man ;
 Such were the modes he taught mankind
 To weed the garden of the mind :
 They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
 But all the flow'rs were ravish'd too !

Thos. Moore.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
 Conquer all mysteries by rule and line :
 Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine—
 Unweave a rainbow.

Keats.

You brag, methinks, somewhat too much of late,
 Of your lamp-lit philosophy. One bite
 Of a mad cat—(no more than kills a tailor,)
 Will put an end to't, and your dreams together.

Barry Cornwall.

Divine Philosophy ! by whose pure light
 We first distinguish, then pursue the right ;
 Thy power the breast from every error frees,
 And weeds out all its vices by degrees. *Gifford (Juvenal).*

Sublime Philosophy !
 Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
 And bright with beckoning angels ; but, alas !
 We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
 By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

Bulwer Lytton, Richelieu.

PHLEGMATIC.

A man whose blood

Is very snow-broth.

*Sh. M. for M. i. 5.*Cold as the turkies coffin'd up in crust. *Shirley, The Sisters.***PHRENOLOGY.**

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,

Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,

Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he

Has had, till lately, of phrenology—

A science that by simple dint of

Head-combing he should find a hint of,

When scratching o'er those little pole-hills,

The faculties throw up like mole-hills. *Hood, (Craniology.)*

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal,

What impression the heart will take ;

If shallow the head, oh ! how soon we feel

What a poor impression 'twill make.

Thos. Moore.

No more need we fly the bright glances

Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore ;

To skulls let us limit our fancies,

And love by the bumps we explore !

Oh, now we can tell in a minute

What fate will be ours when we wed ;

The heart has no passion within it

That is not engraved on the head.

*Literary Gazette.***PHYSIC, PHYSICIANS—see Doctors, Medicine.**

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Sh. Macb. v. 3.

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

Sh. Rom. v. 1.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,

Is more than armies to the public weal. *Pope, Iliad, xi. 636.*

This is the way physicians mend or end us,

Secundem artem :—but although we sneer

In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,

Without the least propensity to jeer. *Byron, D. J. x. 42.***PHYSIOGNOMY—see Face.**

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters.

Sh. Macb. i. 5.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !

Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Sh. Macb. v. 3.

PHYSIOGNOMY—*continued.*

In vain we fondly strive to trace
 The soul's reflection in the face ;
 In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
 Crooked mouth, or short proboscis ;
 Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
 As Plato, or the Stagyrice ;
 And many a sage and learned skull
 Has peep'd through windows dark and dull. *Thos. Moore.*

PICKPOCKETS.

"These beer shops," quoth Barnabas, speaking in alt,
 "Are ruinous—down with the growers of malt !"
 "Too true," answers Ben, with a shake of the head,
 "Wherever they congregate, honesty's dead.
 That beer breeds dishonesty causes no wonder,
 'Tis nurtured in crime—'tis concocted in plunder ;
 In Kent, while surrounded by flourishing crops,
 I saw a rogue picking a pocket of hops." *James Smith.*

PIETY—*see* Devotion, Religion.

Why should not piety be made,
 As well as equity, a trade,
 And men get money by devotion,
 As well as making of a motion ;
 B' allowed to pray upon conditions,
 As well as suitors in petitions ;
 And in a congregation pray,
 No less than a chancery, for pay? *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

True piety is cheerful as the day,
 Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own. *Cowper.*

Some feelings are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than heaven. *Scott, Lady, II. 22.*

PIGMIES.

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales. *Young, N. T. VI. 309.*

PILFERING.

Small habits well pursued betimes
 May reach the dignity of crimes. *Hannah Moore, Bas Bleu.*

PIN.

See, a pin is there,
 A pin a day will fetch a groat a year. *King, Art of Cookery, 404.*

PITY—*see* Charity, Compassion, Mercy.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness ! and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms. *Sh. Wint. T. i. 2.*

No law of God or man :
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity. *Sh. Ric. III. i. 2.*

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. *Sh. Timon, III. 5.*

Take heed of pity : pity hath undone
Thousands of gentle natures in our sex ;
For pity is sworn servant unto love ;
And this be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in. *Daniel.*

They would your virgin soul to pity move,
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Pomfret, Fortunate Complaint.

Pity's akin to love ; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
Southerne, Oroonoko, II. 1.

A generous warmth opens the hero's soul,
And soft compassion flows where courage dwells.
Ch. Johnson, Medæa.

The generous heart,
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.
Thomson, Sophonisba, v. 2.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that treads
For others' woe down virtue's manly cheeks. *Darwin.*

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest. *Sheridan.*

What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain,
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once, bright, clear, from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine. *Byron.*

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do. *Byron, Doge, v. 2.*

PLACE—*see* Office.

O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee ; volumes of reports
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings : thousand 'scapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
 And rack thee in their fancies. *Sh. M. for M. IV. 1.*

To hold a place
 In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
 And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
 Lustre and reputation, and is made
 A mercenary purchase. *Massinger.*

PLAGIARISM.

The world's as full of curious wit
 Which those, that father, never writ,
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
 And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot.
Butler, Sat. on Plagiaries, 7.
 Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. *Pope, Dunc. 127.*

PLAGUES.

All those plagues which earth and air had brooded
 First on inferior creatures tried their force,
 And last they seized on man. *Lee and Dryden.*

PLAY, PLAYERS—*see* Actors, Age, Gambling.

A strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage. *Sh. Troil. I. 3.*

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*

In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing,
 The one is winning, and the other losing. *Byron, D. J. XIV. 12.*

PLEASING, PLEASURE—*see* Extremes, Holidays, Home.

All delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

Sh. Love's L. L. I. 1.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

Sh. Troil. II. 2.

Short is the course of every lawless pleasure ;
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height,
But downwards, as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

Milton.

Approach love's awful throne by just degrees,
And if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Prior, Solomon, II. 266.

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Pope, E. M. II. 91.

Unmov'd though wittings sneer, and rivals rail ;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.

Johnson, Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene.

Not even pleasure to excess is good :
What most clates, then sinks the soul as low :
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
And further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grov'ling on the dreary shore.

Thomson, Castle of Indolence, I. 63.

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

Young, N. T. v. 863.

Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark :
For her the black assassin draws his sword ;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp ;
For her the saint abstains, the miser starves ;
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorns ;
For her affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;—

For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy.

Young, N. T.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Young, N. T. VIII. 793.

All pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls on the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.

Burns, Tam O'Sh. 59.

PLEASING, PLEASURE—*continued.*

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure ;
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

Richard West, Letter v. in Mason's Life of Gray.

The youth, who bathes in pleasure's limpid streams,
At well judg'd intervals, feels all his soul
Nerv'd with recruited strength ; but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,
It chills his languid virtue.

W. Mason.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure. *Byron, D. J. III. 65.*

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay ;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt ;
Or like a soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out :
Or like a billow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind. *Byron, D. J. XVI. 9.*

Pleasure that comes unlook'd for is thrice welcome.

Rogers, Italy, (Interview.)

PLEDGE—*see Toasts.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine. *Ben Jonson, The Forest. To Celia.*

PLODDING.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books. *Sh. Love's L. L. I. 1.*
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white. *Young.*

PLOTS.

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods !
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. *Addison.*

PLOUGH.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived. *Thomson, Sp. 58.*

PLOUGH—*continued.*

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive. *Franklin, Way to Wealth.*

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*see Imagination, Milton, Shakespeare.*

I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Sh. As Y. L. III. 3.*
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, III. 1.*

Those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake ;
And one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time. *Butler, Hud. 2, I. 23.*

It is not poetry that makes men poor ;
For few do write that were not so before,
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch ;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains ;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit. *Butler, Miscel. Thoughts.*

As wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the press'd,
So is that poetry, whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains. *Ib. Misc. Thoughts.*

Who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse,
To hang so dull a clog upon the wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit. *Butler.*

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill-governed, in the clouds is lost. *Waller.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot. *Waller.*

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse. *Ib. Pan. on Cromwell.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Dryden, Prol. to Lee's Sophonisba.

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhymè below e'en David's psalms translated.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, II. 402.

Although heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking.
He never was a poet of God's making :
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull ;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk ; do anything but write. *Dryden, Ib. II. 473.*

Fame from science, not from fortune, draws.

So poetry, which is in Oxford made

An art, in London only is a trade.

There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.

Such build their poems the Lucretian way ;

So many huddled atoms make a play ;

And if they hit in order by some chance,

They call that nature, which is ignorance.

Dryden, Prol. delivered at Oxford, 27.

Of those few fools, who with ill stars are curst,

Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst ;

For they 're a set of fools which fortune makes,

And after she has made them fools, forsakes.

Congreve.

Pegasus, a nearer way to take,

May boldly deviate from the common track.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. *Pope, E.C. I. 150.*

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees :"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep." *Ib. 349.*

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,

The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow ;

Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Pope, E. C. II. 361.

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me ?
 But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines ! *Pope, E. C. 418.*

The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Pope, Ep. to Arbuthnot, 3.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross ?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain,
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.

Pope, Ib. 15.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Pope, Ib. 127.

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !

Pope, Ib. 284.

He who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round-about a meaning ;
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :

All these my modest satire badè translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. *Pope, Ib. 185.*

Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not confer'd by kings ;
 Let flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Pope.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2, 1. 280.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;
 These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,—
 And those, new heav'ns and systems fram'd ;
 Vain was the chiefs', the sages' pride !
 They had no poet, and they died.

Pope.

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound;
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote, and flounder'd on in mere despair.

Pope.

Care in poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion e'en in running mad.

Pope.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters Plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a Song.

Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2, 1. 169.

Widely extensive is the poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on fame.

Lady Winchelsea, to Pope.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails. *Swift, On Poetry, 85.*

A poem's life and death dependeth still
Not on the poet's wits, but reader's will. *Alexander Brome.*

Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain;
Try every help, force fire from every spark;
Yet shall you ne'er the poet's power attain,
If heaven ne'er stamp'd you with the muses' mark. *A. Hill.*

The bards, nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measured prose, which they call verse.

Churchill, Independence.

When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen
Rough as they run, rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town;
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into the idle world of rhyme,
And the poor slattern muse is brought to bed,
With all her imperfections on her head. *Churchill, Gotham, 11.*

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg ;
A dedication is a wooden leg. *Young, Love of Fame, 4.*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which poets only know. *Cowper, Task, II. 285.*

Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ;
Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours dipp'd in heaven, that never die ;
A soul exalted above earth ; a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind. *Cowper.*

A great deal, my dear liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends :
What had Achilles been without his Homer ?
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber ? *Peter Pindar.*

The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head commits. *Peter Pindar.*

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.
Keats, Ep. to G. F. Mathews.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope. *Byron, D. J. I. 205.*

He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension. *Ib. III. 80.*

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn,
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample :
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."
Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food ;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song.
So much indeed as to be downright rude ;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ? *Byron, D. J. I. 42.*

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
 Like Lucifer, when hurl'd from heaven for sinning.
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are. *Byron, D. J. iv. 1.*

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world "Pantisocracy ;"
 Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
 Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy ;
 Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
 Lent to the Morning Post its aristocracy ;
 When he and Southey, following the same path,
 Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).
 Such names at present cut a convict figure,
 The very Botany Bay in moral geography ;
 Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,
 Are good manure for their more bare biography. *Ib. iii. 109-10.*

When the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sere, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre not for fame.

Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers

Which deserves the laurel, rhyme or blank ?
 Which holds on Helicon the highest rank ?—
 Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
 This point, as puzzling as a chancery suit. *Byron, Imitations.*

Though my lines should only line portmanteaus.
 Trade will be all the better for these cantos. *Byron, D. J.*
 Call it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that, when the poet dies,
 Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

Scott, Lay v. 1.

POEMS, POETRY, POETS—*continued.*

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.

Scott, Lay, iv. 32.

When some mad bard sits down to muse
About the lilies and the dews,
The grassy vales and sloping lawns,
Fairies and satyrs, nymphs and fawns,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
That Cupid reigns not any where,
Except in some sequester'd village,
Where peasants live on truth and tillage,
That none are fair enough for witches
But maids who frisk through dells and ditches,
That dreams are twice as sweet as dances,
That cities never breed romances,
That beauty always keeps a cottage,
And purity grows pale on pottage.

Praed, Love at a Rout.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

Wordsworth.

Take the sweet poetry of life away,
And what remains behind ?

Wordsworth.

A pretty kind of—sort of—kind of thing,
Not much a verse, and poem none at all.

Leigh Hunt, A Thought or two.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them ; and the truth of truths is love.

Bailey, Festus.

Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy, do we become
Like God in love and power—under makers.

Bailey, Festus.

With eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold,
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold ;
In life and death one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

Anon.

POET LAUREATE.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.

POET LAUREATE—*continued.*

Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king.—
 Was reckoned, a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

Byron, D. J. xi. 55.

POLAR ATTRACTION.

So turns the faithful needle to the pole,
 Though mountains rise between, and oceans roll. *Darwin.*

POLAR EXPEDITION.

Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.

Thomson, Winter, 1004.

Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsullied hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. *Thomson, Winter, 1033.*

POLEMICS.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And, after, solve 'em in a trice;
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd. *Butler, Hud.*

POLITENESS.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench. *Sh. Ric. II. i. 4.*
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place. *Gay, Fable i. 50.*
 Study with care politeness, that must teach
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech;
 In vain formality, with matron mien
 And pertness, apes her with familiar grin.

POLITENESS—*continued.*

They against nature for applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain.
 She moves with easy, though with measured pace,
 And shows no part of study but the grace ;
 Yet e'en by this, man is but half refined,
 Unless philosophy subdues the mind. *Stillington.*

POLITICIANS, POLITICS—*see* Ambition, Statesmen.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
 Than an old lazy government ;
 That knows no interest of state,
 But such as serves a present strait,
 And to patch up, or shift, will close,
 Or break alike, with friends or foes ;
 That runs behind hand, and has spent
 Its credit to the last extent ;
 And the first time 'tis at a loss,
 Has not one true friend, nor one cross. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

As politic as those, who, when the moon
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,
 Threw casting-nets, with equal cunning at her,
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
Butler, Elephant in the Moon.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave :
 The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
 Calls saucy loud perdition public zeal,
 And mutiny the dictates of his spirit. *Otway.*

Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art ;—
 Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
 And he, who nothing pays, at taxes rails. *Congreve.*

Fearfully wise he shakes his empty head,
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread. *Churchill, Night.*
 All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
 To rule in politics, as well as wit ;
 The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
 Start up (God bless us !) statesmen all at once ! *Churchill.*

A politician, Proteus-like, must alter
 His face and habit ; and, like water, seem
 Of the same colour that the vessel is
 That doth contain it, varying his form,
 With the chameleon, at each object's change. *Mason.*

464 POLITICIANS, POLITICS—POPULARITY, POPULACE.

POLITICIANS, POLITICS—*continued.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 223.

POMP.

What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must. *Sh. Hen. vi. 3, v. 2.*

POPE—*see Satire.*

If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkicked, unslain,
That wretched little carcass you retain,
The reason is not that the world wants eyes,
But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise!

Lady M. W. Montagu, Imit. of Hor. i. 2.

POPERY.

For as the pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both. *Butler, Hud. 3, ii. 661.*

O that the free would stamp the impious name
Of Pope into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!

Shelley.

POPLAR.

The poplar there
Shoots up its spire, and shakes its leaves i' the sun
Fantastical, while round its slender base
Rambles the sweet-breathed woodbine. *Barry Cornwall.*

POPULARITY, POPULACE—*see Mob, People.*

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Sh. M. for M. i. 1

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage.

Sh. Ric. ii. v. 2.

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart. *Sh. Hen. iv. 1, ii. 3*

POPULARITY, POPULACE—*continued.*

Ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks ;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. *Sh. Hen. v. Chorus*

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness. *Sh. Jul. C. i. 3,*

Your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. *Sh. Coriol. i. 1.*

You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt the air. *Sh. Coriol. III. 3.*

Our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are passed. *Sh. Ant. & Cleop. i. 2.*

The scum
That rises upmost, when the nation boils. *Dryden, Don. Seb.*
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd. *Ib. Pal. & Ar. III. 1965.*

I have no taste
Of popular applause : the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause ;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success ; but, veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry. *Dryden, Spanish Friar.*

Almighty crowd ! thou shortenest all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute !
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapest o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way.
Dryden, Medal, 91.

POPULARITY, POPULACE—*continued.*

His joy concealed, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names,
 Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, l. 688.

Curse on his virtues ! they've undone his country.
 Such popular humanity is treason ! *Addison, Cato.*

He who can listen pleas'd to such applause,
 Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,
 And pays for idle air with sense and virtue. *Mallett, Mustapha.*

O breath of public praise,
 Short-liv'd and vain ! oft gain'd without desert,
 As often lost, unmerited : composed
 But of extremes. *Havard, Regulus.*

Oh, popular applause ! what heart of man
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;
 But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas !
 With all his canvas set, and inexpert
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power ?
Cowper, Task, II. 481.

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
 To gaze in 's eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
 Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy ;
 While others not so satisfied, unhorse
 The gilded equipage, and turning loose
 His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve. *Ib. Task, vi. 698.*

PORTRAITS—*see Beauty.*

But her eyes—
 How could he see to do them ? having made one,
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 2.*

What find I here ?
 Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation ? *Sh. M. of V. III. 2.*
 Good heaven ! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
 To wish their vile resemblance may remain !
 And stand recorded, at their own request,
 To future days a libel or a jest ! *Dryden.*

POSSESSION.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. *Sh. M. Ado.* iv. 1.

Women are angels, wooing :
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing. *Sh. Troil.* i. 2.
 The sweets we wish for, turn to loath'd sour,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours. *Sh. R. of Luc.* 124.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter ;
 In sleep, a king; but waking, no such matter. *Sh. Son.* 87.
 Those possessions short-lived are,
 Into the which we come by war. *Herrick, Hesp.* 128.

POSSIBILITY.

All may do, what has by man been done. *Young, N. T.* vi. 606.

POVERTY—see Apparel, Charity, Compassion, Death.

His raw-bone cheeks through penury and pine
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.
Spenser, Fairy Queen, 1, ix. 35.

Well whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice but beggary. *Sh. K. John*, ii. 2.
 My poverty, but not my will, consents. *Sh. Rom.* v. 1.
 Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ! famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. *Sh. Rom.* v. 1.

A hungry lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man. *Sh. Com. Er.* v. 1.

To mortal man great loads allotted be,
 But of all packs, no pack like poverty. *Herrick, Aph.* 129.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood ;
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection brought.
Dryden, Wife of Bath, 473.

POVERTY—*continued.*

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Dryden, Wife of Bath, 485.

Want whets the wit, 'tis true; but wit not blest
With fortune's aid makes beggars at the best :
Wit is not fed, but sharpen'd with applause ;
For wealth is solid food, but wit is hungry sauce.

Dryden, Love Triumphant.

O, blissful poverty !

Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace—
Her real goods—and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries.

Fenton, Marianne.

Think, too, in what a woeful plight
The wretch must be, whose pocket's light ;
Are not his hours by want depress'd ?
Penurious cares corrode his breast ;
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

Gay.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *Johnson, London, 176.*

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
Th' effect of laziness, or sottish waste. *Cowper, Task, iv. 429.*

Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few. *Ib. Task, iv. 397.*

Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall. *Peter Pindar.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poverty by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Shelley, Julian and Madallo.

Few save the poor feel for the poor ;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarr'd :
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round ;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.

L. E. Landon.

POVERTY—*continued.*

Aye ! idleness ! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries !

Southey.

Poor once and poor for ever, Nat, I fear ;
None but the rich get place and pension here.

Martial, v. 81. (Halhed).

POWER—*see Mercy.*

Sovereign power is too depressed or high,
When kings are forced to sell, or crowds to buy.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, i. 896.

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think ? *Dryden, Medal, 235.*

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison, Campaign, 291.

Power, like a desolating pestilence
Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. *Shelley, Queen Mab, III. 212.*

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Wordsworth, Rob Roy's Grave.*
Power ! 'tis the favourite attribute of gods,
Who look with smiles on men that can aspire
To copy them. *B. Martyn, Timoleon.*

PRAISE—*see Flattery.*

Who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none would yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well ?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.

Spenser, Tears of the Muses.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. *Sh. All's W. v. 3.*

Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts. *Sh. Son. 17.*

To things of sale a seller's praise belong. *Sh. Love's L. iv. 3.*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth. *Sh. Troil. i. 3.*

PRAISE—*continued.*

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love ;
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve ;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong ;
 And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue. *Denham.*

It matters not how false, or forc'd,
 So the best things be said o' the worst. *Butler, Hud. 2, i. 627.*

They that do write in author's praises,
 And freely give their friends their voices,
 Are not confined to what is true ;
 That's not to give, but pay a due :
 For praise that's due does give no more
 To worth, than what it had before ;
 But to commend without desert
 Requires a mastery of art,
 That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
 And writes what should be, not what is. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

Solid pudding against empty praise. *Pope, Dunciad, i. 54.*

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 And always think the last opinion right. *Pope, E. C. 429.*

To what base ends, and by what abject ways
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust to praise. *Ib. E. C. 520.*

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know. *Ib. Iliad, x. 293.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart :
 The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it but to make it sure. *Young, L. of F. i. 51.*

What we admire we praise ; and when we praise
 Advance it into notice, that its worth
 Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too. *Cowper, Task, III. 702.*

That praise contents me more which one imparts,
 Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree,
 Than praise from princes, void of princely parts,
 Who have more wealth, but not more wit than he.

Ye, who would in aught excel, *Earl of Sterling, Cræsus.*
 Ponder this simple maxim well,
 A wise man's censure may appall,
 But a fool's praise is worst of all." *MS.*

PRAYER—*see Deity, Ignorance.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. *Sh. Ham. III. 3*

PRAYER—*continued.*

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Sh. Oth. v. 2.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Sh. Hen. VI. II. 2, 1.

If by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries :
But pray'r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit. *Milton, P. L. XI. 307.*

Temporal blessings heaven doth often share,
Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.

Quarles.

O, ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams ; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care! *Addison, Cato.*

His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, thro' ways
Of light, to the bright source of all. *Congreve, Mourning Bride.*

Father of all ! in every age,
In every clime, ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Pope, Universal Prayer.

I was not born for courts or state affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.

Pope.

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity :
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

Young, N. T. VIII. 721.

PRAYER—*continued.*

Oh sad estate

Of human wretchedness ! so weak is man,
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
 We should be ruin'd at our own request. *H. More, Moses, 1.*

Fountain of mercy, whose pervading eye
 Can look within and read what passes there,
 Accept my thoughts for thanks ; I have no words.
 My soul o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
 The aid of language—Lord ! behold my heart. *Ib. Moses, 3.*

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say !
 O God, preserve my mother dear,
 In health and strength for many a year ;
 And oh ! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due ;
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy !
 My sisters and my brothers both
 From evil guard, and save from sloth ;
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father, and our mother !
 And still, O Lord, to me impart
 A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to thy eternal day ! Amen. *Coleridge, Child's E. Prayer.*

A good man's prayers

Will from the deepest dungeon climb Heaven's height,
 And bring a blessing down. *Joanna Baillie, Ethwald, 2, iv. 3.*

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death,—
 He enters heaven with prayer.

Jas. Montgomery.

More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day :
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?

Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom ;
 In grateful joy, in trying pain ;
 In laughing youth, so nigh the tomb ;
 Oh ! when is prayer unheard or vain.

Eliza Cook, Poems.

PREACHERS, PREACHING—*see* Clergy, Presbyterians, Priests, Puritans.

Jest not at preacher's language or expression :
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry ?

Herbert, Temple, 74.

Who prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.

Butler, Hud. 1, 1. 199.

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient ?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this ?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases ?
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.

Dryden.

The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade.

Coleridge.

Yes, you're a pretty preacher, sir, we know it,
Write pretty novels, are a pretty poet ;
A pretty critic, and tell fortunes too ;
Then, who writes farce or epigrams like you ?
At every ball how prettily you nick it !
You fiddle, sing, play prettily at cricket.
Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,
Do all things prettily, but nothing well,
What shall I call you ? say the best I can,
You are, my friend, a very busy man.

Martial, II. 7. (R. Graves.)

PRECAUTION—*see* Caution.

You should have feared false times, when you did feast ;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

Sh. Timon, IV. 3.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.

Sh. H. IV. 2, 1. 3.

Industrious wisdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable ;
Big, swelling clouds are by the wind blown o'er,
And threatening clouds may dwindle to a shower.

Old Play.

PRECAUTION—*continued.*

'Twas always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter,
To anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

Shenstone, To the Memory of an Agreeable Lady, l.

PRECISION.

How absolute the knave is ;
We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

Sh. Ham. v. l.

PREFACES.

Go, little booke ; God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part, or all.

Chaucer.

There's no want of meat, sir ;
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.

Massinger.

PREFERMENT—*see Favour.*

All preferment
That springs from sin and lust shoots up quickly ;
As gard'ner's crops do in the rott'nest grounds ;
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution,
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill.

Middleton, Women beware Women.

If on the sudden he begins to rise ;
No man that lives can count his enemies.

Middleton, Trick to Catch the Old One.

When knaves comes to preferment, they rise as
Gallows are rais'd in the low countries, one
Upon another's shoulders.

Webster, White Devil.

PREJUDICE, PREPOSSESSION.

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or some discolour'd through our passion shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Pope.

PREJUDICE, PREPOSSESSION—*continued.*

It is the noblest act of human reason
 To free itself from slavish prepossession ;
 Assume the legal right to disengage
 From all it had contracted under age.

Butler, Sat. i. 1.

PRESBYTERIANS.

A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies :
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick :
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way :
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to :
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite.

Butler, Hud. 1, i. 207.

PRESS—*see News.*

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
 Thou god of our idolatry, the press ?
 By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;
 By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
 Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell ;
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
 Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies,
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee !

Cowper, Progress of Error, 460.

Did charity prevail, the press would prove
 A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love.

Cowper, Charity, 621.

Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,
 Unaw'd by influence, and unbrib'd by gain ;
 Here patriot truth her glorious precepts draw,
 Pledg'd to religion, liberty, and law.

J. Story, Motto of the Salem Register.

But mightiest of the mighty means,
 On which the arm of progress leans,
 Man's noblest mission to advance,
 His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
 His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
 Mightiest of mighty is the press.

Sir John Bowring.

PRETENCE.

The author raises mountains seeming full,
 But all the cry produces little wool,
 So, if you sue a beggar for a house,
 And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? a louse!

King, Art of Cookery, 195

PRIDE—see Authority, Humility.

A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. *Sh. Macb. II. 4.*

Harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts.

Sh. Hen. IV. 1, III. 1.

Over-proud,
 And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment. *Sh. Troil. II. 3.*

Pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride ; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees. *Sh. Troil. III. 3.*

You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity. *Sh. Coriol. III. 1.*

How poor a thing is pride ! when all, as slaves,
 Differ but in their fetters, not their graves. *Daniel, Civil War.*

How blind is pride ! what eagles are we still
 In matters that belong to other men,
 What beetles in our own ? *Chapman, All Fools*

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :
 I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Addison, Cato, I. 1*

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
 Who feast in bower or hall :
 Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
 That pride will have a fall. *Gay, Duke upon Duke.*

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. *Pope, E. C. II. 205.*

PRIDE—*continued.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-falling vice of fools. *Pope, E. C. II. 201.*

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies ;
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes ;
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods. *Pope, E. M. I. 123.*

Ask for whose end the heavenly bodies shine ;
 Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, 'tis for mine.
 For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.

Pope, E. M. I. 131.

Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools stray ;
 The proud will rather lose than ask their way. *Churchill.*

To show the strength and infamy of pride
 By all 'tis followed, and by all denied. *Young.*

In spite of all the fools that pride has made,
 'Tis not on man a useless burden laid ;
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd,
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd ;
 When right, its views know none but virtue's bound,
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around. *Stillingfleet.*

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast a splendid banquet once a year. *Goldsmith, Tr. 277.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye
 I see the lords of human-kind pass by. *Goldsmith, Trav. 327.*

As in some Irish houses, where things are sō-sō,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it's fried in.

Goldsmith, Haunch of Venison, 9.

Of rank, descent, and title proud,
 Mere gentry, Lady Susan could not bear ;
 She'd wed but with a duke, she vow'd—
 And so absconded with a player. *Martial, v. 17 (N.B. Halhed).*

Though various foes against the truth combine,
 Pride, above all, opposes her design ;

Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
 The subtlest serpent, with the loftiest crest,
 Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
 Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

Cowper.

PRIDE—*continued.*

Oh! ask not a home in the mansion of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
 Though the roof be of gold 'tis brilliantly cold,
 And joy mayn't be found in its torch-lighted halls. *El. Cook.*

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast. *Roscommon.*

PRIESTS—*see Dinner.*

Led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out. *Sh. K. John, III. 1.*

Your Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below:
 Patience in want and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn,
 In purple he was crucified, not born:
 They who contend for place and high degree
 Are not His sons, but those of Zebedee. *Dryden.*

Priests of all religions are the same,
 Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree.
Dryden, Absalom & Achitophel, I. 99.

Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.
Hor. Smith, to a Mummy.

PRIMROSE—*see Simplicity.*

Welcome, pale primrose, starting up between
 Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
 The every lawn, the wood, and spinny through,
 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green,
 How much thy presence beautifies the ground,
 How sweet thy modest unaffected pride,
 Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side. *Clare.*

In dewy glades,
 The peering primrose, like sudden gladness,
 Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded fades—
 The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness. *H. Coleridge.*

PRINCES—*see Kings, Royalty.*

Princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look. *Sh. R. of L.*

PRINTING—*see* Books, Press.

Blest be that gracious power, who taught mankind
 To stamp a lasting image of the mind ;
 Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
 Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring ;
 But man alone has skill and power to send
 The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend ;
 'Tis his also to please, instruct, advise,
 Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.

*Crabbe.***PRISON.**

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage. *Lovelace, To Althea, from Prison.*
 A prison ! heavens,—I loathe the hated name,
 Famine's metropolis—the sink of shame—
 A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
 Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb !

*Tom Brown.***PROBABILITY.**

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.

*Gay, Fable 18.***PROBITY**—*see* Conscience.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas. *Pope, E. M. iv. 255.*

PROCRASTINATION—*see* Delay, Promptitude.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.

Sh. Macb. v. 5.

Procrastination is the thief of time :
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene. *Young, N. T. i. 390.*

Full many a day for ever is lost
 By delaying its work till to-morrow ;
 The minutes of sloth have often cost
 Long years of bootless sorrow.

*Eliza Cook.***PRODIGES.**

The spring, the summer,
 The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the 'maz'd world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.

Sh. Mid. N. II. 2

PRODIGES—*continued.*

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? *Sh. Macb. III. 4.*

At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets : and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundations of the earth
Shak'd like a coward. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1. III. 1.*

When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
These are their reasons—they are natural ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon. *Sh. Jul. C. 1. 3.*

PROGRESS—*see Cause and Effect.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we march'd on without impediment. *Sh. Rich. III. v. 2.*

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things. *Middleton.*

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the
suns. *Tennyson, Locksley Hall, 279.*

PROLOGUE—*see Epilogue.*

Prologues precede the piece in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse.
Garrick, Prol. to the Apprentice, 1.

PROMINENCE—*see Eminence, Fame.*

'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm
Hurls from his mountain throne :—th' ignoble shrub,
Grovvelling beneath, may live. *Heman, Sebastian of Portugal.*

PROMISES.

His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he
Pays interest for 't : his lands put to their books. *Sh. Tim. 1. 2.*

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Sh. M. of V. IV. 1.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing. *Sh. Hen. VIII. IV. 2.*

PROMISES—*continued.*

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. *Sh. Cym.* I. 6.

A promise may be broke ;
Nay, start not at it—"Tis an hourly practice ;
The trader breaks it, yet is counted honest.
The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour ;
Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
Yet follow separate pleasure, and are—virtuous.
The churchmen promise too, but wisely they
To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
And draw upon futurity. *Havard, King Charles I.*

When wicked men make promises of truth,
'Tis weakness to believe them. *Havard, Scanderbeg.*

'The man that is not in the enemies' pow'r,
Nor fetter'd by misfortune, and breaks promises,
Degrades himself ; he never can pretend
To honour more. *Sir Robert Stapleton.*

PROMPTITUDE—*see Activity, Dispatch, Decision.*

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected : else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress. *Sh. Ric.* II. III. 2.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. *Sh. H.* VI. 3, IV. 8.

That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this world changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. *Sh. Ham.* IV. 7

Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate ;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will.)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first-impression takes the bent ;
But if unseized she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Dryden, Absalom & Achitophel, I. 251.

PROOF.

Give me the ocular proof;—
 Make me see 't; or, at the least, so prove it
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*

He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's unknown,
 And that's defenceless; true we have no proof
 Of guilt—but what hath he of innocence? *Byron.*

PROPHECY.

There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intresured. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, III. 1.*
 This world's a prophecy of worlds to come. *Young, N. T.*

Or prophecy, which dreams a lie,
 That fools believe, and knaves apply. *Green, Grotto.*

Coming events cast their shadows before. *Campbell, Pl. Hope.*

PROPOSAL—see Declaration, Protestation.

On you, most lov'd, with anxious fear I wait,
 And from your judgment must expect my fate. *Addison.*

By those tresses unconfin'd,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes, like the roe,
 Ah! hear my vow before I go—
 My dearest life, I love thee! *Byron, Maid of Athens.*

On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
 Though I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have felt—
 That I never have lov'd—till now. *M. G. Lewis.*

PROSELYTES—see Converts.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
 Of proselytes of one another's trade. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts*

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
 To false persuasions, than the right and true;
 For error and mistake are infinite,
 But truth has but one way to be i' th' right. *Butler, Ib.*

PROSELYTES—*continued.*

Married at last, and finding charge come faster,
 He could not live by God, but chang'd his master
 Inspired by want, was made a factious tool;
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook:
 For renegadoes, who, ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves;
 So this prose prophet took most monstrous pains
 To let his masters see he earned his gains.

Dryden. Absalom and Achitophel, II. 360.

PROSING, PROSINESS—*see Bores.*

Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
 And drawl out measur'd prose, which they call verse.

Churchill, Independence.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity 's the very bond of love;
 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
 Affliction alters. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 3.*

Oh, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
Sh. Mer. V. III. 4.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
 As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
Webster, White Devil.

He that suffers
 Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean;
 Like those impressions 'n the air, that rise
 From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
 Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.
Nabb, Hannibal and Scipio.

Knives will thrive
 When honest plainness knows not how to live. *Shirley.*

When fortune raiseth to the grandest height,
 The happy man should most suppress his state;
 Expecting still a change of things to find,
 And fearing, when the gods appear too kind. *Sir R. Howard.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us. *Milton, P. L. II. 39.*

O how portentous is prosperity!
 How comet-like; it threatens, while it shines! *Young, N.T. 5.*

PROTESTATION—*see* Declaration, Oath, Proposal.

By all those holy vows,
Which, if there be a power above, are binding !
Or, if there be a hell below, are fearful !
May every imprecation which your rage
Can wish on me, take place if I am false. *Dryden, Troil. Cress.*
Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, Oh my fair !
Or think of any thing, excepting thee. *Byron, D. J. II. 19.*
My fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me :
Divinely blest if you prove true,
Undone if you forsake me. *MS.*

PROVIDENCE—*see* Deity, Fate, God, Heaven, Omnipotence.

But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm content. *Sh. Ric. II. v. 2.*
We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 1.*
There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Sh. Ham. v. 2.

Who is it, that will doubt
The care of heaven, or think immortal
Powers are slow, 'cause they take the privilege
To choose their own time, when they will send their
Blessings down ? *Sir W. Davenant, Fair Favourite.*

I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein,
Haply had ends above my reach to know. *Milton, Sam. Ag. 60.*

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal providence
And justify the ways of God to men. *Milton, P. L. I. 22.*

Tell me, O ye powers,—
For I'll be calm,—was I not worthy of your care ?
And why, ye gods, was virtue made to suffer,
Unless this world be but as fire, to purge
Her dross, that she may mount and be a star ! *Nat. Lee.*

PROVIDENCE—*continued.*

Yet sure the gods are good : I would think so,
 If they would give me leave !
 But virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
 Make atheists of mankind.

Dryden.

O murmur not, my love, at providence !
 Heaven is too wise and good to punish us
 Without a cause ; nor let us rashly dare
 To censure what we cannot comprehend. *Heywood, F. Captive.*

'Tis the curse of mighty minds oppress'd,
 To think what their state is, and what it should be :
 Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,
 And call the laws of providence unequal.

Rowe.

The holy power that clothes the senseless earth
 With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant plains,
 Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
 Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us. *Ib. Fa. Pen.*

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate ;
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends. *Addison, Cato.*

If piety be thus debarr'd access
 On high ; and of good men, the very best
 Be singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,—
 What is reward ?—and what is punishment ?
 But who shall dare to tax eternal justice. *Congreve, M. Bride.*

Mark, mark, Ulysses ! how the gods preserve
 The men they love, even in their own despite !
 They guide us, and we travel in the dark ;
 But when we most despair to hit the way,
 And least expect, we find ourselves arrived ! *Lansdowne.*

How just is Providence in all its works !
 How swift to overtake us in our crimes ! *Ib. Heroic Love.*

Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,
 'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspire,
 Beyond the short extent of human thought. *Somerville, Cha. III.*
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness ;
 But mutual wants this happiness increase
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Pope, E. M. IV. 53.

PROVIDENCE—*continued.*

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies? *Pope, E. M. i. 205*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;

All discord, harmony not understood ;

All partial evil, universal good ;

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

One thing is clear, whatever is, is right. *Pope, E. M. i. 289.*

Whatever is, is right, says Pope,

So said a learned thief,

But when his fate required a rope,

He varied his belief.

Anon.

This is thy work, almighty Providence !

Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought,

Revolves the orbs of empire ; bids them sink

Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,

Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world. *Thomson, Cor. II. 5.*

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals

On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,

By slightest means, to lay their towering schemes

Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing. *Ib. Cor. III. 3.*

There is a power

Unseen that rules the illimitable world,

That guides its motions, from the brightest star

To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;

While man, who madly deems himself the lord

Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence. *Ib. Cor. II. 5.*

Wondrous chance !

Or rather wondrous conduct of the gods !

By mortals, from their blindness, chance misnam'd.

Thomson, Agamemnon, III. 1.

O eternal Providence, whose course,

Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd

By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,

I follow Thee, with resignation, hope,

With confidence and joy ; for Thou art good,

And of thy rising goodness is no end.

Thomson.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows ;

Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom :

Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;

Think on the various accidents of war ;

Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;

Think on that Providence which guards the good. *Dr. Johnson.*

PROVIDENCE—*continued.*

How heaven, in scorn of human arrogance,
 Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations !
 While with incessant thought laborious man
 Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and power,
 And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness,
 Some accidental gust of opposition
 Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
 O'eturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
 And whelms the swelling architect beneath it. *Dr. Johnson.*
 Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life ! *Cowper, Task, II. 161.*
 Of joys I cannot paint, and I am bless'd,
 In all that I conceive, whatever is, is best.

Crabbe, Tales of the Hall, vi.

Yes, Thou art ever present, Power supreme !
 Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
 Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
 In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
 In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee !

Hannah More, Belshazzar, 1, 1.

One adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists—one only ; an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.

Wordsworth.

PRUDENCE—*see* Conduct, Discretion, Feasting.

When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
 To build at all ?

Sh. Hen. IV. 2, I. 3.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok'd.

Milton, P. L. I. 643.

Prudence ! thou vainly in our youth art sought,
 And, with age purchas'd, art too dearly bought :
 We're past the use of wit, for which we toil,
 Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.

Dryden.

PRUDENCE—*continued.*

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
 Or never launches from the shore ;
 Before he builds computes the cost,
 And in no proud pursuit is lost. *Gay, Fable 5, part 2.*
 To doubtful matters do not headlong run,
 What's well left off were better not begun. *Thomas Randolph.*
 Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays,—
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways,
 A certain snare to miseries immense,
 A gay prerogative from common sense,—
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame. *Young.*

PRUDERY.

The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form ;
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den. *Sh. Poems.*
 Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
 She might be young some forty years ago ;
 Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips ;
 Her head erect, her fan upon her lips ;
 Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
 To watch yon amorous couple in their play ;
 With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
 The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
 And sails, with lappit head and mincing airs.
 Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers. *Cowper, Truth, 133.*

PUBLIC VOICE—*see* Mob, People, Rabble.

The public voice !

There's not an arrant rogue but calls
 The wretched raving of his paltry gang
 "The public voice ;" nay, those who dare not speak
 Above their breath, for fear of punishment,
 Will whisper forth that voice, if you believe
 Their timid accents. *Haynes.*

PUNNING—*see* Character, Mirth.

I see a chief who leads my chosen sons,
 All armed with points, antitheses, and puns. *Pope.*

PUNISHMENT—*see* Knavery.

He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares
 The part corrupted till the gangrene spread,
 And all the body perish : he that's merciful
 Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
Randolph, Muscs' Looking-Glass.

PUNISHMENT—*continued.*

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
 Of such as do offend, make less the sin ;
 For each particular crime a strict account
 Will be exacted ; and that comfort, which
 The damn'd pretend, follows in misery,
 Takes nothing from their torments : every one
 Must suffer in himself the measure of
 His wickedness.

Massinger, Picture.

Justice awake, and Rigour take her time,
 For lo ! our mercy is become our crime.
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays !
 Right lives by law, and law subsists by power ;
 Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, II. 733.

PURITANS—*see* Presbyterians.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
 There shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Sh. T. Ni. II. 3.

A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another ;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water,
 That alway preys on grace or sin,
 A sheep without, a wolf within.

Butler, Hud. 1, III. 1227.

PURITY—*see* Probity.

A spirit pure as hers,
 If always pure even while it errs—
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

Thomas Moore.

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew ;
 For the fond graces formed her easy mien,
 And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.

Hayley.

Around her shone
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the music breathing from her face ;
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole ;
 And, oh ! that eye was in itself a soul !

Byron.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity. *Byron, Siege of Cor.*

PURPOSE.

Make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose.

Sh. Macb. I. 5.

I do believe you think what now you speak
 But what we do determine oft we break :
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
 Which now, like fruits unripe, stick on the tree,
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

PURSUIT.

All things that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. *Sh. M. of Ven. II. 6.*
 What nature has denied fools will pursue,
 As apes are ever walking upon two. *Young.*

QUACKS.

I have heard they are the most lewd impostors,
 Made of all terms and shreds ; no less beliers
 Of great men's favours than their own vile med'cines,
 Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths ;
 Selling that drug for twopence ere they part,
 Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.

Ben Jonson, Volpone.

Out, you impostors,
 Quack-salving cheating mountebanks—your skill
 Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Massinger and Decker, Virgin Martyr.

From powerful causes spring the empiric's gains,
 Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains ;
 These first induce him the vile trash to try,
 Then lend his name that other men may buy. *Crabbe, Borough.*
 Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,
 The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
 Tincture of syrup, lotion, drop, or pill :
 All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill ;
 There are among them those who cannot read,
 And yet they'll buy a patent and succeed ;
 Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
 For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid ?
 With cruel avarice still they recommend
 More draughts, more syrups, to the journey's end. *Ib. Boro'.*

QUACKS—*continued.*

When quacks, as quacks may by good luck to be sure,
Blunder out, at haphazard, a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd.
All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it;
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill. *Sam. Bishop.*

QUAKERS.

Quakers, that like to lanthorns, bear
Their light within them, will not swear;
Their gospel is an accidence,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red
As that of breaking Priscian's head. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 219.*
Upright quakers please both man and God. *Pope, Dunc. IV. 208.*

QUARRELS—*see Argument, Conscience, Disputes.*

We strive as did the houndès for the bone:
They fought all day, and yet their part was none:
There came a kite, while that they were so wroth,
And bare away the bone betwixt them both. *Chaucer.*

In a false quarrel there is no true valour. *Sh. M. Ado, v. 1.*

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the oppos'd may beware of thee. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drank to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young mistress's dog. *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*

So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy. *Butler, Hud. 3, I. 293.*

The've always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. *Butler, Hud. II. 2.*

They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *Gay, Fable 34.*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.
Sheridan, Rivals, IV. 3.

QUERULOUSNESS.

Oh! we are querulous creatures! little less
 Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
 And little more than nothing is enough
 To discontent us.

Coleridge.

QUICKNESS.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought.

Pope, *M. E.* II. 97.

QUIET.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell!

Byron, *Ch. H.* III. 42.

QUITS.

To John I owed great obligation,
 But John, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation,
 Sure John and I are more than quit. *Martial*, v. 52. (*Prior*).

QUOTATION, QUOTING.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. *Sh. M. of Ven.* 1.3.

'Twas counted learning once and wit
 To void but what some author writ;
 And when men understood by rote
 By as implicit sense to quote. *Butler, Sat. upon Plagiaries.*

Why should those who pick and choose
 The best of all the best compose,
 And join it by Mosaic art,
 In graceful order, part to part,
 To make the whole in beauty suit,
 Not merit as complete repute
 As those who, with less art and pains,
 Can do it with their native brains. *Butler, Sat. on Plagiaries.*

For all he did he had a reason,
 For all he said a word in season;
 And ready ever was to quote
 Authorities for what he wrote. *Butler.*

He ranged his troops and preached up patience,
 Backed his opinions with quotations. *Prior.*

Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail. *Pope, Dunciad*, I. 280.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote.
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied,
 But strive to make our poverty our pride.

Young, *Love of Fame*, I. 89.

RABBLE—see **Mob**.

For as a fly that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head,
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers. *Butler, Hud.* 3, II. 1609

The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and sties,
Swarm in the streets. *Cowper, Task*, VI. 694.

RAGE—see **Anger**, **Passion**.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon. *Denham, Iphigenia*.

RAIN.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage ;
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage. *Broome*.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world. *Thomson, Spr.* 173.
From floating clouds of pearly hue
Fell in light drops the recent shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew
On every tree and every flower. *Roscoe*.

RAINBOW.

Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ! *Sh. Temp.* IV. 1.

The Lord of nature form'd the show'ry bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colour glow ;
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise ;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest peace. *Broome*.

RAINBOW—*continued.*

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds
 In fair proportion, running from the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky. *Thomson, Spring, 202.*

Born of the shower, and colour'd by the sun ;
 Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright. *Id.*

'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
 From leaf to leaf : 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky. *Byron, D. J. i. 122.*

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
 The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
 And all within its arch appear'd to be
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
 Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free.
 It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
 The airy child of vapour and the sun,
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
 Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
 And blending every colour into one. *Byron. D. J. II. 91.*

What skilful limner e'er could choose
 To paint the rainbow's various hues,
 Unless to mortal it were given
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven. *Scott, Marmion, vi. 5.*
 That gracious thing made up of tears and light.

Coleridge, Two Faults, 5.

Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky,
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud Philosophy
 To tell me what thou art.
 Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given
 For happy spirits to alight,
 Betwixt the earth and heaven ! *Campbell, Poem to the Rainbow.*
 My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die.
 The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety. *Wordsworth, on Childhood.*

RAINBOW—*continued.*

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd
 Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold ;
 'Twas born in a moment, yet quick at its birth,
 It had stretch'd to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
 With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea. *Mrs. Welby.*

RANK.

Superior worth your rank requires :
 For that, mankind reveres your sires ;
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merit heightens your disgrace. *Gay, Fable II. part 2.*
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that. *Burns, Honest Poverty.*

RAPHAEL.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse ;
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
 A new creation rises to my sight ;
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow. *Addison, Italy.*

RAPTURE—*see Joy.*

Oh, who, that has ever had rapture complete,
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet ?
 How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
 Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh ?
 Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
 Than written, like Harvey, whole volumes upon it. *T. Moore.*

RASHNESS.

Seek not for danger where there is no profit. *Sh. Cymb. iv. 2.*
 Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
 The positive pronounce without dismay.
Cowper, Conversation, 145.

RATS.

A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit her. *Sh. Temp. i. 2.*

RAZORS.

" Not think they'd shave !" quoth Hodge with wond'ring eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
 " What were they made for then, you dog ?" he cries :
 " Made ;" quoth the fellow, with a smile, " to sell."
Peter Pindar, III.

READINESS—*see* Promptitude.

All things are ready if our minds be so. *Sh. Hen. V. iv. 3.*

READING—*see* Books, Learning, Letters.

Many books.

Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

Milton, P. R. iv. 327.

Toy with your books, and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
And read aloud, resounding Homer's strains,
And wield the thunder of Demonsthenes :
The chest so exercised improves its strength. *Armstrong, A. P. II.*

The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs that others may be fed,—
Feels less fatigue, than that decreed
To him that cannot think or read.

Hannah More.

REASON, REASONS, REASONING—*see* Fancy, Man.

I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so. *Sh. Two G. i. 2.*

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.*

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore. *Butler, Hud. 1, i. 131.*

The gods are just.

But how can finite measure infinite ?
Reason ! alas, it does not know itself !
Yet man, vain man, would with this short-lived plummet
Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice. *Dryden.*

Reason's a staff for age, when nature's gone ;
But youth is strong enough to walk alone. *Ib. Conq. of Grenada.*

Thought

Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns
Fooling the follower 'twixt shade and shining.

Congreve, Mourning Bride.

REASON—continued.

Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best,
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Pope, E. M. III. 79.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man. *Pope, E. M.* III. 97.

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies. *Pope, M. E.* i. 117.

Within the brain's most secret cells

A certain lord-chief-justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power whom one and all,

With common voice, we Reason call.

Churchill.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions with the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory ; passions then
Are aids and ornaments.

Young, N. T.

Reason's progressive, instinct is complete ;
Swift instinct leaps ; slow reason feebly climbs,
Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all

Flows in at once : in ages they no more

Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy ;

Were man to live coeval with the sun,

The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;

Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd. *Ib.* *N. T.* vii. 78.

Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress.

That loses all, because she hazards nothing:

Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun

The rocks of life, for ever flies the port. *Dr. Johnson, Irene.*

REBELLION, REBELS—*see* Contention, Discord, Mob, People, Rabble.

Contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broken loose,

And bears down all before him.

Sh. Hen. IV. 2, 1. 1.

Their weapons only

Seem'd on our side : but for their spirits and souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond.

Sh. Hen. IV. 2, 1. 1.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots. *Sh. Hen. vi. 1, iii. 3.*

REBELLION, REBELS—*continued.*

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, II. 5.*

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

And lack of other means, in desperate manner

Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,

And danger serves among them. *Sh. Hen. VIII. 1. 2.*

You may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state: whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment. *Sh. Coriol. 1. 1.*

All the regions

Do smilingly revolt; and who resist

Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools. *Sh. Coriol. IV. 6.*

Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt! *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*

Let them call it mischief;

When it's past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.

Ben Jonson, Catiline.

Rebellion now began, for lack

Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack. *Butler, Hud. 3, II. 31.*

The devil was the first o' th' name,

From whom the race of rebels came,

Who was the first bold undertaker

Of bearing arms against his Maker;

And though miscarrying in th' event,

Was never yet known to repent,

Though tumbled from the top of bliss

Down to the bottomless abyss;

A property, which from their prince

The family owns ever since,

And therefore ne'er repent the evil

They do, or suffer, like the devil. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

The worst of rebels never arm

To do their king or country harm;

But draw their swords to do them good,

As doctors cure by letting blood. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

REBELLION, REBELS—*continued.*

Righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor!
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars. *Rowe, Jane Shore.*
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. *Thomson.*

And perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason a mere fool,
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.
Cowper, Hope, 564.

A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er. *Byron, Doge of Venice.*
I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burdens—meaning the high classes.
Byron, D. J. XI. 84.

Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

REBUKE—*see Love, Philosophy.*

Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her. *Sh. Cymb. III. 5.*

RECIPROCITY.

Be thine the more refin'd delights
Of love that banishes control,
When the fond heart with heart unites,
And souls in unison with soul. *Cartwright.*
I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip. *Sheridan, Duenna, I. 2.*

RECIPROCITY—*continued.*

It is vain that we should coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us : the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness.

Byron.

The all-absorbing flame
Which kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrapt in one blaze.

*Byron, Ch. H.***RECKONING.**

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

*Gay, What d'ye call it, II. 9.***RECONCILEMENT, RECONCILIATION**—*see* **Forgiveness.**

Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed. *Sh. Ric. II. I. 1.*

Never can true reconcilement grow,

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.

*Milton, P. L. IV. 98.***RECREATION.**

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life. *Sh. Com. Er. v.*

Nothing more preserves men in their wits,

Than giving of them leave to play by fits,

In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,

And waking, little less extravagances,

The rest and recreation of tired thought,

When 'tis run down with ease, and overwrought ;

Of which whoever does not freely take

His constant share, is never broad awake.

*Butler, Sat. I.***REDRESS.**

What need we any spur but our own cause

To prick us to redress.

*Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.***REFLECTION**—*see* **Contemplation.**

A soul without reflection, like a pile

Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

*Young, N. T.***REFORM, REFORMERS, REFORMATION**—*see* **Mob, People.**

Sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue. *Sh. Tw. N. I. 5.*

No sow-gelder did blow his horn

To geld a cat, but cry Reform.

The oyster women lock'd their fish up,

And trudged away to cry 'No Bishop.' *Butler, Hud. I, II. 537.*

'Tis the talent of our English nation,

Still to be plotting some new Reformation.

Dryden, Prol. to Sophonisba.

REFORM, REFORMERS, REFORMATION—*continued.*

You stand the champion of the people's cause,
And bid the mob reform defective laws.

Pope, Ep. to Lord Bolingbroke.

All zeal for a reform that gives offence

To peace and charity, is mere pretence. *Cowper, Charity, 533.*

REFUSAL.

Have you not heard it said full oft

A woman's nay doth stand for naught. *Sh. Pass. Pilgrim.*

If you oblige me suddenly to choose,

My choice is made—and I must you refuse. *Dryden.*

REGICIDE.

If I could find example

Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,

And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,

Let villany itself forswear 't. *Sh. Wint. T. IV. 2.*

REJECTED SUITORS—*see Courtship.*

Some are soon bagg'd, but some reject three dozen,

'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals

And wild dismay o'er ev'ry angry cousin

(Friends of the party) who begin accusals,

Such as—"Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen

Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals

To his billets? Why waltz with him? Why, I pray,

Look yes last night, and yet say no to-day.

Why?—why?—besides, Fred, really was attach'd,

'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:

The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd

So good an opportunity, no doubt:—

But the old marchioness some plan has hatch'd

As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:

And after all poor Frederick may do better—

Pray did you see her answer to his letter?" *Byron, D.J. 34, 35.*

REJOICING—*see Joy.*

Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board,

Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair;

Thro' the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd,

Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care. *Sir W. Scott.*

RELATIONS.

The near in blood, the nearer bloody.

Sh. Macb. II. 3.

RELIANCE—*see Dependence.*

I will believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far I will trust thee.

Sh. Hen. IV. I. II. 3.

RELIGION—*see* Belief, Bigotry, Church, Converts, Devotion, Dying, Faith, Fanaticism, Hypocrisy, Independence, Piety, Proselytes, Saints.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His hat ; it ever changes with the next block. *Sh. M. Ado.* I. 1.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Sh. Hen.* VIII. III. 2.

Take heed, lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
Would not admit. *Milton, P. L.* VIII. 365.

All our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition,
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion ;
As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform. *Butler, Hud.* 3, II. 533.

A convert's but a fly that turns about
After his head's cut off, to find it out. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

Never shew religion,
Unless you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
And cheat believing fools that think you honest. *Otway, Orphan*
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
The things we must believe are few and plain :
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say ;
For it's not likely we should higher soar,
In search of heaven, than all the church before. *Dryden.*

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts :
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies ; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own. *Pope, E. M.* I. 17.

RELIGION—*continued.*

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went;
 One way they look, another way they steer,
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

Young, Love of Fame, Sat. i. 72.

Know,

Without star or angel, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
 And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven!
 Love finds admission, where proud science fails. *Ib. N. T. 9.*

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
 Sole source of public and of private peace.

Young, Public Situation of the Kingdom, 499.

When nations are to perish in their sins,
 'Tis in the church the leprosy begins:
 The priest, whose office is, with zeal sincere,
 To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
 Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
 While others poison what the flock must drink.

Cowper, Expostulation, 95.

Pity! Religion has so seldom found
 A skilful guide into poetic ground!
 The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
 And every Muse attends her in her way.
 Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
 And many a compliment politely penn'd,
 But unattir'd in that becoming vest
 Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,
 Stands in the desert shivering and forlorn,
 A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn. *Ib. Table Talk, 716.*

See the sage hermit by mankind admired,
 With all that bigotry adopts, inspired,
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,
 Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,
 You think him humble,—God accounts him proud;
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense,—
 My penitential stripes, my streaming blood
 Have purchased heaven, and prove my title good. *Ib. Truth, 87.*

RELIGION—*continued.*

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
 Like angel-heads in stone, with pigeon-wings?
 Canting and whining out all day the word,
 And half the night? fanatic and absurd!
 Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,
 Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
 Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
 And chase the splenetic dull hours away,
 Content on earth in earthly things to shine,
 Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,
 Leaves saints t'enjoy those altitudes they teach,
 And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.

Cowper, Conversation, 575.

Religion does not censure or exclude
 Unnumber'd pleasures, harmlessly pursued.
 To study culture, and with artful toil
 To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
 To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
 The grain or herb or plant that each demands.

Ib. Retirement, 783.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion; thus it was.
 Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms.

Byron, D. J. II. 34.

I think that friars and their hoods,
 Their doctrines and their maggots,
 Have lighted up so many feuds,
 And far too many faggots;
 I think, while zealots fast and frown,
 And fight for two or seven,
 That there are fifty roads to town,
 And rather more to heaven. *Praed, Chaunt of Brazen Head.*

There is—There is—one primitive and sure
 Religion pure,
 Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
 Wear myriad modes,
 Contains all creeds within its mighty span—
 The love of God, displayed in love of man.

Horace Smith, Moral Ruins.

True religion
 Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
 Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
 Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
 But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
 And builds her grandeur on the public good. *J. Miller, Mahomet.*

RELIGION—*continued.*

I take possession of man's mind and deed,
 I care not what the sects may brawl ;
 I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all. *Tennyson, Palace of Art.*

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
 Without much hazard may be let alone ;
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb ;
 For points obscure are of small use to learn,
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

REMEDIES. *Dryden, Religio Laici, 443.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. *Sh. All's W. I. 1.*

Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace ;
 The remedy is worse than the disease. *Dryden, Juven. xvi. 32.*

REMEMBRANCE—*see Memory.*

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. *Sh. Two. G. II. 2.*

Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear. *Sh. All's W. v. 3.*
 I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot. *Young, N. T. iv. 57.*

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
 Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
 Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair !
 Or think of any thing, excepting thee. *Byron, D. J. II. 19.*

Remembrance makes the poet ; 'tis the past,
 Lingering within him with a keener sense
 Than is upon the thoughts of common men,
 Of what has been, that fills the actual world
 With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
 That were and are not. *L. E. Landon.*

Go where glory waits thee ;
 But while fame elates thee,
 O, still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 O, then remember me.

Thos. Moore.

REMEMBRANCE—*continued.*

There's not a look, a word of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot ;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy looks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not.

Thos. Moore.

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees dark and high :
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky,
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm further off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

Thos. Hood, Poems.

There's not an hour
 Of day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee :
 There's not a wind but whispers of thy name ;
 And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
 But in its fragrance tells a tale of thee.

*Barry Cornwall.***REMORSE.**

High minds, of native pride and force,
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, remorse !
 Fear for their scourge mean villains have ;
 Thou art the torture of the brave. *Scott, Marmion, III. 13.*

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
 If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
 Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,
 It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
 Weeps only tears of poison.

*Coleridge.***REPARTEE.**

A man renown'd for repartee
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finest feeling ;
 Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
 And tell you 'twas a special jest,
 By way of balm for healing.

*Cowper, Friendship, 14.***REPENTANCE**—*see* Apology, Consideration, Forgiveness.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
 Is nor of heaven nor of earth ; for these are pleased ;
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased. *Sh. Two G. v. 3.*
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad. *Sh. M. for M. v. 1.*

REPENTANCE—continued.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. *Sh. As Y. L. IV. 3.*
Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1. 1. 2.*

Let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England never did owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1. v. 2.*

I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, v. 2.*

Presume not, that I am the thing I was :
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, v. 5.*

What is done cannot be now amended ;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent. *Sh. Rich. III. IV. 4.*
Man should do nothing that he should repent,
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Honest Man's Fortune.
Sorrow for past ills, doth restore frail man
To his first innocence. *Nabbs, Microcosmus.*

Sweet tastes have sour closes ;
And he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.
Quarles, Emb. 1. 7.

Come, fair repentance, daughter of the skies !
Soft harbinger of soon returning virtue ;
The weeping messenger of grace from heav'n ! *Browne, Athel.*

O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not !—
The best may err, but ye are good. *Addison, Cato, v. 1.*
The hours of folly and of fond delight
Are wasted all, and fled : those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.

Rowe, Fair Pen.

REPENTANCE—*continued.*

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
 But many days must pass, and many sorrows ;
 Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
 To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
 And work a second nature in the soul,
 Ere virtue can resume the place she lost. *Rowe, Ulysses.*

While music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
 Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
 Her snaky crest : a quick returning pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart. *Thomson.*

'Tis ever thus
 With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly ;
 Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
 Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
 Of their severe repentance. *Mason.*

A change in Peter's life ye must not hope :
 To try to wash an ass's face
 Is really labour to misplace :
 And clearly loss of time, as well as soap. *Peter Pindar.*
 Repentance often finds too late,
 To wound us is to harden ;
 And love is on the verge of hate,
 Each time it stoops for pardon. *Bulwer Lytton.*

REPORTERS.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede ye tent it ;
 A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it. *Burns, Captain Grose.*

REPOSE.

These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. *Sh. Hen. VIII. v. 1.*

The best of men have ever loved repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
 Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
 The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 From a base world at last have stolen away.
Thomson, Castle of Indolence, i. 17.

REPOSE—*continued.*

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,
And oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene? *Scott, Lord of the Isles, iv. 13.*

REPROOF—*see* Chiding, Rebuke.

'Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Prithee, forgive me;
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes: it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite
And make them taste their wine well; so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' th' grape.
Middleton, Women Beware Women.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men;
Good counsel comes clean out of season then:
But when their fury is appeas'd and past,
They will conceive their faults and mend at last. *Randolph.*

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
They best canst bear reproof who merit praise. *Pope, E. C. v. 82.*

Why don't you speak out?
Not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!
Sheridan, Rivals, iv. 2.

REPUTATION—*see* Character, Detraction, Fame, Honour.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. *Sh. Rich. II. i. 1.*
The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*

Oh! I have lost my reputation!
I have lost th' immortal part of myself:
And what remains is bestial. *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing. *Sh. Sonnet 121.*

REPUTATION—*continued.*

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone :
Being got by many actions, lost by one. *Randolph.*

No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good :
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame. *Denham.*

The reputation
Of virtuous actions pass'd, if not kept up
By an access, and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten. *Denham, Sophy.*

O reputation ; dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness. *Sewell, W. Raleigh.*

RESIGNATION—*see Despair, Grief, Patience.*

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.
Sh. Macb. III. 2.

But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
Sh. Rich. II. v. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! *Sh. Hen. VIII. IV. 2.*

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot, or not, to be content with all. *Herrick, Aph. 215.*

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;
The bad grows better, which we will sustain ;
And could we choose the time, and chose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
Dryden, Palamon & Arcite, III. 1086.

What then remains, but after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy ;
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live ? *Dryden.*

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
Pomfret, to his Friend.

RESIGNATION—*continued.*

Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deemed evil, is no more :
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all. *Thomson, Wint.* 1064.

If age and sickness, poverty and pain,
 Should each assault me with alternate plagues,
 I know mankind is destin'd to complain,
 And I submit to torment and fatigues ;
 The pious farmer, who ne'er misses pray'rs,
 With patience suffers unexpected rain ;
 He blesses Heav'n for what its bounty spares,
 And sees, resign'd, a crop of blighted grain ;
 But, spite of sermons, farmers would blaspheme,
 If a star fell to set their thatch on flame.

Lady M. Wortley Montague, Poems, 2.

Well—peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be ;
 And health to thy cheek, tho' it bloom not for me. *T. Moore.*

RESOLUTION—*see Activity, Determination, Promptitude.*

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviour from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution. *Sh. K. John, v. 1.*

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant. *Sh. Ant. & Cleop. v. 2.*

The native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. *Sh. Ham. III. 1.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolv'd to effect. *Sh. Temp. III. 2.*

All the soul
 Of man is resolution ; which expires
 Never from valiant men, till their last breath ;
 And then with it, like a flame extinguish'd
 For want of matter ; it does not die, but
 Rather ceases to live. *Chapman, Revenge for Woman.*

RESOLUTION—*continued.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

Entice the trusty sun *Lovelace, Seek and Find.*
From his ecliptic line he shall obey
Your beck, and wander from his sphere, ere I
From my resolves. *Baron, Mirza.*

Men make resolves and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind! with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law. *Churchill.*

There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepar'd to conquer every hazard :
The fearful are the failing. *Mrs. Hale, Ormond Grosvenor.*
When resolution hath prepar'd the will ;
It wants no helps to further any ill. *Mirror for Magistrates.*

RESOURCES—*see* Caution.

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow. *Churchill, Ghost, IV.*

RESPECT—*see* Servility, Submission, Suppleness, Sycophancy.

You have too much respect upon the world ;
They lose it, that do buy it with much care. *Sh. M. of Ven. I. 1.*
Yes, I submit, my lord ; you've gained your end,
I'm now your slave that would have been your friend :
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove,
Respect, adore you, everything but love. *Martial, II. 12.*

RESPONSIBILITY.

Among all honest christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.

Prior, to Fleetwood Shepherd.

REST—*see* Repose, Sleep.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found ;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers
Even on cultured ground ;
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest ;
And this must be his onward word—
" In heaven alone is rest."

Bernard Barton.

RESURRECTION.

Each soul shall then regain its mournful tomb ;
Each shall its flesh and pristine form resume,
And hear pronounced the everlasting doom. *Dante, (Wright.)*

RESURRECTION—*continued.*

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts?
 I think of nothing else—I see, I feel it!
 All nature like an earthquake, trembling round!
 All deities, like summer swarms on wings,
 All basking in the full meridian blaze!
 I see the Judge enthroned, the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd—open'd every heart!
 A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all extreme! *Young, N. T. IX. 262.*

RETALIATION—*see Conduct, Repose, Revenge, Self-Defence.*

If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,
 Meet him with countermines; it is justice still
 For goodness sake t' encounter ill with ill. *Beaumont & Fletcher.*

RETIREMENT—*see Adversity, Country Life, Rural Retreat, Rus in Urbe, Scenery, Solitude.*

The fields did laugh, the floures did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that garden's pleasures in their caroling.
Spenser, Fairy Queen, IX. 24.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes. *Sh. Two G. v. 4.*

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court? *Sh. As Y. L. II. 1.*

O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
 Of city troubles and of state affairs;
 And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team
 His own free land, left by his friends to him.
Du Bartas, (Sylvester).

I see there is no man but may make his paradise;
 And it is nothing but his love and dotage
 Upon the world's foul joys that keep him out on't;
 For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit
 Is still in paradise. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

RETIREMENT—*continued.*

Retiring from the populous noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.

Now purer air *Milton, Sam. Ago. xvi.*

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

Milton, P. L. 4.

Remote from man with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise. *Parnell, Her. 5.*

Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell!
Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams.

Lord Rochester, Valentinian.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

Matthew Green, Spleen.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Quite a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

Id. Spleen.

Happy the man, whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground.

Pope, Ode on Solitude, 1.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven!

Thomson, Spring, 1158.

RETIREMENT—*continued.*

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
 Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
 Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
 Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
 Guard, while 'tis thine thy philosophic ease,
 And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
 That bids defiance to the storms of fate,
 High bliss is only for a higher state.

Thomson.

Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk. *Thomson, Summer.*
 Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul. *Thomson, Summer, 269.*

The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To nature's voice attends, from month to month.
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. *Id. Autumn.*
 O sacred solitude ! divine retreat !
 Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid. *Young, L. of F. v.*
 O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour, with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,—
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly. *Goldsmith, D. V. 99.*
 Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years. *Cowper, Task, i. 177.*
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,
 What could I wish that I possess not here ?
 Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace.

Cowper, Task, III. 689.

RETIREMENT—*continued.*

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
Of the Great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Cowper, Task, iv. 88.*

Hackney'd in business, wearied at the oar,
Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and slow,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego,
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before. *Ib. Retirement, 1.*

Anticipated rents and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate.
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate. *Ib. Retirement, 564.*

Some retire to nourish hopeless woe,
Some seeking happiness not found below,
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined,
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust,
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must ;
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there. *Ib. Retirem. 603.*

The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share. *Ib. Ret. 182.*

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Where the scared owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away,
To more profound repose. *Beattie, Minstrel.*

How much they err, who to their interest blind,
Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows !
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
Banish the tranquil bliss which heaven for man design'd !
Mrs. Tighe, Psyche, 2.

RETIREMENT—*continued.*

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind ;
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong,
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

Byron, Childe Harold, III. 69.

How wise a short retreat to steal,
 The vanity of life to feel,
 And from its cares to fly ;
 To act one calm, domestic scene,
 Earth's bustle and the grave between,
 Retire, and learn to die !

Hannah More.

Oh for a bower where I might dwell
 In this contemplative seclusion,
 With wealth sufficient for the wants
 Of temperate nature, not profusion,
 A cottage on the green hill-side,
 Sacred to friendship, love, and duty,
 A garden fair, with trees for fruit,
 And some for shadow and for beauty.

C. Mackay, Dream, 7.

RETREAT—*see* **Battle, Rural Retreat.**

In all the trade of war, no feat
 Is nobler than a brave retreat ;
 For those that run away, and fly,
 Take place at least o' the enemy.

Butler, Hud. 1, III. 607.

RETRIBUTION.

Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies ;
 The gods on murd'ers fix revengeful eyes.

Chapman.

He will have
 To eat the bitter bread of his own baking,
 And lie upon the bed of his own making.

Quoted by Mr. Bright, Oct. 1866.

RETROSPECTION—*see* **Remembrance.**

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men Experience call ;
 If wisdom's friend, her best, if not, worst foe.

Young, N. T. II. 376.

RETROSPECTION—*continued.*

I can remember, with unsteady feet,
 Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
 In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
 Have lost their power to please; which, when I see,
 Raise only now a melancholy wish
 I were the little trifle once again
 Who could be pleased so lightly.

Southey.

The mind will in its worst despair,
 Still ponder o'er the past,
 On moments of delight that were
 Too beautiful to last.

Balfe.

Where is the one who hath not had
 Some anguish trial, long gone by,
 Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
 On busy thought, till the full eye
 And aching breast, betray'd too well,
 The past still held undying spell?

Eliza Cook, Melata, 4.

REVENGE—*see Anger, Bond, Hate, Retaliation, Vengeance.*

Pleasure and revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

Of any true decision.

Sh. Troil. II. 2.

It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Sh. Ric. III. I. 2.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war.

Sh. Jul. C. III. 1.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Sh. Oth. III. 3.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Sh. Oth. v. 2.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation: to this point I stand—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd.

Sh. Ham. IV. 5.

Honour hath her degrees: there is excess

In all revenge, that may be done with less, *L. Brooke, Alabam.*

All stratagems are lawful in revenge:

Promise, deceive, betray, or break your trust,

Who rights his honour, cannot be unjust.

Ravenscroft, Italian Husband.

REVENGE—continued.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils. *Milton, P. L. ix. 171.*
Revenge, th' attribute of gods! they stamp'd it
With their great image on our natures. *Otway, Venice Pres.*
My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge.

Rowe, Lady Jane Grey, II. 1.

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage!
How wretched, O, how fatal is our error;
When to revenge precipitate we run!
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own revenge;
While to the short-lived, momentary joy,
Succeeds a train of woes—an age of torment. *Frowde, Phil.*

What! do they think me such a milky boy,
To pay my vengeance with a few soft words! *Thomson, Cor.*
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert
With all her snakes erect upon her breast,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.

Young, Revenge.

If we do but watch the hour
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Byron, Mazeppa.

There are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The law sleeps, justice wakes, and injur'd souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong. *Ib. Marino Faliero.*

A slave insults me—I require his punishment
From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it,
The offence grows his, and let him answer it. *Ib. Mar. Faliero.*
Vengeance alone to God belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame. *Scott, Marmion, vi. 7.*

Patience! my soul disdains its stoic maxim,
The coward's virtue, and the knave's disguise:
Oh vengeance take me all, I'm wholly thine.

Chas. Beckingham, Henry IV. of France.

REVERSES—see **Adversity, Greatness, Misfortune, Patience.**

You should have feared false times, when you did feast ;
 Suspect still comes when an estate is least. *Sh. Timon*, iv. 3.

Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run,
 By their own fear and sloth. *Sh. Temp.* II. 1.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.

Pope, Prol. to Addison's Cato.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
 On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
 With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure and that soul of whim ! *Ib. M. E.* III. 299.
 Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
 And he's of men most wise who bears them best. *Cumberland.*

REVOLUTION—see **Despotism.**

The world is grown so bad,
 That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch ;
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack. *Sh. Ric.* III. i. 3.
 There is great talk of revolution,
 And a great chance of despotism,
 German soldiers, camps, confusion,
 Tumults, lotteries, rage, delusion,
 Gin, suicide, and methodism. *Shelley, Hell*, III.

The whirlpool of the hour ingulfs
 The growth of centuries ! Pause ere ye rive,
 With strength of fever, things embedded long
 In social being : you'll uproot no form
 With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals
 Have long been twined, without the bleeding rent
 Of thousand ties, which to the common heart
 Of nature link it. *Talfourd.*

REVOLUTIONISTS—see **Rabble.**

Fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation.
 Moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion. *Sh. Hen.* IV. v. 1.

RHETORIC—*see* Law, Oratory.

And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed :
 And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound that heavenly music seem'd to make. *Spenser.*
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Butler, Hud. 1, i. 81.*

RHINE.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ? *Coleridge. Cologne.*

RHYME—*see* Poetry, Verse.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Butler, Hud. 1, i. 463.

In praising Chloris, moons and stars and skies,
 Are quickly made to match her face and eyes ;
 And gold and rubies, with as little care,
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair ;
 And mixing suns and flowers and pearls and stones,
 Make 'em all complexions serve at once. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

May he be damn'd, who first found out that curse,
 'T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse ;
 'To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

Rash author, 'tis a vain, presumptuous crime,
 To undertake the sacred art of rhyme ;
 If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
 Shone not with a poetic influence ;
 In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
 Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

Dryden, Art of Poetry, i. 1.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let sense accompany your rhyme ;
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
 Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close. *Ib. i. 27.*

Great are his perils in this stormy time,
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme ;
 Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below,
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends,
 He hurts me more who lavishly commends. *Churchill.*

The rhyme obliges me to this ; sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes. *Byron, D J.v.78.*

RICHES—see Apparel, Wealth.

See!

The diff'rence 'twixt the covetous and prodigal!
The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none shortly.

Ben Jonson, Staple of News.

They're richer who diminish their desires,
Though their possessions be not amplified,
Than monarchs, who, in owning large empires,
Have minds that never will be satisfied.
For he is poor that wants what he would have;
And rich, who having nought, doth nothing crave.

Sir Thomas Urquhart, 1646.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
'To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

'Tis not your person *Milton, P. R. II. 453.*

My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches. *Butler, Hud. 2, l. 473.*

Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave. *Dryden.*

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those, when tortur'd by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death? *Gay, Fable xvi. part 2.*

To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold. *Pope, M. E. III. 171.*

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly;
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply. *Swift.*

O grievous folly to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun,
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign.

Thomson, Castle of Indolence, I. 19.

RICHES—*continued.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know ;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy :
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still. *Young, N. T. VI.*

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng. *Ib. N. T. VI.*

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land. *Goldsmith, Des. Vil.*

Then let us get money, like bees lay up honey ;
 We'll build us new hives and store up each cell ;
 The sight of our treasure shall yield us great pleasure,
 We'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.
Dr. Franklin, Drinking Song.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise ;
 The use of riches in discretion lies ;
 Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purse
 In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse. *Cumberland, Menander.*

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble-shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn. *J. L. Lowell, (Am.)*

RIDICULE—*see* **Jesting.**

But touch me, and no minister so sore ;
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song.
Pope, Imitations of Horace, II. 78.

RIFLE-CORPS—*see* **Soldiers.**

When he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier. *Sh. Coriol. III. 3.*

RINGLETS—*see* Hair, Tresses.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty pearls are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey. *Pope, R. of L.* II. 2).

RIVALRY.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
 Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate, *Sh. Hen. IV.* 1, v. 4.
 Caballing still against it with the great,
 Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
 By standing up, and pulling others down. *Dryden.*
 Love, and a crown, no rivalry can bear ;
 All precious things are still possess'd with fear. *Ib. Aurengz.*

RIVERS—*see* Rhine, Thames.

And see the rivers how they run
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun ;
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep ! *Dyer, Grongar Hill.*
 A little stream came tumbling from the height,
 And struggling unto ocean as it might.
 Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
 And gush'd from cleft to crag with saltless spray. *Byron, Island.*

ROBIN HOOD.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy !
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood ;
 She has her brave Rob Roy. *Wordsworth, Rob Roy's Grave.*

ROBBERY—*see* Resignation.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. *Sh. Oth.* III. 3.

ROD.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child. *Butler, Hud.* 2, 1. 843.

ROMANCES—*see* Novels, Stories, Tales.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you. *Sh. Rom.* 1. 4.

ROMANCES—*continued.*

They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children, so they can
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man. *Butler, Hud. 1, II. 17.*
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the selfsame way. *Butler, Hud. 2, I. 9.*
 Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
 But only give a bust of marriages;
 For no one cares for matrimonial cooings;
 There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss;
 Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
 He would have written sonnets all his life? *Byron, D. J. III. 8.*

ROME.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread;
 The very tombs now vanish'd, like their dead! *Pope, M. E. v. 1.*
 While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls, the world. *Byron, Ch. H. IV. 145.*

ROSES—*see Love.*

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live. *Sh. Sonnet LIV.*
 Lovely rose, the queen of flowers,
 Daughter of the vernal year,
 Dear to all the heav'nly powers,
 To the son of Venus dear. *Anacreon, (Greene,) Ode v.*
 Roses, love's delight, let's join
 To the red-cheek'd god of wine;
 Roses crown us while we laugh,
 And the juice of Autumn quaff!
 Roses of all flowers the king,
 Roses the fresh pride of spring,
 Joys of every deity.
 Love, when with the graces he
 For the ball himself disposes,
 Crowns his golden hair with roses. *Anacreon, (Stanley,) Ode v.*

ROSES—*continued.*

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
 That ever drank the amber shower;
 Rose! thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild!
 E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh;
 Cupid too, on Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillets braids. *Anacreon, (Moore,) Ode XLIV.*

The pride of mortals is the rose,
 The breath of Gods its leaves disclose.
 The graces, when th' enamour'd hours
 From their gay wings profuse the flowers,
 With roses bind their silken hair,
 Its beauties Venus joys to wear. *Anacreon, (Addison,) Ode LIII.*

Lovely rose, thy genial power,
 Sweetly soothes the sickly hour;
 O'er the grave thy fragrance shed;
 We sink in quiet to the dead.
 When the envious hand of time
 Nips the honours of thy prime,
 Fresh in youth thy odours bear
 Richness to the ambient air. *Anacreon, (Greene,) Ode LIII*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

Herrick.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Waller.

Child of summer, lovely rose,
 In thee what blushing beauty grows;
 But ere to-morrow's setting sun
 Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone;
 Yet tho' no grace thy buds retain,
 Thy pleasing odours still remain.

Ritson.

No flower embalm'd the air but one white rose,
 Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows.

Churchill, Prophecy of Famine, 207.

ROSES—*continued.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Scott, Lady of L., IV. 1

If on creation's morn the king of heaven
 To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
 O beauteous rose, he had anointed thee
 Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be ;
 The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
 The smile of beauty and the glow of youth,
 The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
 The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers.

MS.

A sunbeam warm'd thee into bloom ;
 A zephyr's kiss thy blushes gave :
 The tears of ev'ning shed perfume,
 And morn will beam upon thy grave
 How like to thee, thou transient flower,
 The doom of all we love on earth ;
 Beauty, like thee, but decks an hour,
 Decay feeds on it from its birth.

MS.

ROSEMARY.

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder-tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare intrude
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

Kirke White.

ROUTS—*see Dancing.*

The rout is folly's circle which she draws
 With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
 That none decoy'd into the fatal ring,
 Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
 There we grow early grey, but never wise ;
 There form connexions, and acquire no friend ;
 Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ;
 Waste youth in occupations only fit
 For second childhood, and devote old age
 To sports which only childhood could excuse.

Cowper, Task, II. 268.

ROUSSEAU.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction—he, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence. *Byron, Ch. H. III. 77.*

ROYALTY—see Kings, Princes.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares. *Sh. Ric. III. 1. 4.*

Princes, that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations and regard of laws;
A virtuous court a world to virtues draws. *B. Jonson, Cynthia Rev.*

ROYAL PENSIONS.

Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, II. 318.

RUIN—see Misfortune.**Destruction**

O'ertakes as often those that fly as those that
Boldly meet it. *Denham, Sophy.*

Those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

Dryden, Hind and Panther, III. 1094.

RUINS—see Decay, Mortality.

Where her high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but a heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower.

Spenser, Ruins of Time.

All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees:
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Herrick, Hesp. 476.

There is given

Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement;
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

Byron, Ch. H. IV. 127.

RUINS—*continued.*

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands ;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !
Out upon time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !

Byron, Siege of Corinth, v. 18.

Ye glorious Gothic scenes ! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not e'en excepting mine :
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

Byron, D. J. x. 51.

RULERS—*see Kings, Government.*

To put the power
Of sovereign rule into the good man's hand,
Is giving peace and happiness to millions.

Thomson, Sophonisba, v. 2.

We should rejoice if those who rule our land,
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant : not a servile band,
Who are to judge of dangers while they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

Quoted by Mr. J. D. Coleridge, on the Reform Bill, June 8, 1866.

RULING PASSION—*see Hobbies.*

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion : there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known. *Pope, M. E. i. 172.*
And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. *Id. M. E. i. 262.*

In men we various ruling passions find ;
In women, two almost divide the mind :
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway. *Pope, M. E. ii. 207.*
She who no'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys. *Pope, M. E. ii. 261.*

RUMOUR—*see* News.

Rumour's a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. *Sh. Hen. IV. Introduction II.*

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. *Sh. Oth. III. 1.*

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.

Pope, Temple of Fame, 465.

RURAL LIFE, RETREAT, SCENERY, &c.—*see* Country Life, Evening,
Home, Retirement.

Happy the man, whom bounteous gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough.
Cowley, Hor. Ode II. 5.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
 She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
 To morning walks, and prayers three hours a-day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ;
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Pope, Epistle 5.

Of men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of a rural life. *Thomson, Aut. 1233.*

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Goldsmith, Des. Vil.*

RURAL LIFE, RETREAT, SCENERY, &c.—*continued.*

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds:
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirts of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind. *Cowper, Task*, i. 181.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
 Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
 Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
 Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
 If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
 Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
 Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
 Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!
 O for a seat in some poetic nook, *Crabbe, Village*, i. 173.
 Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.

Leigh Hunt, Politics and Poetics.

RUS IN URBE.

He that deems his leisure well bestow'd
 In contemplations of a turnpike road,
 Is occupied as well, employs his hours
 As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
 As he that slumbers in pavilions graced
 With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.

Cowper, Retirement, 505.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
 That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
 Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
 With all a July sun's collected rays,
 Delight the citizen, who gasping there
 Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
 O sweet retirement, who would baulk the thought
 That could afford retirement, or could not?
 'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,—
 The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
 A step if fair, and if a shower approach
 You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach,
 There prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
 Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
 The man of business and his friends compress'd,
 Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
 But still 'tis rural,—trees are to be seen
 From every window, and the fields are green.

Cowper, Retirement, 481.

SABBATARIANS.

What! shut the garden! lock the latticed gate:
 Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
 And hang a wooden notice up to state,
 "On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"
 The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race
 Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
 Now, really, this appears the common case
 Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Thos. Hood, (an open Question.)

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil;
 Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
 Seek once a week their spirits to assail,
 And catch a glimpse of "Animated Nature."
 Better it were if, in his best of suits,
 The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
 Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,
 Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Thos. Hood, Ib.

SABBATH.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
 On other days the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely—the ground
 Both seat and board—screen'd from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat, by neighb'ring hedge or tree;
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves. *Grahame, Sab. 40.*

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man:
 London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
 Then the spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
 The coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl;
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

Byron, Ch. H. i. 69.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
 Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
 Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
 Tidings of good to Zion.

Charles Lamb.

The Sabbath bell,
 That over wood, and wild, and mountain-dell
 Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
 With sounds, most musical, most melancholy. *Rogers, H. Life.*

SABBATH—*continued.*

Yet every day in seven, at least,
 One bright republic shall be known ;—
 Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
 When God proclaims His own !
 Six days may rank divide the poor,
 O Dives ! from thy banquet-hall—
 The seventh, the Father opes the door,
 And holds His feast for all !

Bulwer Lytton.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
 Yet yonder halts the quiet mill ;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still !
 Six days stern labour shuts the poor
 From nature's careless banquet hall ;
 The seventh, an Angel opes the door,
 And, smiling, welcomes all !

Bulwer Lytton.

I am glad when the sabbath steals quietly in,
 Of all days the chief lustre, the "pearl of the seven ;"
 A season when man seems to pause in his sin,
 A time, rightly used, giving glimpses of heaven. *J. C. Prince.*

SACRAMENT—*see* Transubstantiation.**SAILING, SAILORS**—*see* Ocean, Sea, Shipwreck.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for.

Sh. Ham. I. 3.

What though the sea be calm ? trust to the shore,
 Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd before.

Herrick. Aph. 306.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ;
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

Byron, Ch. H. II. 17.

Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides
 Or school-boy midshipman that, standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

Byron, Ch. H. II. 18.

SAILING, SAILORS—*continued.*

How can I bear to think on all
 The dangers thou must brave?
 My fears will deem each gale a storm,
 While thou art on the wave. *L. E. Landon.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast. *Allan Cunningham, Song.*

O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
 The winds or waves that wake or sleep,
 Thy tender arms of mercy fold
 Around the seamen on the deep. *H. F. Gould (Am.)*

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never failed in
 fight;
 Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and
 our right;

But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow;
 Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare its foe.
 He reck not though proud glory's shout may be the knell of
 death;

The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting breath.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys,
 or war,

Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant 'English Tar.'
Eliza Cook, English Tar.

I love the sailor;—his eventful life—
 His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—
 His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife;—
 And, though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
 God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
 Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more! *Colton.*

A sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a part of his ship.

*Dibdin, quoted to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh by the
 City Chamberlain, June 7, 1866.*

SAINT PETER.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
 His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
 So little trouble had been given of late;
 Not that the place by any means was full,
 But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
 The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
 And "a pull all together," as they say
 At sea—which drew most souls another way.

Byron, Vision of Judgment, 1.

SAINTS—*see* Dissenters, Hypocrisy, Methodists, Puritans.

For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrifice. *Butler, Hud. 3, III. 843.*

And now the saints began their reign.
For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings. *Ib. Hud. 3. II. 237.*

In the wicked's there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice,
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is it not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience? *Ib. Hud. 2, II. 247.*
A godly man, that has served out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime!
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please. *Ib. Misc. Thoughts, 167.*

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman learn'd: a bishop what you will:
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Pope, M. E. I. 135.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor. *Ib. III. 249.*
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Pope, Imit. of Horace, I. VI. 26.
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shewn,
To saints whose lives are better than his own.

Churchill, Ep. to Hogarth, 25.
Jesting apart—what virtue canst thou trace
In that broad brim that hides thy sober face?
Does that long-skirted drab, that over-nice
And formal clothing, prove a scorn of vice?
Then for thine accent—what in sound can be
So void of grace as dull monotony? *Chabbe, Frank Courtship.*

SAINTS—*continued.*

For a sinner, thou'rt too much a saint ;
 Hast too much show of the sedate and pure,
 And without cause art formal and demure :
 This makes a man unsocial, unpolite ;
 Odious when wrong, and insolent if right.
 Thou may'st be good, but why should goodness be
 Wrapt in a garb of such formality ? *Crabbe, Frank Courtship.*

His native sense is hurt by strange complaints
 Of inward motions in these warring saints ;
 Who never cast on sinful bait a look,
 But they perceive the devil at the hook. *Ib. Squire and Priest.*

When, at his humble pray'r, you deign'd to eat,
 Saint as you are, a civil sinner's meat ;
 When as you sat contented and at ease,
 Nibbling at leisure on the ducks and peas,
 And, pleased some comforts in such place to find,
 You could descend to be a little kind ;
 And gave us hope, in heaven there might be room
 For a few souls besides your own to come ;
 While this world's good engaged your carnal view,
 And like a sinner he enjoy'd it too ;
 All this perceiving, can you think it strange
 That change in you should work an equal change ?"
Crabbe, Convent, 19.

They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep—
 Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep ;
 Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
 Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
 And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
 Repent his anger, or withhold his rod. *Crabbe, Library, 228.*

SALT.

Alas ! you know the cause too well ;
 The salt is spilt, to me it fell. *Gay, Fable 37.*

Why dost thou shun the salt ? that sacred pledge,
 Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
 Makes e'en contending tribes in peace unite,
 And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.

Byron, Corsair, II. 4.

SALUTATION—*see Address.*

Fair be to you, fair maiden, fair desires,
 In all fair measure fairly guide you. *Sh. Troil. III. 1.*
 A fair good evening to my fairer hostess. *Byron, Werner, I. 1.*

SATAN—*see* Devil.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left :
 Now shaves with level wing the deep ; then soars
 Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high. *Milton, P. L.* II. 629.
 Th' infernal serpent ; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, 'deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind. *Milton, P. L.* I. 34.

SATIETY—*see* Excess, Surfeit.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
 So every scope by the immoderate use
 Turns to restraint. *Sh. M. for M.* I. 3.
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little
 More than a little is by much too much. *Sh. Hen. IV.* I, III. 2.
 The ear is cloy'd
 Unto satiety with honied strains,
 That daily from the fount of Helicon
 Flow murmuring. *Herbert.*
 With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.
Byron, Ch. H. I. 6.

SATIRE—*see* Critics, Poetry, Verse.

I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash
 Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
 Ev'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
 That not eternity shall wear it out.
Randolph, Muse's Looking-Glass.
 Satire or, sense, alas ! can Sporus feel
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ! *Pope, Ep. to Arb.* 307.
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ;
 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2, I. 70.
 Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
 Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen ;
 Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews :
 The rage, but not the talent to abuse ;
 And is in hate, what love is in the stews.
Lady M. W. Montague, to Pope.

SATIRE—continued.

Though folly, robed in purple, shines,
 Though vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
 Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
 When satire wields her mighty flail. *Churchill, Ghost, 925.*

Enough of satire; in less harden'd times
 Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
 I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
 Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
 Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
 From her one line, than from a world in arms. *Ib. Cand. 154.*

Why should we fear? and what? The laws?
 They all are arm'd in Virtue's cause;
 And aiming at the self-same end,
 Satire is always Virtue's friend. *Churchill, Ghost, III. 943.*

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remoter ages lives. *Churchill, Author, 217.*

Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
 The mind of man, must always make her way;
 Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
 Is all her malice worth a single thought.
 The wise have not the will, nor fools the power,
 To stop her headstrong course; within the hour
 Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
 Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life. *Ib. Author, 197.*

Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!
 Thou shining supplement of public laws! *Young, L. of F. I. 11.*
 If satire charms, strike faults but spare the man;
 'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly;
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Young, Ep. to Pope, II. 163.

Let satire less engage you than applause;
 It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws. *Ib. II. 155.*

Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
 Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
 Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
 The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
 Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
 By lean despair upon an empty purse, *Cowper, Charity, 501.*

SATIRE—*continued.*

When scandal has new-minted an old lie,
 Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply.
 'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
 Gathering around it with erected ears;
 A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd,
 Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud,
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain,
 Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain. *Cowper, Charity, 513.*

At princes let but satire raise his gun,
 The more their feathers fly, the more the fun!
 E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
 Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters. *Peter Pindar.*

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong;
 Fools are my theme, let satire be my song. *Byron, Eng. Bards.*

In general satire, every man perceives
 A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves.
Crabbe, Squire and Priest.

You must not think that a satiric style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words;
 The better sort abhor scurrility. *Roscommon.*

SAVIOUR, (OUR).

Of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud,
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
 Impress'd, th' effulgence of His glory bides;
 Transfused on Thee His ample spirit rests.
 The Heav'n of heav'ns, and all the powers therein
 By thee created. *Milton, P. L. III., 384.*

SCANDAL—*see Slander, Society.*

You know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.*

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off. *Young, Ep. to Pope, I. 197.*

What is a scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd knaves and atheists in a gown? *Ib. II. 63.*

Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
 Is rather careless of a sister's fame!
 Her superfluity the poor supplies.
 But if she touch a character it dies. *Cowper, Charity, 453.*

SCANDAL—*continued.*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth I hope. *Sheridan, Critic, II. 1.*

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears !
The elder ladies' wrinkles curled much crisper
As they beheld ; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talked the matter o'er : but tears
Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army who stood by. *Byron, D. J. IX. 78.*

The circle smil'd, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd :
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd :
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd :
Some would not deem such women could be found
Some ne'er believ'd one half of what they heard :
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet. *Byron, D. J. XIV. 44.*

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die. *Eleanora Hervey.*

SCARS.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

SCENERY—*see Distance.*

How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighbouring hill ;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 9.

SCEPTICISM—*see Learning, Infidelity.*

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends,
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow visions of our mind. *Thomson, Sum. 318*
Heaven is all love ; all joy in giving joy,
It never had created but to bliss,
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life
A being bless'd, or worthy so to be ?
Heaven starts at an annihilating God. *Young, N. T. VII. 475.*

SCEPTICISM—*continued.*

This a sacred rule we find
 Among the nicest of mankind,
 (Which never might exception brook
 From Hobbes even down to Bolingbroke,
 To doubt of facts, however true,
 Unless they know the causes too. *Churchill, Ghost*, II. 354.
 Oh ! lives there, heaven ! beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
 Content to feed with pleasures unrefin'd,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
 Who mouldering earthward, 'rest of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ? *Campbell, Pl. Hope.*

SCHISMATICS.

Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 The hotter they're they grow the stiffer ;
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds ;
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant. *Butler, Hud.* 3, II. 673.

SCHOLAR, SCHOLARSHIP—*see* Authors, Character.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Sh. Lear*, III. 4.
 An excellent scholar : One that hath a head filled
 With calves' brains without any sage in them.
Webster, The White Devil, I. 1.

SCHOOL, SCHOOL-BOY, SCHOOL-DAYS, SCHOOLMASTER—*see* Boyhood, Education, Flogging.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell schools they lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming. *Sir W. Raleigh.*

Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools,
 Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools,
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
 Run them behind-hand with their education ;
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age. *Butler, Sat.* 1.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play,
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day. *Gray, Ode on Eton College.*

SCHOOL, SCHOOL-BOY, &c.—continued

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah ! fields belov'd in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring. *Gray, Ode on Eton College.*

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,
 The day's disasters in his morning face. *Goldsmith, D. Vil. 193.*

To every class we have a school assign'd,
 Rules for all ranks and food for every mind :
 Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
 Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school ;
 That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
 And awes some thirty infants as she knits ;
 Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
 Some trifling price for freedom through the day.
 At this good matron's hut the children meet,
 Who thus becomes the mother of the street.

Crabbe, Schools, 24.

The school was done, the bus'ness o'er,
 When, tir'd of Greek and Latin lore,
 Good Syntax sought his easy chair,
 And sat in calm composure there. *Combe, Dr. Syntax, 1. 1.*

SCIENCE—see Genius, Knowledge.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
 And pass both tropics, and behold both poles ;
 When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
 And unacquainted still with our own souls. *Sir John Davies.*

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide ;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride.
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;

SCIENCE—*continued.*

Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts ;
 Then see how little the remaining sum
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come.

Pope, E. M. II. 47.

What cannot art and industry perform,
 When science plans the progress of their toil.

Beattie, Minstrel, II. 54.

O star-eyed Science ! hast thou wander'd there,
 To waft us home the message of despair ?

Campbell, Pleasures of Hope, 325.

Blessings on Science ! When the earth seem'd old,
 When Faith grew doting, and our Reason cold,
 'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,
 And taught a language to its lisping tongue .
 'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
 And made old knowledge pale before the new.
 Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam !
 They make Utopia only half a dream ;
 And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
 Who watch the ball of progress as it rolls,
 That all as yet completed, or begun,
 Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

Charles Mackay, Railways.

SCORN—*see* Kissing.

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more. *Sh. Two G.* III. 1.
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes. *Sh. M. Ado,* III. 1.
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman. *Sh. Jul. C.* IV. 3.

Alas ! to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at. *Sh. Oth.* IV. 2.

Oh ! what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity !
 Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind ;
 Load me with envy, malice, detestation ;
 Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
 And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn. *Lee, Theodosius.*
 Know ye not then, saith Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
 Not to know me argues yourself unknown. *Milton, P. L.* IV. 827.

SCORN—*continued.*

He hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

Milton, P. L. x. 507.

'Tis sweet to love; but when with scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

Lansdowne, British Enchanter.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn! *Byron, Curse of Min.*

Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mock'ry that never shall die;
The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burthen the winds of the sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd,
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

*Byron, Ode to Napoleon.***SCOTLAND.**

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride,
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied,
Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here.

Churchill, Prophecy of Famine, 195.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Scott, Lay, vi. 2.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
From whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content

Burns, Cotter's Saturday Night, 20.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I "scotched not kill'd" the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

Byron, D. J. x. 19.

SCRIBBLERS—*see* Authors, Critics.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good :
So he, that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again. *Pope, E. to Arbuthnot.*
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.

SCRIPTURE.

Byron, English Bards, 42.

Further I'd quote, but Scripture, intervening,
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries
" That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies."

SCRIVENER.

Byron, D. J. XIII. 96.

Thou son of parchment, got betwixt the inkhorn
And the stuff'd process-bag—that mayest call
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,
The wax thy brother, and the sand thy sister,
And the good pillory thy cousin. *Scott, Fortunes of Nigel, 34.*

SEA—*see* Ocean, Sailing, Shipping.

I saw a thousand fearful wrecks :
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon :
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by. *Sh. Ric. III. I. 4.*
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave ;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

Armstrong, Preserving Health, III. 252.

SEA—continued.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home !
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway,
 Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey. *Byron, Corair, l. 1.*

Oh ! what can sanctify the joys of home,
 Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam. *Ib. III. 18.*

There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,*
 Which changeless rolls eternally ;
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ;
 And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
 Heedless if she come or go. *Byron, Corinth, 16.*

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?—
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
 Bright things which beam unreck'd of and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

With scarce inferior lustre gleam'd the sea,
 Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,
 As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
 And left the fragments glittering on the field.

Jas. Montgomery.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide region round ;
 It plays with the clouds : it mocks the skies ;
 Or like a cradled creature lies. *Barry Cornwall, The Sea.*

SEA-SICKNESS.

The best of remedies is a beef-steak
 Against sea-sickness ; try it, sir, before
 You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
 For I have found it answer—so may you. *Byron, D. J. II. 13.*

SEASONS—see Autumn, Spring, Summer, Winter.

How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.*

* The Mediterranean.

SEASONS—*continued.*

Perceivest thou not the process of the year,
 How the four seasons in four forms appear ?
 Like human life in every shape they wear :
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
 With milky juice requiring to be fed.
 Proceeding onward, whence the year began,
 The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into man.
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
 Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage ;
 Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy pace,
 Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face. *Dryden, Ovid.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Then comes Thy glory in the *Summer* months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
 Thy bounty shines in *Autumn* unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that live.
 In *Winter* awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime. *Thomson, Hymn 1.*

When *Spring* unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
 When *Summer's* balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
 When *Winter* binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.
Bp. Heber, Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Autumn : wheezy, sneezy, freezy ;
Winter : slippy, drippy, nippy ;
Spring : showery, flowery, bowery ;
Summer : hoppy, croppy, poppy. *Brady (Clavis Calendarie)*

SECRECY, SECRET—*see Love.*

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. *Sh. Macb. III. 2.*

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it. *Sh. Ham. I. 3.*

Nay, speak your mind ; and let him ne'er speak more
 That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

SECRECY, SECRET—*continued.*

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontent,
 I'll read your matter deep and dangerous. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1. i. 3.*

I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
 And so far will I trust thee. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1. ii. 3.*

He deserves small trust,
 Who is not privy counsellor to himself. *Ford, Broken Heart.*
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid ;
 Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid. *Denham.*

He who trusts a secret to his servant,
 Makes his own man his master. *Dryden, Amphitrite.*

A secret in his mouth,
 Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
 Whose door no sooner opens but 'tis out.
Ben Jonson, The Case is altered.

SECTS—*see* Saints.

But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
 The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.
Dryden, Medals, 165.

His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
 Unheard their reasons, he received their creed.
Crabbe, Convert, 19.

SECURITY.

You all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. *Sh. Macb. III. 5.*

SEDITION—*see* Treason.

That talking knave
 Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
 And sows sedition up and down the city ;
 Picking up discontented fools, belying
 The senators and government ; destroying
 Faith among honest men, and praising knaves.
Otway, Caius Marius.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave ;
 The quaint smooth rogue, that sins 'gainst his reason
 Calls saucy loud sedition, public zeal :
 And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit. *Otway, Orphan.*
 The vile vulgar, ever discontent,
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ;
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate.
Pope, Thebais of Statius, 225.

SEDITION—*continued.*

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue,
 Dumb-sounding declamations disemogue,
 Expressions of immeasurable length,
 Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength ;
 Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
 With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense ;
 And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
 Exasperated metaphors convey !
 With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
 He bids enraged sedition beat the charge.

Falconer, Demagogue, 400.

SEDUCTION.

Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

Sh. Rape of Lucrece, 28.

Ah then, ye fair,

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
 Down-cast and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will.

Thompson, Spring, 970.

Ah, turn thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies :
 She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
 Now lost to all : her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village.

SEEDS.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise
 In miniature a little orchard lies ;
 The fibrous labyrinths, by just degrees,
 Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees ;
 By time evolved, the spreading branches rise,
 Yield their rich fruit, and shoot into the skies.

Brooms.

SEEMING—*see* Dissimulation, Hypocrisy.

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems. *Sh. Ham. i. 2.*

All live by seeming.

The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming ;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practice it ; and he who is content
With shewing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state—so wags the world.

Scott, Ivanhoe, xxxvii.

SELF, SELFISHNESS.

And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense.

Butler, Hud.

But och ! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted.

Burns.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbour with himself :
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.

Pope, E. M. ii. 2. 61.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Scott, Lady of L. vi. 1.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all ;
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one ; and by whatever name we call,
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all. *Churchill, Conference, 167.*

How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself ! *Churchill, Ghost, iii. 556.*

SELF, SELFISHNESS—*continued.*

Enough of self, that dallying luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write
Then prizing most when most they seem to slight.

Churchill, Candidate, 117.

Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.

Cowper, Table Talk, 1.

I'll tell thee truth. He was a man,
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
Yet full of guile: his pale eyes ran
With tears, which each some falsehood told;
And oft his smooth and bridled tongue
Would give the lie t' his flushing cheek:
He was a coward to the strong;
He was a tyrant to the weak.

Shelley.

How often, in this cold and bitter world,
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
Cold, careless are we of another's grief:
We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness.

L. E. Landon.

Suppose a neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of light,
Because another profits by 't?

Lloyd, Ep. to J. B.

In good or ill, leave casuists on the shelf,
He never errs who sacrifices self.

Bulwer Lytton.

SELF-CONCEIT.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

Pope, M. E. i. 11.

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim.

Mallett, Tyburn.

SELF-CONTROL.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself.

Müssinger.

By heaven! I would rather for ever forswear
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the peace that is there,
Or banish the dove from so hallow'd a nest.

Moore.

SELF-CONTROL—*continued.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power. *Tennyson.*

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

Dr. Walter Pope, The Old Man's Wish.

SELF-EXAMINATION—*see* Retrospection.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone ;
Salute thyself—see what thy soul doth wear ;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there. *Wordsworth.*

SELF-DEFENCE—*see* Caution, Self-Preservation.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. *Sh. Timon. III. 6.*
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Sh. Hen. VI. 3. II. 2.

Even insects sting for aught they seek to save :
This common courage, which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims. *Byron.*

Self-defence is a virtue,

Sole bulwark of all right. *Byron, Sardanàpalus, II. 1.*

SELF-DENIAL.

Brave conquerors ! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires. *Sh. Love's L. L. I. 1.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. *Sh. All's W. I. 1.*

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still. *Beaumont & Fletcher.*

He who depends upon his wind and limbs,
Needs neither cork or bladder when he swims ;
Nor will by empty breath be puff'd along,
As not himself—but in his helpers—strong.

Crabbe, Convert, 19.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most. *Gay, Fable v. part 2.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE—see Knowledge, Man.

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know. *Gay, Fable v. part 2.*
Man, know thyself! all wisdom centres there!
Young, N. T. iv. 494.

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God. *Ib. iii. 1893.*

First know yourself; who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Yalden, Ovid, Art of Love, ii.

SELF-LOVE—see Selfishness.

Self-love my liege is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *Sh. Hen. v. ii. 4.*

Self-love never yet could look on truth,
But with blear'd beams; sleek flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies. *B. Jonson, Cynthia's Rev.*

Thou, who lov'st but what nothing loves,
And that's thyself. *Dryden.*

Self-love the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd. *Pope, E. M. ii. 59.*

Self is the medium least refin'd of all,
Through which opinion's searching beams can fall. *T. Moore.*

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify. *Coleridge.*

SENSE.

Something there is more needful than expense,
 And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense :
 Good sense which only is the gift of heaven,
 And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Pope, M.E. IV. 43.

'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
 To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

Swift.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Young.

SENSIBILITY—see Blushing, Music.

Our sensibilities are so acute,
 The fear of being silent makes us mute,

Cowper, Conversation, 351.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

Shelley, the Sensitive Plant, 1.

O why are farmers made so coarse,
 Or clergy made so fine ?
 A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
 May kill a sound divine.

Cowper.

Sweet sensibility ! thou keen delight !
 Unprompted moral ! sudden sense of right !
 Perception exquisite ! fair virtue's seed !
 Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed !
 Thou hasty conscience ! reason's blushing morn !
 Instinctive kindness, ere reflection's born !
 Prompt sense of equity ! to thee belongs.
 The swift redress of unexamined wrongs !
 Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
 But always apt to choose the suffering side !

Hannah More.

Where bright imagination reigns,
 The fine-wrought spirit feels acutest pains ;
 Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
 There keenest anguish rankles in the mind :
 There feeling is diffus'd through every part ;
 Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart ;
 And those whose generous souls each tear would keep
 From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.

Hannah More.

SEPARATION—*see* Adieu, Farewell, Parting.

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
 And give the eye of distant weeping faith
 To view the form of its idolatry;
 But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted;
 The thoughts—the recollections sweet and bitter,
 Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved,
 Who shall restore them? *Maturin, Bertram.*

Strangers yet!
 After years of life together,
 After fair and stormy weather,
 After travel in far lands,
 After touch of wedded hands,—
 Why thus joined? Why ever met,
 If they must be strangers yet? *M. Milnes, (Lord Houghton.)*

SERENADE.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous;—answer him, ye owls.
Pope, Dunciad, III. 165.

SERENITY.

Would you taste the tranquil scene?
 Be sure your bosom be serene:
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life;
 And much it 'vails you, in their place,
 To graft the love of human race.
Shenstone, Inscription on a tablet.

SERMONS.

That from your meetings I refrain, is true;
 I meet with nothing pleasant—nothing new;
 But the same proofs, that not one text explain,
 And the same lights, where all things dark remain.
Crabbe, Convert, 19.

SERVANTS, SERVICE—*see* Favours, Preferment.

I have done the state some service, and they know it.
Sh. Oth v. 2.
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.*

—From the king
 To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
 And you must grant, the slavery is less
 To study to please one, than many.
Massinger, Unnatural Combat, III. 2.

SERVANTS, SERVICE—continued.

Expect not more from servants than is just;
 Reward them well if they observe their trust;
 Nor with them cruelty or pride invade,
 Since God and nature them own brothers made.
 If his offence be great, let that suffice;
 If light, forgive; for no man's always wise.

Denham.

Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Dryden, Conquest of Grenada. i. 1.

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
 Bad servants wound their masters' fame. *Gay, Fable vi. part 2.*

Small service is true service while it lasts,
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun. *Wordsworth.*

SEVERITY.

Though sprightly, gentle, though polite, sincere,
 And only of thyself a judge severe.

Beattie.

With common men

There needs too oft the show of war to keep
 The substance of sweet peace; and for a king,
 'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than loved.

*Byron, Sardanapalus, i. 2.***SEXTON.**

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
 By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.

Blair, Grave, 452.

At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,
 (For as the theme was large, their talk was long.)
 "Neighbours," he cried, "my conscience bids me tell,
 Though 'twas the doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell."

*Mallett, Criticism.***SHADOW.**

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Sh. Ric. III. i. 2.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!
 Come like shadows, so depart.

Sh. Macb. iv. 1.

SHAKESPEARE.

Soul of the age !

Th' applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
 My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spencer, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room ;
 Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

Ben Jonson, to the Memory of Shakespeare.

He was not of an age but for all time ; *Ben Jonson. Ib.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

Milton, on Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Dryden, The Tempest, Prologue.

Nature listening stood, whilst Shakespeare play'd,
 And wonder'd at the work herself had made.

Churchill, Author, 61.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakespeare : in one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore :
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd through nature at a single view :
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing nature's bounds, was something more.

Churchill, Rosciad, 258.

Happy in tragic and in comic powers,
 Have we not Shakespeare ? is not Jonson ours ?
 For them, your natural judges, Britons vote ;
 They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote. *Ib. 223.*

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despite.

Pope, Imitation of Horace, 2. 1. 69.

SHAKESPEARE—*continued.*

When learning's triumph o'er his barb'rous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new ;
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting time toil'd after him in vain,
 His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Dr. Johnson, Prologue, at the opening of Drury Lane, 1747.

SHAME.

O, shame ! where is thy blush ? *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,
 Great men are never found much after it :
 It leaves some ache or other in their names,
 Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather. *Middleton.*

I know not how to tell thee !
 Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
 The story of my tongue ! *Otway, Orphan.*

Shame urges on behind, unpitying shame,
 That worst of furies, whose fell aspect frights
 Each tender feeling from the human breast. *Thomson.*

When knaves and fools combin'd o'er all prevail,
 When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
 Afraid of Shame—unknown to other fears.
 More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

SHEEP.

Sheep no extremes can bear : both heat and cold
 Spread sores cutaneous ; but, more frequent, heat :
 The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
 Press to the tortured skin, and flesh, and bone ;
 In littleness and number dreadful foes.
 Long rains in miry winter cause the halt ;
 Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock,
 And all excess, even of salubrious food,
 As sure destroys as famine or the wolf. *Dyer, The Fleece, i. 451.*

SHELLEY.

Shelley styles his new poem, Prometheus unbound,
 And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round ;
 For surely an age would be spent in the finding,
 A reader so weak as to pay for the binding. *Theodore Hook.*

SHERIDAN.

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

Byron, Monody on Sheridan, last Lines.

SHIPS, SHIPPING—see Navigation, Sailing, Sailors, Sea.

Behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. *Sh. H. VIII. 1. Chorus.*

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
 As she were dancing home :
 The merry seamen laugh'd to see
 Their gallant ship so lustily
 Furrow the green sea-foam. *Scott, Marmion, II. 1.*

Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd,
 To furnish and accommodate a world,
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit th' unsocial climates into one. *Cowper, Charity, 123.*

How gloriously her gallant course she goes !
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes ;
 She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.
 Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck? *Byron, Corsair, 13.*

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
 The gallant bark : along her watery way
 Homeward she drives, before the favouring gales ;
 Now flitting at their length the streamers play,
 And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze. *Southey.*

SHIPWRECK—see Sea.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swol'n that met him ; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him. *Sh. Tempest, II. 1.*

SHIPWRECK—continued.

O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! poor souls ! they perish'd.

Sh. Tempest, i. 2

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail
 Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale. *Herrick, Aph. 110.*

All, all, the storm
 Devour'd ; and now, o'er his late envy'd fortune,
 The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
 Triumphant in his ruin. *Young, Revenge, II. 2.*

With mournful look the seaman eyed the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand :
 Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
 As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.

Falconer, Shipwreck, II. 563.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near !
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
 In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore,
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death. *Ib. III. 610.*

Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock :
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries
 The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes,
 In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
 Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
 The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
 At length asunder-torn, her frame divides :
 And crushing spreads in ruin o'er the tides. *Ib. II. 640.*

Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
 Of candles to their saints,—but there were none
 To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;
 Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one
 That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
 Who told him to be damn'd,—in his confusion.

Byron, Don Juan, II. 44.

SHIPWRECK—*continued.*

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave.

Byron, Don Juan, II. 52.

And long ere the morning, a loud sudden shriek
 Was heard o'er the bay "Sprung a leak ! sprung a leak !"
 Oh ! then there was gathering in tumult and fear,
 And a blanching of cheeks, as the peril grew near ;
 A screaming of women—a shouting of men,
 And a rushing and trampling, again and again !
 No time for leave-taking—no leisure to weep !
 In roll'd the fierce waters, and down to the deep,
 Down, down fifty fathoms, with captain and crew,
 The Florida sank, with the haven in view.—
 Down, down to the bottom, escaping but one,
 To tell the sad tale of the deed that was done.

Charles Mackay, Lady of Duart, Vengeance, 13.

SHOES.

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
 Thro' freezing snows, and rain, and soaking sleet ;
 Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside ;
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joints unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Gay, Trivia, I. 33.

SHOOTING—*see Sporting.*

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings ;
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Pope, Windsor Forest.

Ah, nut-brown partridges ! ah, brilliant pheasants !
 And ah, ye poachers !—"Tis no sport for peasants."

Byron, Don Juan, XIII. 75.

But as some muskets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And though well aimed at duck or plover,
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over.

Trumbull, M'Fingal, I. 93.

SICKNESS—*see* Diseases.

Lemira's sick ; make haste, the doctor call,
 He comes : but where's his patient ?—at the ball ;
 The doctor stares ; her woman curtsies low,
 And cries, " My lady, sir, is always so :
 Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
 True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night
 I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
 For fevers take an opera in June :
 And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold." *Young, L. of F.* v. 179.
 Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye. *Byron.*

SIGHT.

Nine things to sight required are :
 The power to see, the light, the visible thing,
 Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
 Clear space, and time, the form distinct to bring.
Sir John Davies.

SIGHS—*see* Love.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. *Pope, El. and Ab.* 57.
 But sighs subside, and tears (e'en widows') shrink,
 Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow
 So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
 Which threatens inundations deep and yellow !
 Such diff'rence doth a few months make. You'd think
 Grief a rich field which never would lie fallow ;
 No more it doth ; its ploughs but change their boys,
 Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys. *Byron, D. J.* x. 7.
 He sighed ;—the next resource is the full moon,
 Where all sighs are deposited ; and now
 It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone. *Ib.* xvi. 13.

SIGNS.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish :
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;
 They are black vesper's pageants. *Sh. Ant. Cleop.* iv. 12.

SILENCE.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy :
 I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
Sh. M. Ado. II. 1.

SILENCE—*continued.*

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. *Sh. M of Ven. I. 1.*

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. *Ib. I. 1.*

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails. *Sh. Wint. T. II. 2.*

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity! *Sir W. Raleigh, Silent Lover, 6.*

It is a modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence,
That makes him silent: think you that bright rose
Which buds within his cheeks, was planted there
By guilt or shame? No; he has always been
So unacquainted with all arts of sin,
That but to be suspected strikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. *Randolph, Amyntas.*

Silence in woman, is like speech in man.
Ben Jonson, Silent Woman.

When wit and reason both have fail'd to move
Kind looks and actions, from success, do prove
Ev'n silence may be eloquent in love. *Congreve, Old Bachelor.*

Silence! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert ere nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee;
But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be obliged to thee!
At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be!

Pope, Imitation of the Earl of Rochester
Not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer. *Byn.*

SIMILARITY.

Like will to like: each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from the bashful mind.
Herrick, Aph. 293.

SIMPLICITY, SIMPLETON—*see Beauty, Folly, Indifference.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Goldsmith, Deserted Village, I. 253.

SIN—*see* Vice.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. *Sh. M. for M.* II. 1.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke. *Sh. Peric.* I. 1.

He is no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. *Sh. Peric.* I. 1.

I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning. *Sh. Lear,* III. 2.

There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees. *Beaum. and Fl. King and no King.*

Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.
Beaumont and Fletcher, Queen of Corinth.

A mighty man, had not some cunning sin,
Amidst so many virtues, crowded in.

Cowley, The Davideis, III. 75.
He that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault;

Then what must he expect, that still proceeds
To finish sin, and work up thoughts in deeds? *Dryden.*

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains. *G. Herbert, Temple.*

'Tis fearful building upon any sin:
One mischief enter'd, brings another in;
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
And they for all the rest set ope the door.
Till custom take away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.

W. Smith, Hector of Germany, 1615.
In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare.

Crabbe, Squire and the Priest.
SINCERITY—*see* Fidelity, Faith, Candour.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder: his heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.

Sh. Coriol. III. 1.
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind. *Ford, Love's Sacri.*

Sincerity has such resistless charms,
She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms.

SINCERITY—*continued.*

No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,
 Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd :
 She takes from error its deformity,
 And without her, all other virtues die. *Stillingfleet.*

SINGING—*see Music, Voice.*

At every close she made, th' attending throng
 Replied, and bore the burden of the song :
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Dryden, The Flower and the Leaf, 197.
 Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
 And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song. *Keats.*

The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
 And for the bass, the beast can only bellow ;
 In fact, he had no single education,
 An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow ;
 But being the prima donna's near relation,
 Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
 They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
 An ass was practising recitative. *Byron, D. J. iv. 87.*

There is no voice, whose tones inspire
 Such thrills of rapture through my breast. *Byron.*
 Swans sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing,
 Should certain persons die before they sing.
Coleridge, on a Volunteer Singer.

SINKING—*see Poetry.*

As skilful divers to the bottom fall,
 Sooner than those who cannot swim at all ;
 So in this way of writing without thinking,
 Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Dorset, Sat. on El. Howard.

SISTERS.

Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face. *Addison.*

SINGLE-LIFE—*see Celibacy, Maidenhood.*

A bachelor
 May thrive, by observation, on a little ;
 A single life's no burthen : but to draw
 In yokes is chargeable, and will require
 A double maintenance. *Ford, Fancies Chaste and Noble.*

SINGULARITY.

No two on earth in all things can agree ;
 All have some *darling singularity* :
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
 In *gew-gaws* take delight, and sigh for toys.
 Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
 Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
 In things indifferent reason bids us choose,
 Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse.

Churchill, Apology, 402.

SKATING.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
 With nimble glide the skaters play ;
 O'er treacherous pleasure's flowery ground
 Thus lightly skim and haste away.

Dr. Johnson.

SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
 Its chambers desolate, its portals foul ;
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

Byron, Ch. Har. II. 6.

SKY—see Blue.

The blue sky

So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,

That God alone was to be seen in heaven. *Byron, Dream, 4.*

SLANDER—see Detraction, Calumny, Rumour, Scandal, Society.

Sland'rous reproaches, and foul infamies,
 Leasings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries ;
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Spenser, Faery Queen, 2, II. 10.

I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
 How much an ill word may empoison liking. *Sh. M. Ado. III. 1.*

The jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty ; and though gold bides still

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold ; and so no man that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame. *Sh. Com. Err. II. 1.*

Slander lives upon succession,

For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Sh. Com. Err. III. 1.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here ;

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear.

Sh. Rich. II. I. 1.

SLANDER—continued.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd.

Sh. Ham. VIII. 1. 2.

'Tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

Sh. Cymb. III. 4.

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me ?

Sh. Ham. III. 4.

Slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

Sh. Ham. IV. 1.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.

Sh. Oth. IV. 2.

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
Thy worth the greater.

Sh. Sonnet 70.

All slander
Must still be strangled in its birth ; or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

Sir W. Davenant.

The feeblest vermin can destroy,
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey ;
And merely with their eyes and breath.
Infect, and poison men to death.

Butler, Ode on Critics ; 5.

Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If ail, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Rosa, Jane Shore.

It is a busy, talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage. *Rosa, Fair Penitent.*

SLANDER—*continued.*

The world with calumny abounds,
 The whitest virtue slander wounds ;
 There are whose joy is, night and day,
 To talk a character away :
 Eager from rout to rout they haste,
 To blast the generous and the chaste,
 And hunting reputations down,
 Proclaim their triumphs through the town.

Pope.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
 But speak a language of their own ;
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
 Far better than a printed book ;
 Convey a libel in a frown,
 And wink a reputation down ;
 Or, by the tossing of a fan,
 Describe the lady and the man. *Swift, Journal of Modn. Lady.*

The whisper'd tale,
 That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows ;
 Fair-faced deceit, whose wily conscious eye
 Ne'er looks direct ; the tongue that licks the dust,
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.

Thomson, Liberty, 4.

Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford :
 And reputation bleeds in every word. *Churchill, Apology, 47.*
 He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff ;
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off. *Young, Epist. to Pope.*

The man that dares traduce, because he can
 With safety to himself, is not a man :
 An individual is a sacred mark,
 Not to be pierc'd in play or in the dark. *Cowper, Expos. 432.*
 Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood ?
 And he who taints kills more than he who sheds it.

Byron, Doge of Venice, II. 1.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandals tints,
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal ;
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.

Byron, Sketch from Private Life.

SLANDER—*continued.*

The world, as usual, wickedly inclin'd
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said two,
 But for domestic quarrels one will do. *Byron, D. J.* 1. 19.

'Twas slander fill'd her mouth with lying words,—
 Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. *Pollock, Course of Time.*

Mark how the scorpion falsehood,
 Coils round its own perplexity, and fixes
 Its sting in its own head. *Coleridge.*

'Tis false! 'tis basely false!
 What wretch could drop from his envenom'd tongue
 A tale so damn'd? It chokes my breath.

Joanna Baillie, De Montfort, iv. 2.

SLAVERY—*see Freedom*

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd: but bred a dog. *Sh. Timon, iv. 3.*

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away. *Pope.*

Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the light that leads to heaven;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting freedom, which alone
 Sustain the name and dignity of man:
 These are not theirs. *Thomson, Summer, 87*

What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.

Falconer, Shipwreck, i. 80.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
 T'enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. *Cowper, Task, ii. 13.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. *Ib. Task, ii. 29.*

SLAVERY—continued.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free:
 They touch our country and their shackles fall. *Id. Task*, II. 40.

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
 E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores,
 Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
 E'en now, in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
 Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell. *Dr. Darwin.*
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime. *Byron, Giaour.*

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
 And age, and sex, were in the market rang'd;
 Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
 Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly chang'd:
 All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
 From friends, and home, and freedom far estrang'd.
 The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd. *Byron, D.J. v. 7.*
 Easier were it

To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
 Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
 Determin'd to be free. *Southey.*

SLAVE-TRADE.

What wish can prosper, or what prayer,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drives a loathsome traffic, gauge and span
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end,
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath.
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death. *Cowper, Charity*, 137.

SLEEP—see Care, Dreams.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The impartial judge between the high and low. *Sir P. Sidney.*
 As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
 When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. *Sh. M. for M. iv. 2.*

SLEEP—*continued.*

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*
 Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Sh. Macb. II. 2.*

Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. *Sh. Macb. v. 1.*

O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *Sh. Hen. IV. 2; III. 1.*

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. *Sh. Cymb. III. 6.*
 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
 Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleep will mutter their affairs. *Sh. Oth. III. 3.*
 Sleep seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
 It is a comforter. *Sh. Temp. II. 1.*

How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep!
 No cares perplex them for their future state,
 And fear of death thus dies in senseless sleep;
 Unruly love is this way lull'd to rest;
 And injur'd honour, when redress is lost,
 Is no way salv'd but this. *Beaumont & Fletcher, Q. of Corinth.*
 Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
 Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace. *Pope, II. XVI. 831.*

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul,
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than nature craves? *Thomson, Summer, 71.*

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visits pays
 Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes.
Young, N. T. I. 1.

Kind sleep affords

The only boon the wretched mind can feel;
 A momentary respite from despair. *Murphy, Alzuma.*

SLEEP—*continued.*

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! *Keats, Endymion.*

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality. *Byron, Dream 1.*

Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see. *Ib. D. J. iv. 33.*

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. *Scott, Lady of Lake, 1. 31.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy that have called the so.

Southey, Curse of Kehama, xv.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest;—this once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. *Addison, Cato, v. 1.*

O ye mortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care. *Ib. Cato, v. 1.*
Beauties, when disposed to sleep,
Should from the eye of keen inspector keep:
The lovely nymph who would her swain surprise,
May close her mouth, but not conceal her eyes;
Sleep from the fairest face some beauty takes,
And all the homely features homelier makes.

Crabbe, Edward Shore.

Oh, sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet fill'd
Out of oblivion's well, a healing draught! *Longfellow.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep;
Now tell me if that any is,

For gift or grace, surpassing this—

“He giveth His beloved sleep.” *Eliz. Barrett Browning.*

SLOTH—see *Idleness*.

See the issue of your sloth :

Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
And of theft comes hanging. *Chapman, Eastward Hoe.*

Heavens ! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
Your few important days of trial here ?
Heirs of eternity ! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching and perfection clear ;
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime ?
No ! no ! Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid
crime ! *Thomson, Castle of Indolence, II. 61.*

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, but impotent to rise.

Shenstone, Moral Pieces, 436.

SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
" You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.

Watts, The Sluggard :

SMALL-POX.

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.

Goldsmith, Double Transformation, 75.

SMATTERERS—see *Ignorance*.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art ;
And, when they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

All smatterers are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light. *Ib. M. Thoughts, 179.*

SMELLING.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

Sh. Temp. II. 2.

The rankest compound of villanous smell, that
Ever offended nostril.

Sh. Mer. W. III. 5.

SMILING.

What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles. *Sh. Ric. II. i. 4.*

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain. *Sh. Ham. i. v.*
Smiles, not allow'd to beasts, from reason move,
And are the privilege of human love. *Dryden, State of In.*

Their smiles and censures are to me the same,
I care not what they praise nor what they blame. *Ib. Persius, l.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Pope, Ep. to Arbuthnot, 815.

As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while. *T. Moore.*

SMITHS.

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands. *Longfellow, Village Blacksmith.*

SMOKING—see Tobacco.

May never lady press his lips, his proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney
burning;

May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes
should choke her,

And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a
smoker. *Anon.*

A club there is of smokers—dare you come
To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room?
When, midnight past, the very candles seem
Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;
When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prozing toppers rub their winking eyes.

Crabbe, Clubs and Social Meetings.

Learn to smoke slow. The other grace is,
To keep your smoke from people's faces. *Punch.*

SNAIL.

The snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again.

Sh. Poems.

SNOW.

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow ;
 Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow ;
 The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
 On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
 With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
 And the hills are with glittering diadems crown'd :
 'Tis the fairest scene we can have below,
 Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow ! *Eliza Cook, Snow.*

SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
 Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train.
Churchill, Gotham, I. 245.

SNUFF—see Tobacco.

After he'd administer'd a dose
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose ;
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull
 Instead of th' outward jobbernal,
 He shook it with a scornful look,
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : *Butler, Hud. 3, II. 1005.*

Come, kindly goddess of the Indian shore !
 Bring here your snuff, and grime our noses o'er.
 Snuff's my delight ! let other youths declare
 Their minds to Celia or to Chloe fair ;
 Let them in sportive glee lead down the dance,
 And slyly steal the love-inspiring glance ;
 Beauty and all its charms are foolish stuff,
 If you compare it to a pinch of snuff.
 Hither ye Graces ! listen to my call,
 (Fish-wives from Billingsgate and Leadenhall.)
 Here quickly haste, and all your boxes bring,
 And let me dip my greedy fingers in.
 This a treat is, this is my nose's heaven ;
 This far exceeds old Hardham's 37. *European Magazine, 1807.*

SOARING—see Ambition.

Flames rise and sink by fits ; at last they soar
 In one bright flame, and then return no more. *Dryden.*

SOCIETY—see Ball, Dancing, Soirée, Hypocrisy.

Without good company, all dainties
 Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
 Are only seen, not tasted. *Massinger.*

Among unequals what society
 Can sort ? what harmony or pure delight. *Milton, P. L. VIII:383.*

SOCIETY—*continued.*

One speaks the glory of the British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that. *Pope, R. L.* III. 13
 Heaven forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.

Pope, E. M. II. 249.

Hail, social life ! into thy pleasing bounds
 Again I come to pay the common stock,
 My share of service, and, in glad return,
 To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

Thomson, Agamemnon, III. 1.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death.

Thomson, Summer, 939.

Study with care, politeness, that must teach
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech. *Stillingfleet.*

Man in society is like a flower
 Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
 His faculties expanded in full bloom
 Shine out, there only reach their proper use.

Cowper, Task, IV. 659.

We loathe what none are left to share—
 E'en bliss 'twere woe alone to bear ;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.

Byron, Giaour.

Society itself, which should create
 Kindness, destroys what little we had got :
 To feel for none is the true social art
 Of the world's stoics—men without a heart. *Byron, D. J.* v. 25.
 Society is now one polished horde,
 Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bor'd.

Byron, D. J. XIII. 95.

In men this blunder still you find,
 All think their little set mankind. *Han. More, The Bas Bleu.*
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
 That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream at home. *Thos. Moore.*

SODA WATER.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
 Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
 A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
 For not the blest sherbet, sublim'd with snow,
 Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
 After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

Byron, D. J. II. 180.

SOIREE.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
 With the three thousandth curtsy: there the waltz,
 The only dance which teaches girls to think,
 Makes one in love e'en with its very faults.
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,
 'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time,
 Thrice happy he, who, after a survey
 Of the good company, can win a corner,
 A door that's *in*, or boudoir *out* of the way,
 Where he may fix himself, like small 'Jack Horner,'
 And let the Babel round run as it may,
 And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
 Yawning a little as the night grows later. *Byron, D. J. XI. 68.*

SOLACE—see Resignation.

Consider man in every sphere,
 Then tell me is your lot severe
 'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
 That makes you wretched: God is just;
 We're born a restless, needy crew;
 Show me a happier man than you. *Gay, Fable 15, part 2.*

SOLDIERS—see Militia, Rifle Corps.

A soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

'Tis much he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,
 To act in safety. *Sh. Macb. III. 1.*

SOLDIERS—*continued.*

You say, you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so : make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. *Sh. Jul. C. iv. 3.*

Little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. *Sh. Oth. i. 3*

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar,
 And give direction. *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*

'Tis the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Ib. II. 3.*
 To me the cries of fighting fields are charms :
 Keen be my sabre, and of proof my arms ;
 I ask no other blessing of my stars :
 No prize but fame, no mistress but the wars.

Dryden, Aurangzebe.

Dost thou know the fate of soldiers ?
 They're but ambition's tools, to cut a way
 To her unlawful ends ; and when they're worn,
 Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside
 To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals. *Southerne, Loyal Brothers.*
 Such is the country maiden's fright,
 When first a red-coat is in sight ;
 Behind the door she hides her face ;
 Next time at distance eyes the lace ;
 She now can all his terrors stand,
 Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.

Gay, Fable 13, part 1.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 155.

'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
 The heart of merit in the meaner class. *Cowper, Task, iv. 617.*
 To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home
 By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
 The great proficiency he made abroad,
 T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
 To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
 To be a pest where he was useful once,
 Are his sole aim, and all his glory now. *Ib. Task, iv. 652.*

SOLDIERS—*continued.*

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand. *Byron, Sardan. v. 1.*

There were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers ;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day Brigadiers :
Also to have the sacking of a town ;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen nam'd Smith.
Byron, D. J. vii 18.

Soldiers in arms ! Defenders of our soil !
Who from destruction save us ; who from spoil
Protect the sons of peace, who traffic or who toil ;
Would I could duly praise you, that each deed
Your foes might honour, and your friends might read.
Crabbe, Law, 6.

How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears ! *James Montgomery.*

Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;
And oh ! be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie ! *James Montgomery.*

'Mid the din of arms, where the dust and smoke
In clouds are curling o'er thee,
Be firm till the enemy's ranks are broke,
And they fall, or flee before thee ! *Miss Gould, (Am.)*

Each soldier's name
Shall shine untarnish'd on the rolls of fame,
And stand th' example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to th' historic page.
David Humphreys. (Am.)

SOLICITATION.

He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. *Sh. Coriol. v. 1.*

SOLITUDE—*see* Retirement. Retreat, Society.

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. *Milton, P. L.* ix. 476.

Wisdom's self
Oft seek to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Milton, Comus, 375.

The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe. *Parnell, Hymn to Contentm.*

Bear me, some God ! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense ;
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.

Pope, Sat. of Dr. Donne versified, iv. 184.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope, Ode on Solitude.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
Who think it solitude to be alone.

Young, N. T. III. 6.

The man how bless'd, who sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves),
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpiere'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs. *Young, N. T.* v. 303.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. *Goldsmith, Traveller, 1.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

Cowper, Task, 11. 1.

SOLITUDE—*continued.*

For solitude, however some may rave,
 Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave—
 A sepulchre in which the living lie,
 Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
 I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd—
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude !
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet. *Cowper, Ret. 735.*

The man to solitude accustom'd long,
 Perceives in everything that lives a tongue ;
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease,
 After long drought when rains abundant fall,
 He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all.
Cowper, Needless Alarm.

Oh solitude ! where are thy charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place. *Cowper, Alex. Selkirk, 1.*

And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail. *Byron, Giaour.*

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen ;
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold :
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.
Byron, Ch. H. II. 25.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless :
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude ! *Byron, Ch. H. II. 26.*

SOLITUDE—*continued.*

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion? should I not condemn
 All objects, if compared with these? and stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow.
Byron, Ch. H. III. 75.

If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive, *Ib. iv. 34.*
 Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her! *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 177.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before.
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Ib. Ch. H. iv. 178.

Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appeals,
 But saddens, more by night as well as day,
 Than an enormous room without a soul
 To break the lifeless splendour of the whole. *Ib. D. J. v. 56.*
 To view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,
 With none to listen and reply
 To thoughts with which my heart beat high
 Were irksome—for what'er my mood,
 In sooth I love not solitude. *Byron, Bride of Abydos, l. 3.*
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us;
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Maora, Come, O'er the Sea.
 No, 'tis not here that solitude is known.
 Through the wide world he only is alone
 Who lives not for another. *Rogers, Human Life.*

SOLITUDE—continued.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Keble, Christian Year. 24th Sunday after Trin

Cease, triflers ; would you have me feel remorse
 Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeons,
 Speak to the murderer like the voice of solitude.

Maturin, Bertram.

SONNET.

If when I look on thee and hear thy voice,
 In a low whisper'd melody, alone ;
 When it is breathing in its softest tone,
 All the deep feelings of my heart rejoice ;
 Oh ! what were it to sit beside thee long,
 And gaze on thy bright looks and thy dark eyes,
 And hear thy tender words and thy sweet song,
 As sweet as if it floated from the skies !
 O ! what were it to know that thou art mine,
 Indissolubly mine ! that thou wilt be
 For ever as an angel unto me,
 Whether the day be dark or future shine,
 Giving me, in the bliss of loving thee,
 A portion of the bliss they call divine !

MS.

SONS—see Father, Parents.

O wonderful son, that can so astonish
 A mother !

Sh. Ham. III. 2.

Few sons attain the praise
 Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

Pope, Odyssey, II. 315.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. *Pope, E. C. 438.*

SOPHISTRY—see Philosophy.

Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
 Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
 To vulgar ears seems so profound,
 They fancy learning in the sound. *Gay, Fable 14, part 2.*

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon,
 So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.

Cowper, Progress of Error, 285.

SORROW—*see* Grief, Distress, Mischief, Misfortune, Mourning.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Sh. Macb. iv. 3.

Here I and sorrow sit:

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. *Sh. K. John*, iii. 1.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Sh. Ric. iii. i. 4.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.

Sh. Tit. And. ii. 5.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.

Sh. Peric. i. 4.

One fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One desp'rate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Sh. Rom. i. 2.

I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Sh. Ham.* i. 2.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

Sh. Ham. iv. 5.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

Sh. Ham. iv. 7.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow. *Sh. Oth.* i. 3.

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

Webster, Duchess of Malfy.

Alas! I have no words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

Dryden, Palamon and Arcite.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

Cowper.

SORROW—*continued.*

Man is a child of sorrow, and this world
 In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us ;
 But it hath means withal to soothe these cares ;
 And he who meditates on others' woes,
 Shall in that meditation lose his own. *Cumberland, Timocles.*

I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart ;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 But it consumes my heart. *Sheridan, Song in 'the Stranger.'*

Sorrow preys upon
 Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
 From its sad visions of the other world
 Than calling it at moments back to this ;
 The busy have no time for tears. *Byron, Two Foscari, iv. 1.*
 Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
 As any man's clay-mixture undergoes.
 Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;
 'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
 The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

Byron, D. J. iv. 20.

I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
 And also when my second ran away. *Byron, D. J. v. 19.*

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought ;
 Those furrows, which the burning share
 Of sorrow ploughs untimely there :
 Scars of the lacerated mind,
 Which the soul's war doth leave behind. *Byron, Parisina.*

Oh sacred sorrow, by whom souls are tried,
 Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide ;
 If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare
 To tell his Maker he has had his share ?)
 Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
 And be my guide, and not my punishment.

Crabbe.

Not seldom is the soul depress'd,
 Whilst tearless is the eye ;
 For there are woes that wring the breast,
 When feeling's fount is dry ;
 Sorrows that do not fade with years,
 But, dwelling all too deep for tears,
 Rankle eternally.

Alaric Watts.

He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.

Bailey, Festus..

SORROW—*continued.*

Sorrow is the messenger between
 The poet and men's bosoms :—Genius can
 Fill with unsympathizing gods the scene,
 But grief alone can teach us what is man. *Igltton Balwer.*

Man hath a godlike might in danger's hour,
 In the red battle or the tempest's power ;
 Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell.
 Ah ! who can mark with cold and tearless eyes
 The grief of stricken man, when his sole idol dies !
Mrs. Sigourney, (Am.).

SOUL—*see Eternity, Futurity, Immortality.*

Let fortune empty all her quiver on me,
 I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more. *Dryden.*

But whither went his soul, let such relate
 Who search the secrets of the future state :
 Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative :
 For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, III. 844.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years :
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !
Addison, Cato, V. 1.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns ;
 The soul alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Somerville, Chase.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow
 Who names his soul) a native of the skies !
 High-born and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes. *Young, N. T.*
 Let earth dissolve—yon ponderous orb descend,
 And grind us into dust—the soul is safe !
 The man emerges—mounts above the wreck,
 As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre ! *Young, N. T.*

SOUL—*continued.*

Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
 By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deified?
 Death but entombs the body; life the soul. *Young, N. T. 3.*
 Who tells me he denies his soul's immortal,
 Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave;
 His duty, 'tis to love himself alone,
 Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles,
 Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
 Is dead already; nought but brute survives.

Young, N. T. VII. 512.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is),
 A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
 That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
 And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
 Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.

Armstrong, Art of Preserving Health, 4.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

Byron, Bride of Abydos, 1. 6.

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Byron, Ch. H. III. 57.

It is the soul that sees: the outward eyes
 Present the object, but the mind deseries.

Crabbe, Lovers Journey.

The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die.

Jas. Montgomery.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
 And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

Mrs. Barbauld, Invitation.

SOVEREIGNTY—*see* Kings, Royalty.

No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
 But that of arms—where fortune is the judge,
 Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.

Dryden, Love Triumphant.

SOVEREIGNTY—*continued.*

A sovereign's great example forms a people ;
 The public breast is noble, or is vile,
 As he inspires it. *Thomson & Mallet, Alfred.*

SPAIN.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 When shall her olive-branch be free from blight ?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil ?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the frank robber turn him from his spoil,
 And freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil !

Byron. Ch. H. I. 90.

Fair land ! of chivalry the old domain,
 Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain !
 Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
 In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye ;
 Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
 With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought ;
 Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
 High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.

Mrs. Hemans, Abencerrage, III.

SPEAKING, SPEECH—*see Language.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Sh. Ham. III. 2.*

We must speak by the card,

Or equivocation will undo us. *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*

Rude am I in speech

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words

Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express ?

Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,

And let thy oracle be understood. *Rowe, Fair Penitent.*

SPECIAL PLEADING—*see Law.*

O perilous mouths,

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approval !

Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws.

Sh. M. for M. II. 4.

SPECULATION—*see Chance, Gambling.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with !

Sh. Macb. III. 4.

All's to be fear'd where all is to be lost.

Byron, Werner.

SPECTACLES.

Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong,

Cowper, Report of an Adjudged Case.

SPEECHES—see Eloquence, Oratory, Rhetoric.

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
 Or fools that use them, when they want good sense ;
 Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament.

Otway.

Speech is the light, the morning of the mind ;
 It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
 Which else lie furl'd and shrouded in the soul.

Dryden.

Speech ? is that all ? And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground ?

Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ;
 With strict propriety their cares confined
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind :

To syllable-dissectors they appeal. *Churchill, Rosciad, 951.*

SPENDTHRIFT—see Extravagance.

After he scores, he never pays the score :
 He ne'er pays after debts, take it before. *Sh. All's W. iv. 3.*
 Squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, 1. 559.

Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.

Churchill, Candidate, 519.

Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit.

Cowper, Table Talk, 686.

SPENSER.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who like a copious river, poured his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Thomson, Summer, 1715.

SPIDER.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Pope, E. M. i. 217

SPIRES.

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise !

Pope, M. E. III. 261.

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
 Ascend the skies !

Young, N. T. VI. 781.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains !
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
 And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."

Wordsworth, Excursion, VI. 17.

SPIRIT-RAPPING—see Ghosts.

Hark ! on the wainseot now it knocks !

'If thou'rt a ghost,' cried Orthodox,

With that affected solemn air

Which hypocrites delight to wear,

And all those forms of consequence

Which fools adopt instead of sense ;

'If thou'rt a ghost, who from the tomb

Stalk'st sadly silent through this gloom,

In breach of nature's stated laws,

For good, or bad, or for no cause,

Give now nine knocks ; like priests of old,

Nine we a sacred number hold.' *Churchill, Ghost, II. 307*

SPIRITS

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.—

Why, so can I ; or so can any man :

But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Sh. H. IV. p. 1. III. 1.

Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Sh. H. VIII. IV. 2.

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,

A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe,

The spirit above is the spirit divine,

The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

MS.

*Written about 1825, on the vaults below Portman Chapel,
 Baker St.*

SPLEEN.

Hail, wayward Queen !

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen ;

Parent of vapours, and of female wit,

Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,

SPLEEN—*continued.*

On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays :
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray. *Pope, Rape of L. iv. 57.*
 The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears ;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
Cowper, Task, i. 455.

SPLENDOUR—*see Wealth.*

What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty ? *Sh. Love's L. L. iv. 3.*
 The splendour of our rank and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things. *G. Wither.*

SPORTING, SPORTS—*see Child, Gambling.*

In wrestling nimble and in running swift ;
 In shooting steady, and in swimming strong ;
 Well made to strike, to leap, to throw, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among. *Spenser.*

Thick around

Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
 And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season desolate the fields. *Thomson, Wint. 788.*
 He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
 And how to scale a fortress or—a nunnery. *Byron, D. J.*

SPRING—*see May, Seasons.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight. *Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.*
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring.
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May. *T. Carew.*

In that soft season, when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers ;
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray. *Pope, Temple of Fame,*

SPRING—*continued.*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. *Thomson, Spring* 1.

See where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. *Ib. Spring*, 11.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. *Ib. Spring*, 26.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast. *Ib. Spring*, 861.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.
Cowper, Tirocinium, 43.

O Spring ! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem ! brightest, best, and fairest !
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest ?
Sister of joy, thou art the child that wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet ;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves, which are her winding-sheet.

Shelley.

Now mighty nature bounds as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream. *Byron, Lara*.

SPRING—*continued.*

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!—
 Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
 How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
 There's no such season.

Hood, Spring, (New Version.)

The butterfly springs on its new-born wings,
 The dormouse starts from his wint'ry sleeping;
 The flowers of earth find a second birth,
 To light and life from the darkness leaping:
 The roses and tulips will soon resume
 Their youths' first perfume and primitive bloom.

Horace Smith, The Flower.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
 And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
 Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
 From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.
 The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
 Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
 And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
 Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

Horace Smith, First of March.

When the warm sun that brings
 Seed-time and harvest, has return'd again,
 'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
 The first flower of the plain.

Longfellow.

Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
 Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.
 Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
 Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.
 The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,
 Are purple with violets, and shaded with palm,
 The zephyr-kiss'd grass is beginning to wave,
 Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.

Eliza Cook, Spring.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
 Laden with glory and light you come;
 With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,
 Making our earth a fairy home;
 The primroses glitter—the violets peep,
 And zephyr is feasting on flower and bloom;
 Arouse, ye sluggards, what soul shall sleep
 While the lark's in the sky, and the bee's on the palm?
 The sweetest song, and the loudest string,
 Should pour a welcome to beautiful Spring.

E. Cook, Spring.

STAGE.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
 'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
 All common exhibitions open lie,
 For praise or censure, to the common eye.
 Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed ;
 Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
 This is a general tax which all must pay,
 From those who scribble, down to those who play.

Churchill, Apology, 186.

STARS—see *Celestials*, *Hyperbole*.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light ;
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

Sir H. Wotton, 'You meaner Beauties.' In Percy Rel.

The stars of the night
 Will lend thee thy light,
 Like tapers clear without number ! *Herrick, Hesp. 42.*

See, at the call of night,
 The star of evening sheds her silver light. *Gay, Dione.*

The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
 And fall in silence, and in silence rise.
Broome, Paraphrase on Job.

But who can count the stars of heaven,
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
Thomson, Winter, 528.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
 And light us deep into the Deity !
 How boundless in magnificence and might !
 O, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight.
Young, N. T. ix. 748

The sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light
 So wildly, spiritually bright.
 Who ever gaz'd upon them shining,
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray ? *Byron, Siege of Corinth.*

STARS—*continued.*

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of Heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.
 The stars hang bright above, *Byron, Ch. H. III. 88.*
 Silent, as if they watch'd the sleeping earth. *Coleridge.*
 The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
 And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
 Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest. *Wordsworth.*

STATESMEN—*see Dignity, Parliament, Patriotism, Place, Politicians.*

Tell men of high condition
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate. *Sir W. Raleigh.*

Forbear, ye things
 That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
 To boast your slipp'ry height ! when you do fall,
 You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise :
 And he that lends you pity, is not wise. *Ben Jonson, Sejanus.*

An honest statesman to a prince,
 Is like a cedar planted by a spring ;
 The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
 Rewards it with the shadow. *Webster, Duchess of Malfy.*

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
 The public good, but your particular ends :
 Factionous among yourselves ; preferring such
 To offices and honours, as ne'er read
 The elements of saving policy,
 But deeply skill'd in all the principles
 That usher to destruction. *Massinger, Bondman.*

A statesman, that can side with every faction,
 And yet most subt'ly can untwist himself,
 When he hath wrought the business up to danger.
Shirley, Court Secret.

A statesman all but interest may forget,
 And only ought in his own strength to trust :
 'Tis not a statesman's virtue to be just. *Earl of Orrery, Hen. V.*

STATESMEN—*continued.*

For as two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim ;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Altho' there's nothing lost or won,
 The public bus'ness is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin. *Butler, Hud. 3, II. 155.*

He that seeks safety in a statesman's pity,
 May as well run a ship upon sharp rocks
 And hope a harbour. *Sir Rob. Howard, Duke of Lerma.*

D'yo think that statesmen's kindnesses proceed
 From any principles but their own need ?
 When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and free,
 But when they're safe, they have no memory.
Sir Robert Howard, Vestal Virgin.

The bold are but the instruments o' th' wise,
 They undertake the dangers we advise :
 And whilst our fabric with their fame we raise,
 We take the profit, and pay them with praise.
Dryden, Conquest of Granada.

Statesmen are
 The workmanship of inconsiderate favour :
 The creatures of rash love : one of those meteors
 Which monarchs raise from earth ;
 And people, wond'ring how they came so high,
 Fear from their influence plagues, wars, and famine.
Dryden, Maiden Queen.

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 And prais'd unenvied by the muse he lov'd. *Pope, M. E. v. 67.*
 Thus the court-wheel goes round like fortune's ball ;
 One statesman rising on another's fall.

Richard Brome, Queen's Exchange.
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
 Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen ;
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know
 Than secret movements of a puppet-show ;
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
 Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.
Churchill, Night, 257.

STATESMEN—*continued.*

Whene'er a statesman, Whig or Tory,
 Talks loud and long
 Of serving country for their glory,
 With yearning strong;
 Needing no sovereign to regard him;
 Look in his face:
 And be convinced that to reward him
 He wants a place. *Chas. Mackay, Safe Predictions.*

STATION.

What is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity. *Young, N. T. vi: 287.*

STATUARY.

Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone. *Pope.*

STATURE.

In small proportion we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.
Ben Jonson, Good Life, Long Life.
 One finds out he's of stature rather low;
 Your hero always should be tall you know:
 True natural greatness all consists in height,
 Produce your voucher critic—Sergeant Kite.
Churchill, Rosciad, 1029.

STEEPLE.

At leaving even the most unpleasant people
 And places, one keeps looking at the steeple. *Byron, D. J. II. 14.*

STEERING.

Chance will not do the work—chance sends the breeze,
 But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
 The very wind that wafts us towards the port,
 May dash us on the shelves—the steersman's part
 Is vigilance; blow it rough or smooth. *Scott, Fortune of Nigel, 33.*

STILLNESS—*see Night.*

No stir of air was there;
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
Keats, Hyperion, I. 7.

STOICS—*see* Pride.

As monumental bronze, unchang'd his look ;
 A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;
 Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
 The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook ;
 Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
 A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

Campbell, Gertrude of Wyoming, l. 23.

To feel for none is the true social art
 Of the world's stoics—men without a heart. *Byron.*

STORK.

The stork's the emblem of true piety :
 Because when age has seiz'd, and made her dam
 Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
 His mother on his back, provides her food,
 Repaying thus her tender care of him,
 E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Spanish Curate.

STORM—*see* Tempest.

We often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death.

Sh. Ham. II. 2.

A red morn ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.*

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry South collects the potent blast ;
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn ;
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world. *Thomson, Aut. 311.*

A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breach.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, ærial tribes
 Descend ; the tempest-loving raven scarce

STORM—continued.

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze,
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave. *Id. Summer, 1116.*

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Barry Cornwall, Stormy Petrel.

STORY, STORY-TELLING.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
 Be apropos, well told, concise, and new:
 And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
 The wise will sleep and leave applause to fools. *Stillingsfleet.*

A story, in which native humour reigns,
 Is often useful, always entertains;
 A graver fact enlisted on your side
 May furnish illustration, well applied;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations dull and dry,
 Embellish'd with, he said, and so said I. *Conover; Conover. 203.*

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
Canning, The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

I cannot say how the truth may be;
 I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. *Sir W. Scott, Lay, II. 22.*

STRANGENESS.

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful: 'twas wondrous pitiful. *Sh. Oth. I. 3.*

STRAWBERRY.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality. *Sh. Hen. V. I. 1.*

STREAMS.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Sh. Two G. II. 7.*

Streams, as if created for his use,
 Pursue the track of his directing wand,
 Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
 Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades.
Couper, Task (on Capability Brown), III. 776.

STRENGTH—see Force.

O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant. *Sh. M. for M. II. 2.*

What is strength, without a double share
 Of wisdom ? Vast, unwieldy, burthensome ;
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties ; not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
Milton, Sam. Ag. 53.

STRIKES.

A mechanic his labour will often discard
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
 But a clock, and its case is uncommonly hard,
 Will continue to work though it strikes.
Hood, Epigram on the Superiority of Machinery.

STRIVING.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness. *Sh. K. J. IV. 2.*
 How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. *Sh. Lear, I. 4.*

STROLLERS—see Players.

The strolling tribe ; a despicable race. *Churchill, Apology. i. 206.*

STRUGGLES, STRUGGLING—see Danger, Greatness.

The smallest effort is not lost ;
 Each wavelet on the ocean toss'd
 Aids in the ebb tide or the flow ;
 Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow
 Each struggle lessens human woe.
Chas. Mackay, the Old and New, 44.

STRUMPET.

'Tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one. *Sh. Oth. iv. 1.*

STUDENTS, STUDY.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books. *Sh. Love's L. L. I. 1.*

Study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost. *Sh. L. L. L. I. 1.*

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller. *Sh. Love's L. L. iv. 3.*

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect. *Sh. Tam. S. I. 1.*

Man, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack;
And, for improving, sets it back. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought:
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.
Churchill, Ep. to Hogarth, 645.

If not to some peculiar end design'd
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game. *Young, L. F. II. 67.*

STUPIDITY—see Folly, Simplicity.

Blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges,
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the most profound. *Butler, Pindaric Ode, 4.*

STYLE—see Language, Poetry.

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest thing may have a proper style.
Dryden, Art of Poetry, 1. 72.

STYLE—*continued.*

Be sure avoid set phrases when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite.

Ovid.

SUBJECTS.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd animals : they soon
Feel slackened reins, and throw the rider down.

Dryden, Aurengzebe.

SUBMISSION—*see Obedience.*

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this ?

Sh. M. of Ven. I. 3.

You shall be as a father to my youth
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear :
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd, wise directions.

Sh. H. IV. 2. v. 2.

SUCCESS—*see Applause, Fate, Industry, Perseverance.*

Didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success ?

Sh. H. VI. 3. II. 2.

Good success
Is oft more fatal far than bad, one winning throw,
Cast from a flattering die, may tempt a gamester
To hazard his whole fortunes.

Chapman, Revenge for Honor.

In tracing human story, we shall find
The cruel more successful than the kind.

Sir W. Davenant, Siege of Rhodes.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right;
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

Herrick, Aph. 340.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

Ib. 341.

If all things by success are understood,
Men that make war, grow wicked to be good.

Howard, Indian Queen.

Virtue, without success,
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light;
But lucky men are favourites of heaven
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.

Dryden, Spanish Friar.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Addison, Cato, I. 2.

SUCCESS—continued.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain :
 For men judge actions always by events :
 But when we manage by a just foresight,
 Success is prudence, and possession right.

Higgins, Generous Conqueror.

It is success that colours all in life :
 Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest ;
 All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
 Fawns on success, and power, how'er acquir'd.

Thomson, Agamemnon, v. 1.

What ; though success will not attend on all,
 Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

Smollett, Advice, 207.

SUFFERING, SUFFERANCE.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Sh. M. of Ven. I. 3.*

The poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corp'ral sufferance feels a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss ;
 Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their fires again.

Dryden, Astræa Redux, 210.

Suffering is sweet when honour doth adorn it.
 Who slights revenge ? not he that fears, but scorns it.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

SUICIDE—see Death, Despair, Immortality.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 1.*

I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life. *Sh. Jul. C. v. I.*

To be or not to be ; that is the question :
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep ;—
 No more,—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ; 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. *Sh. Ham. III. 1*

SUICIDE—*continued.*

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy take,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ?

Sh. Ham. III. 1

———He

That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it ;
 And at the best shows a bastard valour.

Massinger, Maid of Honour.

Says he, to kill himself a brave man scorns ;
 So, instead of his throat, he cut his corns.

Kenny, Major McPherson, a Song.

What torments are allotted those sad spirits
 Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
 No longer will endure the cares of life,
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,
 Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
 Like wilder'd travellers without a guide ;
 Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze.

Lee.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

G. Sewell, The Suicide.

Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck frenzy rush
 On voluntary death : the wise, the brave,
 When the fierce storms of fortune round them roar,
 Combat the billows with redoubled force :
 Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,
 They sink with decent pride ; and from the deep
 Honour retrieves them bright as rising stars.

Fenton, Mariamne.

If there be an hereafter,
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die ;
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand. *Blair, Grave, 398.*

Our time is fix'd ; and all our days are number'd !
 How long, how short, we know not : this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.

Blair, Grave, 417.

SUICIDE—*continued*.

To run away
 From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark!—'t is mad!
 No frenzy half so desperate as this. *Blair, Grave, 425.*

When affliction thunders o'er our roofs;
 To hide our heads, and run into our graves,
 Shows us no men, but makes us fortune's slaves.
Jno. Jones, Adrasta.

How! leap into the pit our life to save?
 To save our life leap all into the grave.
Cowper, The Needleless Alarm, 107.

My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fools and modern knave. *Byron, Giaour.*

He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
 And burst the ties that bound him to the world!
Campbell, Pleasures of Hope.

SUIT, SUITOR.

Mistress, look on me,
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *Scott, Marmion, v. 9.*

SUMMER.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd
 Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth;
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
 While, from his ardent look, the turning spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves. *Thomson, Summer, 1..*

SUN—*see Dawn, Evening, Morning.*

The glorious sun,
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold. *Sh. K. John, III. 1.*

SUN—*continued.*

What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon. *Sh. Rom. II. 2.*

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry. *Sh. Rom. II. 3.*

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries:

Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,

Thy pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st. *Cowley.*

The sunshine broken in the rill,

Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

Moore, Lalla Rookh, The Fire-Worshippers.

And see the sun himself! on wings

Of glory up the east he springs.

Angel of light! who from the time

Those heavens began their march sublime,

Hath first of all the starry choir

Trod in his Maker's steps of fire! *Moore, Lalla Rookh.*

Thou material god!

And representative of the unknown,

Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!

Centre of many stars!—which mak'st our earth

Endurable, and temperest the hues

And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!

Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,

And those who dwell in them! for near or far,

Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,

E'en as our outward aspects,—thou dost rise,

And shine and set in glory! *Byron, Manfred, III. 2.*

I marvel not, O sun! that unto thee

In adoration man should bow the knee,

And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;

For like a God thou art, and on thy way

Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,

Beauty and life and joyance from above. *Southey.*

SUNBEAM.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,

Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!

One thing is like thee to mortals given,—

The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

Mrs. Hemans.

SUNFLOWER.

The lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray. *Thomson, Summer, 216.*

SUNDAY—see Sabbath.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
Pope, Ep. to Arb. 12.

SUNRISE—see Dawn, Morning.

Yonder comes the powerful king of day
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar. *Thomson, Summer, 81.*

Prime cheerer. light!

Of all material beings first and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy maker! *Thomson, Summer, 90.*

I say the sun is a most glorious sight,
 I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
 I have sat up on purpose all the night,
 Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
 And so all ye, who would be in the right
 In health and purse, begin your day to date
 From day-break, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
 Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four. *Byron, D. J. II. 140.*

SUNSET—see Evening, Night.

The sun, when he from noon declines,
 And with abated heat less fiercely shines,
 Seems to grow milder as he turns away,
 Pleasing himself with the remains of day. *Dryden.*

Bless'd be the hour,
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

SUNSET—*continued.*

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer. *Byron.*

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene,
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above, unroll'd,
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light.

Jas. Montgomery, Greenland, B. v.

Dipp'd in the hues of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires.

Ib. B. III.

SUPERFLUITY.

If ye know
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message like to end so much in vain?

Milton, P. L. iv. 832.

SUPERIORITY—*see Eminence.*

He, above the rest
In shape and nature proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.

Milton, P. L. i. 589.

SUPERSTITION—*see Gipsies.*

'Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell,
God send my Cornish friends are well!'

Gay, Fable 17.

Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunders sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

SUPERSTITION—*continued.*

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods.

Pope, E. M. III. 245.

England a fortune-telling host,
As num'rous as the stars could boast,—
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea. *Churchill, Ghost, i. 115.*

I have led
A life too stirring for those vague beliefs
That superstition builds in solitude. *L. E. Landon.*

Superstition must throw off religion's disguise ;
For men, now enlighten'd, not darkling like owls,
While they reverence priests who are holy and wise,
Will no longer be hoodwink'd by cassocks or cowls.
Horace Smith, Quarrel of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down ; a nurse's tale—
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, devour ;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe. *Southey, Thalaba, iv.*

What a reasonless machine
Can superstition make the reas'ner man ! *Miller, Mahomet.*

SUPPLENESS—*see* Deceit, Hypocrisy, Obsequiousness, Sycophancy.

How hard for real worth to gain its price :
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face. *Young, L. of F. III. 256.*

SURFEIT—*see* Excess, Gluttony, Satiety.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. *Sh. M. for M. I. 3.*

They surfeited with honey : and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little
More than a little is by much too much. *Sh. Hen. IV. I. 3, 2.*

SURPRISE—*see* Amazement, Astonishment.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there. *Pope, Ep. to Arb.*
 The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes ;
 And sallow waiters, frighten'd, drop their dishes ! *P. Pindar.*
 Were his eyes open ? Yes, and his mouth too ;—
 Surprise has this effect, to make one dumb,
 Yet leave the gate, which eloquence slips through,
 As wide as if a long speech were to come. *Byron, D. J.*

SUSPENSE—*see* Crime.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense, from pleasure or from pain. *Pope.*

SUSPICION—*see* Conscience, Jealousy, Love.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he feared is chanced. *Sh. H. IV. 2, r. 1.*
 He that will live of all cares dispossess'd,
 Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best.
Herrick, Aph. 245.

I would not wrong
 Virtue, so tried, by the least shade of doubt ·
 Undue suspicion is more abject baseness
 Even than the guilt suspected. *Aaron Hill.*
 Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
 With its own weight impedes more than it protects.
Byron, Werner.

Suspect !—that's a spy's office. Oh ! we lose
 Ten thousand precious moments in vain words,
 And vainer fears. *Byron, Sardanapalus, II.*

And shall we all condemn and all distrust,
 Because some men are false and some unjust ?
 Forbid it heaven ; for better 'twere to be
 Duped of the fond impossibility—
 Of light and radiance which sleep's visions gave,
 Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave. *Mrs. Norton.*

SWALLOW.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow-people ; and tossed wide around
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feathered eddy floats ; rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire. *Thomson, Aut. 834.*

SWANS.

The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet. *Milton, P. L. VII. 438.*

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. *Thomson, Spring, 775.*

SWEARING—see Boasting, Oaths.

When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade. *Cowper, Table Talk, 421.*

What follows next, let cities of great name,
And regions long since desolate proclaim.
And hast thou sworn, on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within ? *Ib. Exp. 386.*
Take not His name, who made thy tongue, in vain ;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse. *Herbert, Church P.*

SWEET BRIAR.

From this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of eglantine ;
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet, the fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love. *Herrick, Amatory Ode, 44.*

SWEETNESS.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour. *Sh. R. II. i. 3.*

Your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless. *Sh. Jul. C. v. 1.*

Sweets to the sweet ; farewell. *Sh. Ham. v. 1.*

Your words are like the notes of dying swans—
Too sweet to last. *Dryden.*

How sweet must be the lips that guard that tongue !
Farquhar, Constant Couple, III.

SWIFTNESS.

I go, I go, look how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*

SWIMMING—*see* Shipwreck.

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and through th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. *Thomson, Sum. 1243.*

There was one did battle with the storm
 With careless, desperate force ; full many times
 His life was won and lost, as though he recked not—
 No hand did aid him, and he aided none—
 Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone
 That man was saved. *Maturin, Bertram, t. 3.*

How many a time have I
 Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
 The wave all roughen'd ; with a swimmer's stroke
 Fling the billows back from my drench'd hair,
 And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
 Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
 The waves as they rose, and prouder still
 The loftier they uplifted me. *Byron, Two Foscari, i. 1.*

SWISS ALPS.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Goldsmith, Traveller, 172.

SYCOPHANTS, SYCOPHANCY—*see* Courtiers, Obsequiousness, Time-serving.

You are meek, and humble-mouth'd ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
Sh. H. VIII. II. 4.
 See how he sets his countenance for deceit,
 And promises a lie before he speaks. *Dryden.*

SYMPATHY—*see* Kindness, Love, Music, Nature, Sensibility.

How much better it is to weep at joy

Than to joy at weeping.

Sh. M. Ado, I. 1.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Sh. R. II. v. 5.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. *Sh. Hen. VI.* 2. I. 1.

The eye that will not weep another's sorrow,

Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare

That reddens in the eyeball of the wolf.

Massinger.

Like will to like ; each creature loves his kind,

Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

Herrick, Aph. 293.

Oh ! who the exquisite delights can tell,

The joy which mutual confidence imparts ?

Or who can paint the charm unspeakable,

Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts ?

Mrs. Tighe, Psyche.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy :

'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—

Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,

And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace. *Byron, D. J.*

There are ten thousand tones and signs

We hear and see, but none defines—

Involuntary sparks of thought,

Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,

And form a strange intelligence,

Alike mysterious and intense,

Which link the burning chain that binds

Without their will, young hearts and minds ;

Conveying as the electric wire,

We know not how, the absorbing fire. *Ib. Mazeppa*, vi. 234.

Oh ! ask not, hope not, thou too much

Of sympathy below :

Few are the hearts whence one same touch

Bids the same fountain flow :

Few—and by still conflicting powers

Forbidden here to meet—

Such ties would make this life of ours

Too fair for ought so fleet.

Mrs. Hemans.

Close as the fondest links could strain,

Turned with my very heart he grew,

And by that fate which breaks the chain,

The heart is almost broken too. *T. Moore, Juvenile Poems.*

SYMPATHY—*continued.*

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
 The genuine twins of sympathy,
 They live in one sensation :
 In joy or grief, but most in love,
 Like chords in unison they move,
 And thrill with like vibration. *T. Moore, Sympathy, to Julia.*

Whose hearts in every thought are one,
 Whose voices utter the same wills,
 Answering, as echo doth some tone
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
 So like itself we seek in vain
 Which is the echo, which the strain. *Ib. Loves of the Angels.*
 How bless'd the heart that has a friend
 A sympathising ear to lend
 To troubles too great to smother?
 For as ale and porter, when flat, are restor'd
 Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
 So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
 From one vessel into another. *Hood, Miss Kilmansegg.*

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
 A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
 " Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore,
 " Oh, never was maid so deserted before."
 " From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for sympathy !"
 At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear ;
 " The weather is cold for a watery bier,
 When the summer returns, we may easily die ;
 Till then let us sorrow in sympathy." *Reginald Heber.*

I know thee not—and yet our spirits seem
 Together link'd by sympathy and love,
 And, like the mingled waters of a stream,
 Our thoughts and fancies all united rove. *Mrs. Welby, (Am.)*

SYNODS.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
 Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
 And other members of the court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport. *Butler, Hud. i. iii. 1095.*

Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernition. *Butler, Hud. i. iii. 1154.*

TAILORS.

O monstrous arrogance ! thou liest
 Thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !

Sh. Tam. S. iv. 3.

TALE—see Astonishment, Fear, Life, Story.

This act is an ancient tale new told ;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unreasonable. *Sh. K. John, iv. 2.*
 An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Sh. R. III. iv. 4.*
 They gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghostly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave, and, (strange to tell,)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock. *Blair, Grave, 67.*

TALENTS.

Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown. *Young, N. T. vi. 273.*

TALIACOTIUS.

So learned Taliacotius, from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech :
 But when the date of Nock was out,
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout. *Butler, Hud. i. 281.*

TALKING—see Boasting, Bores, Eloquence, Tediousness, Words.

You cram these words into mine ears, against
 The stomach of my sense. *Sh. Temp. ii. 1.*
 The fool hath planted in his memory
 An army of good words : and I do know
 A many fools that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter. *Sh. M. of Ven. iii. 5.*
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first called my brother's father, dad. *Sh. K. John, ii. 2.*

TALKING—*continued.*

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
 Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Sh. H. VI. part 1. i. 3.

We will not stand to prate,
 Talkers are no good doers ; be assured
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues. *Sh. Ric. III. i. 3.*

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—
 What is your study ? *Sh. Lear, III. 4.*

But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Sh. Oth. i. 3.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;
 And with its everlasting clack,
 Set all men's ears upon the rack. *Butler, Hud. 3, II. 443.*

What you keep by you, you may change and mend ;
 But words once spoken can never be recall'd. *Roscommon.*

My tongue within my lips I rein,
 For who talks much must talk in vain ;
 We from the wordy torrent fly ;
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye. *Gay, Fable, Introduction.*

On folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell ;
 Wisdom speaks little, but that little well.
 So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
 And shorter shadows mark meridian day. *S. Bishop.*

Words learn'd by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse ;
 Not more distinct from harmony divine,
 The constant creaking of a country sign. *Cowper, Conversation.*

TALLNESS.

She, in sooth,
 Possess'd an air and grace by no means common ;
 Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman. *Byron, D. J. i. 61.*

TAMPERING.

“ At once all law all settlement control,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole ;
 The tampering world is subject to this curse
 To physic their disease into a worse.”

Quoted by Mr. Lowe on the Reform Bill, June 1st, 1866.

TASSO.

Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
 Scatter'd the clouds away; and on that name attend.

Byron, Ch. H. iv. 36.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
 In life and death to be the mark where wrong
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows,—but to miss.
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
 Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
 The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combin'd and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine? though all in one
 Condens'd their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

Byron, Ch. H. iv. 39.

TASTE.

They never taste who always drink;
 They always talk who never think.

Prior, On a passage in the Scaligeriana.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face as soon as of a mind. *Pope, Im. of Hor. 2, ii. 268.*

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
 Some demon whispered, "Visto! have a taste."

Pope, M. E. iv. 13.

Good native taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
 Be it in music, painting, or in song;
 But this, as well as other faculties,
 Improves with age and ripens by degrees.

Armstrong, Taste, 26.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross or fine,
 Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine;
 Better be born with taste to little rent,
 Than the dull monarch of a continent;
 Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
 Can Fortune make one favourite happy? No.

Armstrong, Benevolence, 48.

TATTLERS.

Beware of tattlers ; keep your ear
 Close stopt against the tales they bear,
 Fruits of their own invention ;
 The separation of chief friends
 Is what their kindness most intends ;
 Their sport is your dissension. *Cowper, Friendship, 16.*

TAVERNS.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid tavern ? *Keats, Mermaid Tavern.*
 Would you have each blessing full,
 Hither fly and live with Bull,
 Feast for body, feast for mind,
 Best of welcome, taste refin'd.
 Bull does nothing here by halves,
 All other landlords are but calves.
Lord Erskine, N. Q. Sep. 8th, 1866.

TAXATION, TAXES.

These exactions
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to th' hearing ; and, to bear 'em
 The back is sacrifice to th' load. *Sh. H. VIII. II. 1.*
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. *Sh. Jul. C. IV. 3.*
 In things a moderation keep ;
 Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep. *Herrick, Aph. 189.*
 What is't to us if taxes rise or fall ?
 Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all. *Churchill, Ni. 263.*

TEA.

The gentle fair on nervous tea relies,
 Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes ;
 An inoffensive scandal fluttering round,
 Too rough to tickle, and too light to wound. *Crabbe, Inebriety.*

TEACHERS, TEACHING—see Education.

I have laboured,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority.
 May go one way. *SA. H. VII. 2.*
 Teachers men honour, learners they allure ;
 But learners teaching, of contempt are sure.
Crabbe, Learned Boy.

TEARS—see Affection, Grief, Love, Petitions, Weeping.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 1.*

What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many coloured Iris, rounds thine eye. *Sh. All's W. I. 3.*
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. *Sh. Wint. T. II. 1.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency. *Sh. K. John, IV. 3.*

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulted top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors. *Sh. K. John, V. 2.*

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears. *Sh. H. V. IV. 6.*

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Sh. H. VI. 3, II. 1.

What I should say,
My tears gainsay: for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. *Ib. 3. V. 4.*
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops.
Sh. Ric. III. I. 2.

I did not think to shed a single tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Sh. H. VIII. III. 2.
He has strangled his language in his tears. *Ib. V. 1.*

TEARS—*continued.*

Touch me with noble anger !
 O, let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheek ! *Sh. Lear, II. 4.*

Patience and sorrow strove,
 Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
 Sunshine and rain at once : those happy smiles
 That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. *Sh. Lear, IV. 3.*

Then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd. *Sh. Tit. And.*
 Venus smiles not in a house of tears. *Sh. Rom. IV. 1.*

' O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear !
 But with the inundation of the eyes,
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ? *Sh. Lover's Comp. 42.*
 Heav'n, that knows

The weakness of our natures, will forgive.
 Nay, must applaud love's debt, when decent paid :
 Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
 Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth. *Shirley, Parricide.*

She by the river sat, and sitting there,.
 She wept, and made it deeper by a tear. *Herrick, Anacr. 332.*
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Milton, P. L. I. 619.*
 And sorrow too finds some relief,
 In tears which wait upon our grief. *Waller.*

There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,
 But makes my heart weep blood. *Lee, Mithridates.*
 Believe these tears, which from my wounded heart,
 Bleed at my eyes. *Dryden, Spanish Friar.*

Thy tears are no reproach :
 Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek ;
 The cruel cannot weep. Lo, friendship's eye
 Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself.
Thomson, Sophonisba, v. 1.

Of nature's tears
 I would not rob thee : they invigorate virtue,
 Soften at once and fortify the heart ;
 But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
 They then grow tears of weakness. *Thomson, Ed. & El. IV. 7.*

TEARS—*continued.*

Hide not thy tears ; weep boldly and be proud
 To give the flowing virtue manly way :
 'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
 Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
 In soft adoption of another's sorrow. *Aaron Hill, Alzira.*

See the tide working upward to his eye,
 And stealing from him in large silent drops,
 Without his leave. *Young, Busiris.*

The eye, that will not weep another's sorrow,
 Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,
 That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf. *Mason, Elfrida.*

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears :
 Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn ;
 Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn ;
 Shine with such lustre as the tear, that flows
 Down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes. *Darwin.*

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;
 When next the summer breeze comes by,
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry. *Scott, Rokeby, iv. 11.*

A child will weep at a bramble's smart,
 A maid to see her sparrow part,
 A stripling for a woman's heart :
 But woe awaits a country, when
 She sees the tears of bearded men. *Scott, Marmion, v. 16.*

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;
 So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
 Ev'n pity scarce can wish it less. *Byron, Bride of Ab. i. 8.*

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain ?
 The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
 That starts at once—bright—pure—from pity's mine,
 Already polished by the hand divine ! *Byron, Corsair, ii. 15.*

Oh ! too convincing—dangerously dear—
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear !
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
 To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield ;
 Avoid it—virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers !
 What lost a world, and made a hero fly ?
 The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye. *Byron, Corsair, ii. 19.*

TEARS—*continued.*

None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

Byron, Ch. H. II. 24.

She was a good deal shock'd ; not shock'd at tears,
 For women shed and use them at their liking ;
 But there is something when man's eye appears
 Wet, still more disagreeable and striking. *Byron, D. J. v. 118.*

Hide thy tears—

I do not bid thee not to shed them—'twere
 Easier to stop Euphrates at its source
 Than one tear of a true and tender heart—
 But let me not behold them ; they unman me.

Byron, Sardanapalus.

I wish'd but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new and dear,
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
 Despair is stronger than my will.

Byron, Giaour.

When friendship or love our sympathies move,
 When truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a tear.

Byron, The Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear ;
 No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
 All I ask—all I wish—is a tear.

Byron, The Tear.

Oh ! those are tears of bitterness,
 Wrung from the breaking heart,
 When two, blest in their tenderness,
 Must learn to live apart !

L. E. Landon.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

Campbell.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth, Intimations of Immortality, 11.

The tear that is shed, though in secret it roll,
 Shall long keep his memory green in my soul.

T. Moore.

Tears such as tender fathers shed
 Warm from my aged eyes descend,
 For joy, to think, when I am dead,
 My son will have mankind his friend.

Handel, Song.

TEARS—*continued.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, to gather in the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Tennyson, The Princess, IV.

The smile that illumines the features of beauty,
 When kindled by virtue, alluring appears ;
 But smiles, tho' alluring, no magic can borrow,
 To vie with the softness of beauty in tears.
 The smiles that are sweetest are often deceiving ;
 Too often a mask which the cold hearted wears ;
 But a tear is the holiest offspring of feeling,
 And monarchs are weak before beauty in tears.

MS.

TEDIOUSNESS—*see Talking.*

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its object till 'tis over-wrought :
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,
 And after, walks you round from place to place ;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are ballustrated with gold ;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
 The festoons, friezes, and the astragals :
 Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.

Dryden, Art of Poetry, I. 49.

TEETH.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where ?
 Then spoke I to my girl,
 To part her lips, and shew me there
 The quarrelets of pearl.

Herrick, Amatory Odes, 51.

Kate's teeth are black ; white lately Bell's are grown :
 Bell buys her teeth, and Kate still keeps her own.

Martial, (Hodgson), v. 43.

TELEGRAPH.

O star-eyed science ! hast thou wander'd there,
 To waft us home the message of despair ?

Campbell, Pleasures of Hope, II. 325.

The electric chain, whose mystic girth,
 Makes distance but a span ;
 And science covering all the earth
 With benefits for man ;
 And countless triumphs to be born,
 In the new dawning of the morn.

Charles Mackay, to Queen Victoria, Stanza 12.

TEMPER—*see* Discretion.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang ?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ? *Sh. Tem. S. II. 2.*
 Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day. *Pope, M. E. II. 257.*
 Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little, or too much. *Cowper.*
 Of all bad things by which mankind are curs'd,
 Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

*Cumberland's Menander.***TEMPERANCE**—*see* Abstinence, Old Age, Water.

Philosophy, religious solitude
 And labour wait on temperance ; in these
 Desire is bounded : they instruct the mind's
 And body's action. *Nabb. Microcosmus*

If all the world
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd ;
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd ;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;
 And live like nature's bastards, not her sons.

Milton, Comus, 720.

Impostor ! do not charge most innocent nature
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance ; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictates of spare temperance. *Milton, Comus, 761.*

If thou well observe
 The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return ;
 So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature. *Id. P. L. 530.*

TEMPERANCE—*continued.*

Temperate in every place,—abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come ;
And health from either he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.

Crabbe, The Borough.

TEMPESTS—*see Storms, Thunder.*

Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountain rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdain,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

Spenser, Fairy Queen, XII. 21.

The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

Sh. H. IV. part 1, v. 1.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds ;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. *Sh. Jul. C. I. 3.*

Look from the turbid south
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darting thro' the dark
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,
Pil'd hill on hill ; and hark, the thunder rous'd,
Groans in long roarings through the distant gloom.

Mallet, Mustapha.

A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

Dryden, Astræa Redux, 7.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
Unbroken floods, and solid torrents pour. *Thomson, Sum. 799.*
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear. *Ib. Winter, 66.*

TEMPESTS—*continued.*

And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lifts; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruined; the big hopes,
 And well-earned treasures of the painful year.

Thomson, Autumn, 330.

The sky

Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
 In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
 In forked flashes a commanding tempest.

Byron, Sardanapalus, II. 1.

Hark! hark! deep sounds, and deeper still,
 Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
 There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
 Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom;
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Byron, Heaven and Earth, I. 3.

Far along

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Byron, Ch. H. III. 92.

The night grows wondrous dark: deep-swelling gusts
 And sultry stillness take the rule by turn,
 Whilst o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds
 Roll slowly on. This surely bodes a storm.

Joanna Buillie, Rayner, I. 1.

TEMPTATION—*see Saints.*

Ay me! how many perils do enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall!
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.

Ed. Spenser.

TEMPTATION—*continued.*

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tells us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence. *Sh. Macb. i. 11.*

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us ;
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Sh. Ric. III. III. 2.

Between the acting of a fearful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.*

They that fear the adder's sting will not come
 Near her hissing. *Chapman.*

Virtue's no virtue whiles it lives secure ;
 When difficulty waits on't, then 'tis pure. *Quarles.*

'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil ;
 For saints may do the same thing by
 The spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do :
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the saints and wicked vary. *But. Hud. part 2. II. 233.*

There's naught so monstrous but the mind of man
 In some condition, may be brought to approve ;
 Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
 When flattering opportunity enticed,
 And desperation drove, have been committed
 By those who once would start to hear them named. *Lillo.*

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2, VI. 181.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 To wear it ? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?
Byron, Ch. H. III. 11.

TERROR—*see* Alarm.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And metcours fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.

Sh. Ric. II. II. 4

THAMES—*see* Rivers.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear : though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Denham Cooper's Hill, 188.

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Pope, Windsor Forest, 397.

The river Thames, now nearly undone,
 Doth wash your famous city London ;
 But tell me, cits, what power supreme
 Shall henceforth wash your filthy stream ?

Anon.

THANKS—*see* Gratitude.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks. *Sh. Tam. Sh. iv. 3.*
 Ever more thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 3.*

Thanks, to men

Of noble minds, is honourable meed. *Sh. Tit. A. I. 2.*

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you ;
 Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
 That I should talk of nothing else all day. *Otway, Orphan.*

You have deserved of me

More than reward can answer.

Were the main ocean crusted into land,

And universal monarchy were mine,

Here should the gift be placed. *Dryden, Don Sebastian.*

Your bounty is beyond my speaking ;

But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you.

Rowe, Jane Shore.

There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
 Though it be barren, and bring forth but words,

Southern, Fate of Capua.

THEATRICALS—*see* Drama.

Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease,
 'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas !
 And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Pope, Dunciad, III. 261.

THEORY.

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
 On vain refinements vainly to refine,
 To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
 To boast of apathy when out of pain,
 And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
 Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
 Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault
 That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

Churchill, Farewell, 45.

THIEVES—*see* Appearances.

I'll example you with thievery,
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement : each thing's a thief.

Sh. Timon, IV. 3.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Sh. M. for M. IV. 2.*

THIRST—*see* Water.

The panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
 One drop—one last—to cool it for the grave, *Byron, Lara.*
 With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call ;
 Gramercy they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all. *S. T. Coleridge.*

A small glass, and thirsty ! be sure never ask it ;
 Man might as well serve up his soup in a basket.

Leigh Hunt, from the Italian.

'Twas thirst, 'twas maddening thirst alone,
 That wrung my spirit's inmost groan.
 Hunger is bitter, but the worst
 Of human pangs, the most accursed
 Of Want's fell scorpions, is thirst.

Eliza Cook, Milata.

THIRTY-FIVE.

Ladies, stock and ~~tend~~ your hive,
 Trifle not at thirty-five !
 For, howe'er we boast and strive,
 Life declines from thirty-five ;
 He that ever hopes to thrive,
 Must begin by thirty-five.

Dr. Johnson, to Mrs. Thrale, when thirty-five.

Of all barb'rous Middle Ages, that
 Which is most barb'rous is the Middle Age
 Of man ; it is—I really scarce know what ;
 But when we hover between fool and sage,
 And don't know justly what we would be at,—
 A period something like a printed page,
 Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
 Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were,—
 Too old for youth—too young at thirty-five,
 To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore—
 I wonder people should be left alive !
 But since they are, that epoch is a bore :
 Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive ;
 And as for other love, the illusion 's o'er ;
 And money, that most pure imagination,
 Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

Byron, D. J. XII. 1-2.

THORNS.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted ; they have torn me, and I bleed :
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a
 seed.

Byron, Ch. H. IV. 10.

THOUGHTS, THOUGHTFULNESS—see Reflection.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company. *Sh. Hen. V. IV. 1.*
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Gray, The Progress of Poesy, II. 3.

Guard well thy thought ;—
 Our thoughts are heard in heaven. *Young, N. T. II. 95.*

Thoughts shut up, want air,
 And spoil like bales unopened to the sun. *Young, N. T. II. 406.*

Kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
 As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.

Rogers.

THOUGHTS, THOUGHTFULNESS—*continued.*

Who can mistake great thoughts !

They seize upon the mind ; arrest, and search,
And shake it.

Bailey, Festus.

THREATS, THREATENING—*see* Defiance, Honesty.

If thou more murm'rst, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till

Thou has howl'd away twelve winters.

Sh. Temp. I. 2.

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this reprehension ;

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd. *Sh. H.* VI. 1, II. 4.

Hence,

Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 5.

Unhand me, gentlemen ;—

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. *Sh. Ham.* I. 4.

Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense. *Sh. Ham.* III. 4.

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat ;

For, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear : hold off thy hand. *Sh. Ham.* V. 1.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion. *Sh. Oth.* II. 3.

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man

That utters this, and I will scale them all ;

And from the utmost tops fall on his neck,

Like thunder from a cloud.

Beaumont, Philaster.

Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy ling'ring.

Milton, P. L. II. 699.

Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,

Yet could I make this wither'd arm do wonders,

And open in an enemy such wounds,

Mercy would weep to look on.

Rochester, Valentinian.

THREATS, THREATENING—*continued.*

Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings, boys are whipp'd
 Into confessions; but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel. *Otway, Ven. Pres.*
 Speak then, or I will tear thee limb from limb :
 Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the truth ;
 But if thou hide aught from me, I will rack thee,
 Till with thy horrid groans, thou wake the dead :
 Or I will cut thee to anatomy,
 And search thro' all thy veins to find it out. *Lee, Cæs. Borgia.*
 Think not I've forgot thy insolence,
 No ! though I pardon'd it, yet if again
 Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
 The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee. *Lee, Alexander.*
 Oh ! that thou wert my equal, great in arms
 As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
 Without a stain to honour. *Dryden, All for Love.*

Oh ! that I had the fruitful heads of hydra,
 That one might bourgeon where another fell ;
 Still would I give thee work : still, still, thou tyrant !
 And hiss thee with the last. *Dryden, Don Sebastian.*

Ne'er think to fight me with thy mighty looks :
 Know, I dare stem that tempest in your brow,
 And dash it back upon you. *Dryden, Secret Love.*

Stand there, damn'd meddling villain, and be silent ;
 For if thou utt'rest but a single word,
 A cough or hem, to cross me in my speech,
 I'll send thy cursed spirit from the earth,
 To bellow with the damn'd ! *Joanna Baillie, Basil, II. 2.*

THRIFT—*see* Caution, Economy.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. *Sh. M. of Ven. I. 3.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio !

The funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*
 Though some men do as do they would,
 Let thrifty do as do they should.

Tusser, 500 points of G. Husbandry.

THUNDER—*see* Storm, Tempest.

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 Nature, startled Nature, reels,
 From the centre to the poles ;

THUNDER—*continued.*

Brighter, broader lightning's flash,
 Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
 Louder, deeper thunders crash,
 Desolation threatens all. *Jas. Montgomery, Thunder Storm.*
 Meantime, from every region of the sky,
 Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly ;
 Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
 And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air. *Broome.*

TICKLING.

I'll tickle your catastrophe. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, II. 1.*

TIME—*see Age, Decay, Decision, Dispatch, Life, Mortality, Promptitude.*

For though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride ;
 Aye fleeth the time ; it will no man abide. *Chaucer.*

Beautie's great enemy, and to all the rest
 That in the garden of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked time, who with his sythe addrest,
 Does mow the flowing herbs and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the earth down flings,
 Where they do wither, and are foully made ;
 He flies about, and with his flaggie wings,
 Beats down both leaves and buds without regard.
 Never pity may relent his malice hard. *Ed. Spenser.*

The clock upbraids me with waste of time. *Sh. T. Ni. III. 1.*
 Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. *Sh. T. Ni. v. 1.*

Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand ;
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *Sh. Wint. T. III. 3.*

Come what come may ;
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Sh. Macb. I. 3.*

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me. *Sh. R. II. v. 5.*
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
 The formless ruin of oblivion. *Sh. Troil. IV. 5.*

The end crowns all ;
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it. *Sh. Troil. IV. 5.*

Time's the king of men,
 For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave. *Sh. Peric. II. 3.*

TIME—continued.

Make use of time ; let not advantage slip :
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
 Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time. *Sh. Ven. & Ad.*
 Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before ;
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend. *Sh. Son. 60.*

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow. *Sh. Son. 60.*
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ? *Sh. Son. 65.*
 Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light ;
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night ;
 To wrong the wronger till he render right ;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.
Sh. R. of T. 135.

Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauties of the fairest brow. *Sam. Daniel.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to day ;
 To-morrow will be dying. *Herrick, Amatory Odes, 93.*
 Time's the prime minister of death,
 There's nought can bribe his honest will ;
 He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
 And lays his mischief still. *Marvel.*

Time lays his hand
 On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
 What all the fond artificers did think
 Immortal workmanship ; he sends his worms
 To books, to old records, and they devour
 Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
 For he destroy'd the memory of man.
Sir William Davenant, Cruel Brother.

TIME—*continued.*

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
A horrid chasm disclosed. *Phillips, Splendid Shilling, 121.*

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
Parnell, Elegy to an Old Lady, 35.

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment. *Rowe.*

Look on each day you've pass'd
To be a mighty treasure won ;
And lay each moment out in haste :
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly ;
The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces lie. *Congreve.*

Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Pope, Pastorals ; Winter, 88.
Time hurries on

With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. *Blair, Grave.*

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun ;
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end ;
What then is man ?—The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month, month ; and year the year. *Thomson.*

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year through ;
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
Ed. Moore, Song x. 4.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. *Young, N. T. i. 55.*

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
How few themselves in that just mirror see ! *Ib. N. T. v. 627.*

TIME—*continued.*

Time is eternity,
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
 Pregnant with all that makes Archangels smile.
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
 A power ethereal, only not adored. *Young, N. T.* II. 107.

Time wasted is existence ; used, is life. *Young, N.* II. 150.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time ;
 Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime. *Ib. Sat.* v. 497.

Time destroyed,
 Is suicide where more than blood is spilt. *Ib. N. T.* II. 290.

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor ;
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay .
 No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
 And what it's worth ask death-beds, they can tell. *Ib.* II. 48.

Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
Armstrong, Art of Preserving Health, II. 542.

Catch ! then, O catch, the transient hour ;
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower—
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies. *Dr. Johnson, Winter, an Ode,* 9.

Borne on the swift, tho' silent wings of time,
 Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.
Beattie, The Minstrel, xxv. 8.

Noiseless falls the foot of time
 That only treads on flowers.

W. R. Spenser, lines to Lady A. Hamilton.
 Nations from every land and clime
 Shall gather to gaze on the close of Time,
 The moon shall look down with a tearful eye,
 And the sun shall withhold his fire,
 And the hoary earth, all parched and dry,
 Shall flame for his funeral pyre,
 When the angel, that standeth on earth and shore,
 Proclaimeth that " Time shall be no more !"

Pollok, Course of T.

Before my breath, like blazing flax.
 Man and his marvels pass away ;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.
 Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When time and thee shall part, for ever !

Sir W. Scott.

TIME—*continued.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be !
 How few, all weak and wither'd, of their force
 Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight ! *Scott, L. of L. III. 1.*

Time that is past thou never canst recall ;
 Of time to come thou art not sure at all ;
 The present, only, is within thy power,
 And therefore now improve the present hour. *Byron.*

"Where is the world," cries Young, "at eighty ? Where
 The world in which a man was born ?" Alas !
 Where is the world of eight years past ? 'Twas there—
 I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass !
 Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere
 A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
 Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
 And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

Byron, D. J. xi. 76.

Oh, Time ! Why dost not pause ? Thy scythe so dirty
 With rust should surely cease to hack and hew.
 Reset it ; shave more smoothly, also slower,
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower. *Byron, D. J. xiv. 54.*

Oh Time ! thou beautifier of the dead,—
 Adorner of the ruin—comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time ! the corrector when our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher ! *Byron, Ch. II. iv. 130.*

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow,
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. *Ib. iv. 182.*

Out upon time ! it will leave no more,
 Of the things to come than the things before !
 Out upon time ! who for ever will leave
 But enough of the past for the future to grieve.

Byron, Siege of Corinth, 18.

Still on it creeps,
 Each little moment at another's heels,
 Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
 Of such small parts as these, and men look back,

TIME—*continued.*

Worn and bewilder'd, wond'ring how it is.
 Thou travellest like a ship in the wide ocean,
 Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress,
 O time ! ere long I shall have done with thee.

Joanna Baillie, Rayner, v. 2.

The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,
 And ere we dream of manhood age is nigh.

Gifford, Juvenal, ix. 132.

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

Dante (Wright).

Oh ! never chide the wing of time,
 Or say 'tis tardy in its flight !
 You'll find the days speed quick enough,
 If you but husband them aright.
 Thy span of life is waning fast ;
 Beware, unthinking youth, beware !
 Thy soul's eternity depends
 Upon the record moments bear !

Eliza Cook, Time.

Why grieve that Time has brought so soon
 The sober age of manhood on ?
 As idly should I weep at noon
 To see the blush of morning gone.

W. C. Bryant. (Am.)

Desire not to live long, but to live well ;
 How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

Watkins. (Am.)

TIME-SERVING—*see* Sycophancy.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.

Sh. Lear, II. 4.

TITHES.

This priest he merry is and blithe
 Three quarters of the year,
 But oh ! it cuts him like a scythe,
 When tithing-time draws near.
 He then is full of frights and fears,
 As one at point to die,
 And long before the day appears
 He heaves up many a sigh.

Cowper, Yearly Distress, 2.

TITLES—*see* Ancestry, Honour, Nobility, Pedigree.

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives ;
 And where there's no difference in men's works,
 Titles are all jests.

Baumont & Fletcher, King or no King.

TITLES—*continued.*

He's a name only, and all good in him
 He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes :
 For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
 "This is a lord," he had lived unobserved

Ib. Custom of the Country.

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
 Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
 The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants.

Rowe, Jane Shore, II. 1.

With their authors, in oblivion sunk,
 Vain titles lie ; the servile badges oft
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth. *Thomson.*

Titles are marks of honest men and wise ;
 The fool or knave who wears a title, lies. *Young, L. of F. I. 147.*

These are the lords
 That have bought titles : men may merchandise
 Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
 From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore ;
 But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
 'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold ;—
 It cuts off all desert. *Heywood, Royal King.*

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title,
 It teaches men to call him count and duke,
 And to forget his proper name of fool.
Crowne, Ambitious Statesman.

Titles of honour add not to his worth,
 Who is himself an honour to his titles. *Ford, Lady's Trial.*

Though I do ' Sir ' thee, be not vain, I pray :
 I ' Sir ' my monkey Jacko every day.
Martial, v. 57 (Cyrus Redding.)

TITTLE-TATTLE.

In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve
 As that abominable tittle-tattle,
 Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle. *Byron, D. J.*

TOADYISM—*see Sycophancy.*

Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
 Staunch to the foot of title and estate.
 Where'er their lordships go, they never find,
 Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind ;
 He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
 Close at their elbows as a morning dun. *Young, L. of F. IV. 132.*

TOASTS.

Quiet days, fair issue, and long life.

Sh. Temp, iv. 1.

To the old, long life and treasure,
To the young, all health and pleasure.

Ben Jonson, Song of the Gipsies.

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And then to the housewife that's thrifty;
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll find an excuse for the glass.

Sheridan, School for Scandal. III. 3.

TOBACCO—*see* Smoking, Snuff.

————— *Carmen*

Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers
To their tobacco, and strong waters.

Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, i. 1.

Hell hath smoke

Impenitent tobaccoists to choake,
Though never dead: there shall they have their fill.
In heaven is none, but light and glory still.

Sylvester, Tobacco batter'd.

Much victuals serve for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed that with a leaf can dine,
And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe.

S. Rowland, Knave of Clubs.

In a tobacco-shop (resembling Hell,
Fire, stink, and smoke must be where devils dwell),
He sits, you cannot see his face for vapour,
Offering to Pluto with a tallow taper. *Ib. Knave of Hearts.*

Sweet youth, smooke not thy time,
Too precious to abuse;
Th'ast fitter feats to choose:
What may redeeme that prime,
Thy smoaking age doth loose? *R. Brathwaite, the Smoking Age.*

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours:
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants. *Cowper, Conver.* 251.

TOBACCO—*continued.*

Tobacco, an outlandish weed,
 Doth in the land strange wonders breed ;
 It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
 It burns the head, it blinds the eyes ;
 It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
 It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites ;
 It brings a man into a maze,
 And makes him sit for other's gaze ;
 It mars a man, it mars a purse,
 A lean one fat, a fat one worse ;
 A white man black, a black man white,
 A night a day, a day a night ;
 It turns the brain like cat in pan,
 And makes a Jack a gentleman.

Fairholt, (from J. S. Collier's MS.)

TO-DAY.

To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?
 To-day is ours ; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow ;
 To the gods belong to-morrow.

Cowley.

TOIL—*see Industry, Labour.*

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
 From labour and endurance ; deep the oak
 Must sink in stubborn earth, its roots obscure,
 That hopes to lift its branches to the skies ;
 Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
 Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
 And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
 Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams
 With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
 The metal purifies.

Dyer, Fleece, III. 349.

Toil and be glad ! let industry inspire
 Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !
 Who does not act is dead ; absorp'd entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
 O leaden-hearted man, to be in love with death !

Thomson, Castle of Indolence, II. 54.

There is a time when toil must be preferr'd,
 Or joy, by mistimed fondness, is undone.

Young, N. T. VIII. 799.

TOIL—*continued.*

Toil, and be strong ; by toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone :
 The greener juices are by toil subdued,
 Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.

Armstrong, A. P. H. III. 48.

He chooses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most ; the toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

Armstrong, A. P. H. III. 39.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands ; the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard ; by those you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year,
 Endless to name.

Armstrong, A. P. H. III. 357.

TOKENS—*see Gifts.*

This, and in this, my soul I give,
 Lodg'd where I know 'twill ever live,
 For never could myself or mine
 Fall into kinder hands than thine.

MS.

TOLERATION—*see Bigotry, Religion.*

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
 Sunshine and rain to bless the fruitful year,
 On different nations, all of different faiths ;
 And (though by several names and titles worship'd)
 Since all agree to own—at least to mean—
 One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

Rowe.

TOMBS.

The tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart :

Congreve, Mourning Bride.

The most magnificent and costly dome,
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb ;
 No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.

Young, Last Day, II. 87.

TO-MORROW.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise ;
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
 As favours unexpected doubly please.

Congreve, to Cobham.

TO-MORROW—*continued.*

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. *Young, Old Man's Relapse.*

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow? *Young, N. T. 1, 374.*

To-morrow's actions! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow,—
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool! condemn'd to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow;
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect! *Dr. Johnson, Irene.*
To-morrow! 'Tis a sharper, who takes the ready cash.
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time;
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar;
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those that own it. *Cotton.*

Where art thou, beloved to-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,—
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—to-day. *Shelley, Misc. Poems.*
Oh! how many deeds

Of deathless virtue, and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said
I will do this to-morrow! *Earl Russell.*

TONGUE—*see Eloquence, Language, Loquacity, Talking.*

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. *Sh. Com. Er. III. 2.*
O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear! *Sh. Tit. And. III. 1.*

Fair, rich, and young! how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foul infection;
So proud a heart, I mean, so curs'd a tongue,
As makes her seem nor rich, nor fair, nor young.
Martial, l. 64 (Harrington).

TONGUE—*continued.*

When thou dost tell another's jest,
Omit the oaths which true wit cannot need ;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin ;
He pares his apple that would cleanly feed.

Herbert, Church Porch.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect, or use thee as they ought !
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue ;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at the market price !

Cowper.

TORRENTS.

Thus from high hills the torrents, swift and strong,
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along ;
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds, *Rowe.*

TOOTHACHE.

There was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Sh. M. Ado. v. 1.*

TOWN.

The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways,
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste. *Churchill, Rosciad, 37.*

TRADE.

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree. *Gay, Fable 21.*

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted ; numbers raise
Warm emulation ; where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffic's seat ; there will she build
Her rich emporium. *Dyer, Fleecos, III. 530.*

The times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.

Goldsmith, Des. Vit. 63.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds ;
The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind. *Cowper, Charity, 224.*

TRADE—*continued.*

And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe,
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes,
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all. *Cowper, Charity, 86.*

TRAGEDY—*see* Actors, Drama, Plays.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.
Pope, Prol. to Addison's Cato.

TRAINING.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'errun the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. *Sh. H. VI. III. 1.*

TRAITOR—*see* Treason.

Remember him, the villain, righteous heav'n:
In thy great day of vengeance blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsel, who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars. *Rowe, Jane Shore.*

TRANSLATION.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.
Sh. Mid. N. III. 1.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art.
Roscommon, On Translated Verse.

TRANSMIGRATION.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.

646 TRANSMIGRATION—TRAVELLERS, TRAVELLING.

TRANSMIGRATION—continued.

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air. *Pope, R. of L. l. 51.*

TRANSPORT—see Passion.

On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport, temper, here! *Young, N. T. iv. 639.*

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

He was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
I do believe and take it. *Dr. John Donne, On the Sacrament.*

These lines have been variously assigned as well as misquoted, but the author of them is undoubtedly Dr. Donne. Sherlock, in his 'Practical Christian,' 1698, gives them as follows:

"Christ was the Word, and spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word doth make it,
That I believe and take it."

TRAVELLERS, TRAVELLING—see Alpine Travelling, Authorship, Home.

When I was at home, I was in a better place;
But travellers must be content. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 4.*

To a wise man all the world's a soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.

Ben Jonson, Volpone.

This is a traveller, sir, knows men and
Manners, and has plough'd up sea so far,
Till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour
Of his horses, and their kinds. *Beaum. & Flet. Scornful Lady.*

The man who, with undaunted toils,
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.

Gay, Fable 10.

TRAVELLERS, TRAVELLING—*continued.*

Returning he proclaims by ~~many~~ a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home. *Cowper, Prog. of Tr.*

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new. *Byron, D. J. II. 12.*

There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great end of travel—which is driving. *Byron, D. J. I. 72.*

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do). *Byron, D. J. I. 191.*

TREASON—*see* Danger, Deceit, Kings, Sedition, Traitor.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers none dare call it treason.

Sir John Harrington.

Thou art a traitor and a misereant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live. *Sh. Ric. II. I. 1.*

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tam'd,* so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. *Sh. H. IV. p. 1, v. 2.*
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! *Sh. H. IV. 2. iv. 2.*

Treason and murder ever keep together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose. *Sh. H. V. II. 2.*
So Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

Sh. H. VI. p. 3, v. 7.

Treason is not own'd when 'tis deserv'd;
Successful crimes alone are justified. *Dryden, Medal, 207.*

* This reading is given by A. Alcott in his 'England's Parnassus,' 1690.

TREASON—*continued.*

He therefore wisely cast about,
 All ways he could t' ensure his throat,
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took;
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest. *Butler, Hudibras.*

Is there not some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin? *Ad. Cato, i. 1.*
 Why should the sacred character of virtue
 Shine on a villain's countenance? Ye powers!
 Why fix'd ye not a brand on treason's front,
 That we might know t' avoid perfidious mortals? *J. Dennis.*
 The man, who pauses on the paths of treason,
 Halts on a quicksand, the first step engulphs him.

Aaron Hill, Henry v.

The man who rises on his country's ruin,
 Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief;
 In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasure!
 His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
 Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph. *Martyn, Timoleon.*
 I know that there are angry spirits
 And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason
 Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
 Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
 Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
 And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.

Byron, Doge of Venice, vi. 1.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might! *Thos. Moore.*
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame. *Thos. Moore.*
 Who strikes at sov'reign power, had need strike home;
 For storms that fail to blow the cedar down,
 May tear the branches, but they fix the roots. *Jeffrey.*

TREATIES.

It is a vain attempt
 To bind th' ambitious and unjust by treaties:
 These they elude a thousand specious ways;
 Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
 They blush not in the face of heaven to break them.

Thomson, Coriolanus, iv. 2.

TRESSES—*see* Hair, Ringlets.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair. *Pope, R. of L.* II. 27.

TRIFLES—*see* Upstarts.

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys. *Sh. Cymb.* IV. 2.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first; and great from abject things. *Middleton.*

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life. *Young, Love of Fame,* VI. 208.

TRIFLER.

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or split a flea,
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still. *Cowper, Charity,* 353.

TRINITY.

Since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity. *Gay, Fable* 10.

TRIMMERS.

We trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering.
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Nor Whigs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Nor birds, nor beast; but just a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.
Dryden, Epilogue, Duke of Guize, 33.

TROUBLES—*see* Adversity, Distress, Misery, Misfortune.

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
Sh. As Y. L. I. 3.

TROY.

Troy for ten long years her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself become the sepulchre of what she was.
Dryden, Pythagorean Phil. (Ovid's Met. xv.) 680.

TRUTH—*see* Falsehood, Fiction, Honour, Lies, Philosophy, Roses.

The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster. *Sh. Temp.* II. 1.

TRUTH—continued.

This is all as true as it is strange:
 Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning. *Sh. M. for M. v. 1.*

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Sh. Hen. IV. 1, III. 1.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre. *Sh. Ham. II. 2.*

The truth doth dwell within the holy tables
 Of God's live word, not in our wanton brain,
 Which daily coining some strange error vain
 For gold takes lead, for truth electeth fables. *J. Silvester.*

Truth informs the judgment, rectifies the mind,
 Pleases the understanding, makes the will
 Submit; the mem'ry, too, it doth fill
 With what do our imaginations please;
 Likewise it tends our troubles to appease. *Bunyan.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
 A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
Herbert, Church Porch.

'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known,
 Error is fruitful, truth is only one. *Herrick, Aph. 257.*

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Milton, P. R. III. 9.

What is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
 Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
 A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
 And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases
 Upon the nobler part, the mind, it seizes.
Butler, Elephant in the Moon.

Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No faith is to the wicked due;
 For truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Butler, Hud. 2, II. 255.*

True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon. *Id. 3, II. 157.*

Truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
 That all seems uniform, and of a piece. *Roscommon, Horace, A.P.*

TRUTH—continued.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen. *Dryden, Hind & P.* i. 53.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth. *Gay, Fable* i.

'Tis not enough your counsel shall be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd. *Pope, E. C.* III. 572.
Truth needs no flowers of speech. *Pope.*

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue,
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth!
Thomson, Agamemnon, III. 1.

Truth, though sometimes clad
In painful lustre, yet is always welcome;
Dear as the light that shows the lurking rocks:
'Tis the fair star that, ne'er into the main
Descending, leads us safe through stormy life.

Thomson, Agamemnon, III. 2.
Truth! why shall every wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters!
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and power would have her dumb

Churchill, Ghost, III. 875.
Truths on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

Cowper, Tirocinium, 77.
Marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the 'graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But Truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.

Cowper.
Can this be true? an arch observer cries,—
Yes, rather moved, I saw it with these eyes.
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not had I seen it with my own. *Id. Conversation*, 231.

TRUTH—*continued.*

All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.

Cowper, Charity, 331.

The sages say, dame truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.
Questions are, then, the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up.

Peter Pindar, Birth-day Ode.

All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late. *Byron, D. J. vi. 85.*

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change:
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes. *Ib. xiv. 101.*

Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction. *Ib. D. J. xv. 88.*
No words suffice the secret soul to show
For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Ib. Corsair, III. 22.*

Fair Truth's immortal son
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By our weak prejudice, imperfect faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. *Hannah More.*

The real nobility of birth
To age, maturity, or youth,
The very crown of creature worth
Is easy, guileless, open truth. *Tupper, Proverb. Philosophy.*

Truth! Truth! where is the sound
Of thy calm, unflatt'ring voice to be found?
We may go to the Senate, where Wisdom rules,
And find but deceiv'd or deceiving fools:
Who dare trust the sages of old,
When one shall unsay what another has told?
And even the lips of childhood and youth
But rarely echo the tones of Truth. *Eliza Cook, Stanzas.*
Who never doubted, never half believed,
Where doubt, there truth is, 'tis her shadow. *Bailey, Festus, 36.*

TRUTH—*continued.*

How oft it pains historians to relate
 The truth which Truth obliges them to state :
Colman, Vagaries, Two Passions.

TULIPS.

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they break
 On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand. *Thomson, Sp. 536.*

TUMULT—*see Mob, Rabble.*

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud,
 And stones and brands in rattling furies fly,
 And all the rustic arms which fury can supply.
 Then if some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear. *Dryden.*

TURKEYS.

How bless'd, how envied were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife !
 But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days :
 Sometimes with oysters we combine
 Sometimes assist the savoury chine.
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The turkey smokes on every board. *Gay, Fable 38.*

TURNPIKE ROAD.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road !
 So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
 The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
 Air can accomplish, with its wide wings waving ;
 Had such been cut in Phæton's time, the God
 Had told his son to satisfy his craving
 With the York mail ;—but onward as we roll,
 " Surgit amari aliquid "—the toll ! *Byron, D. J. x. 78.*

TURTLE.

Good, well-dress'd turtle beats them hollow,
 It almost makes me wish, I vow,
 To have two stomachs, like a cow !
 And lo ! as with the cud, an inward thrill
 Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
 His mouth was oozing, and he work'd his jaw—
 " I almost think that I could eat one raw ! " *T. Hood (Turtle.)*

TWICKENHAM.

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
 Receive such balm as else cures everything ;
 But O, self-traitor, I do bring
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

Donne, Twickenham Garden.

Know, all the distant din the world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
 There my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Pope, Imit. of Hor. II. 123.

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
 Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill ;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow.
 Approach ! great nature, studiously behold
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

Pope, on his Grotto at Twickenham.

Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames ;
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt,
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore.

Thomson, Summer, 1424.

TWILIGHT—see Evening, Night, Sunset.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day,
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart,
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

Byron, D. J. III. 124.

The sun does not gladden a moment so sweet,
 The moon does not shine on so lovely an hour,
 As the soft one where light and obscurity meet,
 And the world is half veil'd by its shadowy power. *T. Moore.*

TWILIGHT—*continued.*

O twilight ! spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments—melting heaven to earth—
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.

Hon. Mrs. Norton, Dream.

TWINS.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Sh. Mid. N. III. 2.*

TYRANNY, TYRANTS—*see Aggression, Mercy, Necessity, Treason.*

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.

Sh. Macb. IV. 3.

How can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance. *H. VI. 3, III. 3.*

He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear ;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him. *Ric. III. v. 2.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. *Sh. Timon, v. 5.*

I know him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years. *Sh. Peric. I. 2.*

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. *Sh. Per. I. 2.*

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known—
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

Herrick, Aph. 305.

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us :
The laws, corrupted to their ends that make them,
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up t' enslave us deeper.

Otway, Ven. Pres.

When force invades the gift of nature, life,
The eldest law of nature, bids defence ;
And if in that defence a tyrant fall,
His death's his crime, not ours.

Dryden.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
How great soever the offender, and the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak and vile,—
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king.

Smollett, Regicide.

TYRANNY, TYRANTS—*continued.*

Fear not that tyrants shall rule for ever,
 Or the priests of the bloody faith;
 They stand on the brink of that mighty river
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.
 'Tis fed from the depths of a thousand dells;
 Around them it foams, and rages, and swells;
 Their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
 Like wrecks in the surge of eternity!

Shelley.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
 Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
 The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
 The negligence—the apathy—the evils
 Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
 Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
 The worst acts of one energetic master,
 However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

Byron, Sardanapalus, i. 2.

Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
 None rebels except subjects? The prince who
 Neglects or violates his trust is more
 A brigand than the robber chief. *Byron, Two Foscari, ii. 1.*

They have gone beyond
 Even their exorbitance of power; and when
 This happens in the most contemn'd and abject
 States, stung humanity will rise to check it. *Byron, Ib. ii. 1.*
 His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
 Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver. *Ib. v. 53.*

Goaded by ambition's sting
 The hero sunk into the king!
 Then he fell—so perish all
 Who would men by man enthrall!

Byron, Waterloo.

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
 Whose withering influence ran
 Through all the promise of the mind,
 And smote and mildew'd man.

James Montgomery.

Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,
 But in a bigot tyrant's—treble curse. *Jas. Miller, Mahomet.*

UNCERTAINTY.

Uncertainty !

Fell demon of our fears ! The human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee. *Mallet, Mustapha.*
Really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's dead, or should be so. *Byron, Beppo*, 35.

UNCLE.

Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle. *Sh. Ric. II. II. 3.*

UNFAITHFULNESS.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. *Sh. Two G. v. 4.*

UNKINDNESS—see Friendship.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil. *Sh. T. Ni. III. 4.*

UPSTARTS.

It is a note

Of upstart greatness to observe and watch
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns. *Ben Jonson, Sejanus.*

How insolent is upstart pride !
Hadst thou not thus with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain.
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth. *Gay, Fable 14.*

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race. *Gay, Fable 21.*

USE, USEFULNESS.

Naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified. *Sh. Rom. II. 3.*

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.
Shakespeare (from Allott's Parnassus).

USURPERS, USURPATION.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd. *Sh. K. John, III. 4.*

Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
Sh. Hen. VI. 3, III. 3.

Power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right. *Butler, Hudibras.*

Kings who did crowns unjustly get,
In hell on burning thrones are set :
And, oh ! uneasily their crowns they wear,
And their own guilt amidst the guards they fear ;
Cares, when they wake, their minds unquiet keep,
And ghosts, in visions, lord it o'er their sleep. *Dryden, Temp.*

VACUITY—see Folly, Stupidity.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.
Dryden, Cymon and Iphigenia, 107.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Dryden, Cymon and Iph. I. 84.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home. *Pope, Epigram.*

VAGABOND.

Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust, and truth severe ;
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,—
He first abus'd, and then abjur'd his home ;
And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory—"I'll be free !" *Cowper.*

VALENTINES, VALENTINE'S DAY.

This day dame Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move,
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines. *Sir H. Wotton.*

They are those wing'd postillions that can fly,
From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky ;
The heralds and swift harbingers that move
From east to west on embassy of love.
Jas. Howell, Poems on Letters.

VALENTINES, VALENTINE'S DAY—*continued.*

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day ;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.

Herrick, Amatory Odes, 168.

What, conscience, say, is it in thee,
When I a heart had none,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thine own ?

For shame, or pity now incline
To play a loving part ;
Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why, yet to shew that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

Herrick, Amatory Odes, 41.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair ;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair ;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Praed, 14th of February.

On paper curiously shaped
Scribblers to-day of every sort,
In verses Valentines y'clep'd,
To Venus chime their annual court.
I too will swell the motley throng,
And greet the all auspicious day,
Whose privilege permits my song,
My love thus secret to convey.

MS.

VALOUR—*see* Contempt, Courage.

Fear to do base unworthy things is valour ;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.

Ben Jonson, New Inn.

Valour employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns
To cowardice ; and virtue then puts on
Foul vice's vizard.

Massinger.

VANITY—*see* Delights.

Light vanity, (insatiate cormorant
Consuming means) soon preys upon itself.

Sh. Ric. II. II. 1.

VANITY—*continued.*

Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way. *Sh. Tim. i. 2.*

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train !
 Where are ye now ? and what is your amount ?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
 With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.

Thomson, Winter, 209.

She, who fond of dress, of paint, and place,
 Aims but to be a goddess in the face,
 Sinks, as her beauty fades and passion cools,
 The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools. *Jas. Cawthorn.*
 But one admirer has the painted lass ;
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking glass. *Young, L. of F. v. 220.*
 What dotage will not vanity maintain ?
 What web too weak to catch a modern brain ? *Cowper, Exp. 628.*

Ecclesiastes said that all is vanity—
 Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
 By their examples of true Christianity :
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;
 And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,
 By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet.
 Must I restrain me through the fear of strife,
 From holding up the nothingness of life ? *Byron, D. J. vii. 6.*
 The fool of vanity ; for her alone
 He lives, loves, writes—and dies but to be known.

Canning, New Morality, Anti Jacobin, 236.

Thus felt Sir Owen as a man whose cause
 Is very good—it had his own applause. *Crabbe.*

VARIETY—*see Change.*

Variety's the source of joy below,
 From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow ;
 In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
 And only change the expiring flame renews. *Gay, Epistles, 14.*
 Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
 Borrows a blessing from variety.
 Music itself her needful aid requires
 To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.

Churchill, Apology, 370.

Variety's the very spice of life,
 That gives it all its flavour.

Cowper, Task, II. 606.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand :
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, where many a subject land
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, thron'd on her hundred isles !
Byron, Ch. H. iv. 1.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :
 Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy ! *Id. Ch. H. iv. 3.*
 I loved her from my boyhood ; she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
 Had stamp'd her image in me. *Byron, Ch. H. iv. 18.*

VENISON.

Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
 Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter ;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Goldsmith, Haunch of Venison, 1.

VENGENCE.

I shall see
 'The winged vengeance overtake such children. *Sh. Lear, iii. 7.*

VENTURING—see Ambition, Danger, Daring.

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.
Sh. Ven. & Ad. 95.

VENUS.

· Creator Venus, genial power of love,
 The bliss of men below, and gods above !
 Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place ;
 For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
 Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year ;

VENUS—*continued.*

Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
 Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
 And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply;
 For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood.

Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, III. 125.

O, Venus hail ! all hail immortal Queen !
 Thou reign'st unbounded o'er the human scene,
 Where the bright Thames shines forth in azure pride,
 To where the Ganges rolls its foamy tide,
 Where the redundant Nile expands his course,
 Or Niagara throws her headlong force ;
 Still from the east to west, from pole to pole,
 Thou e'er shall rule great Sovereign of the whole. *MS.*

VERBOSITY.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
 Finer than the staple of his argument. *Sh. Love's L. L. v. 1.*

VERSE—*see Poetry, Rhyme.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
 And turn delight into a sacrifice. *G. Herbert, Church Porch.*
 I'll versify in spite, and do my best,
 To make as much waste paper as the rest. *Dryden.*

Of little use, the man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
 And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place?
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?

Pope, Imit. of Horace, 2, I. 201.

I was a poet too ;—but modern taste
 Is so refined and delicate and chaste,
 That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
 Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
 Thus, all success depending on an ear,
 And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
 If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
 And truth cut short to make a period round,
 I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse
 Than caper in the morris-dance of verse. *Cowper, Ta. Talk, 510.*

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;
 All at her works the village maiden sings ;
 Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
 Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. *R. Gifford, Contempl.*

VICE—*see* Crime, Sin.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward part. *Sh. M. of Ven.* III. 2.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act. *Sh. Peric.* I. 1.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us. *Sh. Lear,* v. 3.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified. *Sh. Rom.* II. 3.

O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee;
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see ! *Sh. Son.* 95.

Vice never doth her just hate so provoke
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak. *Chapman.*

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride. *Milton, Com.* 760.

No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.

Prior, Henry and Emma.

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains. *Pope, E. M.* IV. 89.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. *Pope, E. M.* II. 217.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill ! *Ib. R. of L.* III. 125.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more,
Those governments which curb not evil's cause !
And a rich knave 's a libel on our laws. *Young, L. of F.* 1.

Ah, vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze ? *Byron, Ch. H.* I. 65.

Who called thee vicious was a lying elf,
Thou art not vicious, thou art vice itself. *Martineau, XI.* 92.

VICE-CHANCELLORS.

Vice-Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all :

Ill-brook'd the generous spirit in those days

When learning was the certain road to praise.

Churchill, Author, 25.

VICISSITUDE—see **Misfortune.**

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 2.*

Think on the slippery state of human things,
The strange vicissitudes and sudden turns
Of war and fate, recoiling on the proud,
To crush a merciless and cruel victor :
Think there are bounds of fortune, set above
Periods of time, and progress of success,
Which none can stop before th' appointed limits,
And none can push beyond. *Dryden, Love Triumphant.*

A blossom full of promise is life's joy,
That never comes to fruit. Hope, for a time,
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,
And it looks flourishing—a little while
'Tis pass'd, we know not whither, but 'tis gone. *L. E. Landon.*

VICTORY.

O, such a day
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortune. *Sh. Hen. IV. 2, I. 1.*

Thus far our fortune keeps an onward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory. *Sh. H. VI. 3, v. 3.*

It is not victory to win the field,
Unless we make our enemies to yield
More to our justice, than our force; and so
As well instruct, as overcome our foe. *Robert Gomersal.*

There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.
Byron, Death of Sir P. Parker.

Crown ye the brave! crown ye the brave!
As through your streets they ride,
And the sunbeams dance on the polish'd arms
Of the warriors, side by side;
Shower on them your sweetest flowers,
Let the air ring with their praise. *Mrs. Hemans.*

VILLAGER.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,

VILLAGER—*continued.*

His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
 Labour his business, and his pleasure too,
 Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
 Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power.

VILLAINS, VILLANY.*Churchill, Gotham, 117.*

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
 That when I note another man like him,
 I may avoid him.

Sh. M. Ado, v. 1.

The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him.

Sh. Macb. i. 1.

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame.*Sh. K. John, iv. 2.*
 Things ill-got had ever bad success. *Sh. Hen. vi. 3, ii. 2.*

Do but observe the face of villany,
 How different from the brow of innocence!
 See what a settled gloom obscures his visage,
 Sure emblem of the horror of his breast,
 Where his false heart enthron'd in native darkness
 (Unconscious and unwishing for the light),
 Broods o'er new treasons, and enjoys the mischief. *Howard.*

VIRGINS—*see Maidenhood.*

What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, sword-knots with sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

VIRTUE—*see Conduct, Puritans, Vice.**Pope, R. of L. i. 95.*

Virtue is more amiable and more sweet,
 When virtue and true majestie do meet.

Ed. Spencer.

I held it ever,

Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god.

Sh. Peric. iii. 2.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not.

Sh. M. for M. i. 1.

VIRTUE—*continued.*

Her virtues, *graced* with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart. *Sh. Hen. VI. I. v. 5.*

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
And would my father had left me no more !
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, II. 2.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Sh. Hen. VIII. IV. 2.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Sh. Ham. III. 4.*

Virtue dies not, her tomb we need not raise,
Let them trust tombs who have outliv'd their praise.
Thos. Bastard.

Virtue in greatest danger is most shown,
And though oppress'd, yet never is o'erthrown. *S. Daniel.*

Virtue makes honour, as the soul doth sense,
And merit far exceeds inheritance. *Geo. Chapman.*

The path that leads to virtue's court is narrow,
Thorny, and up a hill, a bitter journey :
But being gone through, you find all heavenly sweets ;
Th' entrance is all flinty ; but at th' end
To towers of pearls and crystal you ascend. *Thos. Dekker.*
Virtue abhors to wear a borrow'd face. *Thos. Dekker.*

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice ;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward. *Massinger.*

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory. *Milton, Comus, 589.*

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore :
The heart you get returns no more. *Ed. Waller.*

If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue :
And that which he delights in must be happy. *Addison, Cato.*

The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
Lansdowne, Verses written in 1690.

VIRTUE—*continued.*

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will ?
Seek virtue ; and, of that possess'd,
To Providence resign the rest.

Gay, Fable 39.

Why to true merit should they have regard ?
They know that virtue is its own reward. *Gay, Ep. to Methuen.*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever. *Pope, M. E. II. 163.*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree. *Pope, E. M. I. 231.*

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains :
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.

Pope, E. M. IV. 89.

But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed,
What then is the reward of virtue—bread ? *Pope, E. M. IV. 150.*

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,—
Is virtue's prize ; a better would you fix ?

Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown. *Pope, E. M. IV. 167.*

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below. *Pope, E. M. IV. 309.*

Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me ;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd contented thing.

Pope, Epilogue to the Satires, I. 136.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man. *Thomson, Castle of Indolence, I. 18.*

There breathes a felt divinity in nature,
In candid, unassuming, generous virtue,
Whose very silence speaks, and which inspires,
Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
Of mean injurious vice.

Thomson.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise. *Id. Tancred, v. 8.*

VIRTUE—*continued.*

Believe the muse, the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers. *Thomson, Summer, 581.*

The generous pride of virtue
 Disdains to weigh, too nicely, the returns
 Her bounty meets with. Like the liberal gods,
 From her own gracious nature she bestows,
 Nor stoops to ask reward. *Thomson.*

Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell ;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Collins, Oriental Eclogues, 1.

The virtuous to those mansions go
 Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,
 Where, leading up a jocund band,
 Vigour and Youth dance hand in hand,
 Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales,
 Pipes softest music through the vales,
 And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
 With velvet carpet spread the ground ;
 With livelier blush where roses bloom,
 And every shrub respires perfume. *Churchill, Ghost, II. 401.*

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
 Which takes not solid virtue for its ground. *Ib. Gotham, 107.*
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death. *Young, N. T. II. 650.*

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name ;
 The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Young, N. T. v. 772.*
 Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids ;
 Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Young, N. T. VI. 312

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize,
 Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
 Improvable at will, in virtue lies ;
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine. *Young, N. T. VI. 479.*
 Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven ; a happiness
 That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
 Exalts great Nature's favourites ; a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Armstrong, Art of Pres. H. IV. 284.

VIRTUE—*continued.*

Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, still
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound':
 Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity;
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just;
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
 But in his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms. *Ib.* iv. 265.

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd,
 The impulse comes from Heav'n, and he who strives
 A moment to repress it, disobeys
 The god within his mind. *Alex. Dow, Sethona.*

The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is virtue, the only lasting treasure, truth. *Cowper, Task, III. 268.*

All private virtue is the public fund:
 As that abounds, th' state decays, or thrives:
 Each should contribute to the general stock,
 And who lends most, is most his country's friend.
Jephson, Braganza.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! *Byron, D. J. I. 17.*

Vice must have variety, while virtue
 Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
 Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect. *Byron.*

VIRTUOSO—*see Antiquary, Collector.*

His mansion was the pink of taste and art:
 His charming pictures!—oh, how they delighted you!
 In his saloon, Egyptian monsters frighted you:
 And pagods, on his stair-case, made you start.
 Nothing surpass'd his carpets, and his draperies,
 His clocks, chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans;—
 His rooms were crowded with Etruscan aeries,
 Fine noseless busts, and Roman pots, and pans.
 He had a marble Venus, on a stand,
 Wanting a leg, and a right hand;
 A sweeter piece of art was never found;
 Had not those brutes, the sailors, rot 'em!
 In bringing her from Rome, knock'd off her bottom,
 She would have sold for thirty thousand pound.
Colman, Vagaries, Two Parsons.

VIXEN.

Doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool. *Sh. Tam. S. I. 1.*

VOCATION.

'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Sh. H. IV. 1, i. 2.*

VOICE—see Eloquence, Singing.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman. *Sh. Lear, v. 3.*
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal ears. *Butler, Hud. 2, i. 417.*
His voice, more gentle than the summer's breeze,
That mildly whispers through the waving trees,
Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along. *Dryden, Don Seb.*
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits ;
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife. *Churchill, Rosc. 103.*
O ye voices round my own hearth singing !
As the winds of May to memory sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet ? *Mrs. Hemans.*

The voice that won me first !

O, what a tide of recollections rush
Upon my drowning soul ! *Mrs. Louisa J. Hull (Am.).*

VOLCANO.

The dread volcano ministers to good :
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world :
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man. *Young, N. T. ix. 489.*

VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in *glass* is set,
One of us you'll find in *jet*,
T'other you may see in *tin*,
And the fourth a *box* within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from *you*. *Swift.*

VOWS—see Oaths.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken, *Sh. Two G. II. 6.*
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad : vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits. *Geo. Chapman.*

VOW—*continued.*

We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us. *Geo. Chapman.*

No man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do ;
Nor are they 'blig'd to be so brittle
As not to yield and bow a little :
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round ;
So truest oaths are still more tough,
And tho' they bow, are breaking proof.

Butler, Hud. Ep. to his Lady, 75.

WAITERS, WAITING.

Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion. *Sh. T. Ni. III. 1.*

You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms !

What ! no attendance, no regard, no duty ?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ? *Sh. Tam. S. IV. 2.*

WALDENSES.

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones

Forget not.

Milton, Son. 18.

WALKING-STICKS.

Let beaux their canes with amber tip produce ;

Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.

Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane ;

Thus some beneath their arms support the cane,

The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,

And muddy spots the clean cravat disgrace.

Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !

May no such vicious persons walk the street ! *Gay, Trivia, I. 74.*

WALL-FLOWER.

The rude stone fence, with wall-flowers gay,

To me more pleasure yields,

Than all the pomps imperial domes display. *Sir W. Scott.*

The wall-flower ! the wall-flower !

How beautiful it blooms !

It gleams above the ruin'd tower,

Like sunlight over tombs ;

It sheds a halo of repose

Around the wreck of time ;—

To beauty give the flaunting rose—

The wall-flower is sublime.

Delta (E. Moir).

WALTZ, WALTZING—see Dancing.

Behold with downcast eyes and modest glance,
 In measur'd step, a well-dress'd pair advance,
 One hand on hers, the other on her hip,
 (But licens'd not to neighbouring parts to slip) !
 For thus the law's ordain'd by Baron Trip.
 'Twas in such posture our first parents mov'd,
 When hand in hand thro' Eden's bowers they rov'd,
 Ere yet the devil, with practice foul and false,
 Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.

Sheridan.

Imperial Waltz ! imported from the Rhine
 (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
 Long be thine import from all duty free,
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee :
 In some few qualities alike—for hock
 Improves our cellar—thou our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart :
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs. *Byron, The Waltz.*

Endearing Waltz ! to thy more melting tune
 Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoun.
 Scotch reels, avaunt ! and country-dance, forego
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe !
 Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands. *Byron, The Waltz.*

What ! the girl I adore by another embrac'd !
 What ! the balm of her lips shall another man taste !
 What ! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee !
 What ! pant and recline on another than me !
 Sir ! she's yours ! From the grape you have press'd the soft
 blue !

From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew !
 What you've touch'd you may take ! Pretty waltzer, adieu !

*Thos. Moore.***WANDERER, WANDERING—see Exile.**

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care :
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own. *Goldsmith, Trav.*

WANT—*see* Compassion, Distress, Poverty.

To men

Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule, *Ben Jonson, Catiline.*

That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.

"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

The wretch he starves"—and piously denies :

But the good bishop, with a meeker air,

Admits and leaves them Providence's care. *Pope, M. E. III. 100.*

WANTONNESS—*see* Expression.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness. *Sh. Love's L. L. v. 2.*

WAR—*see* Battle, Discord, Duelling, Fighting, Murder. Peace.

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive ?

Sh. K. John, v. 1.

The arms are fair,

When the intent of bearing them is just. *Sh. Hen. IV. 1, v. 2.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man. *Sh. Hen. v. II. Chor.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness, and humility ;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger :

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood. *Sh. Hen. v. III. 1.*

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime. *Ib. IV. 3.*

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,

Numb'ring our ave-marias with our beads ?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ? *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, II. 1.*

O war ! thou son of hell,

Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance ! let no soldier fly ;

He that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love : for he that loves himself

WAR—continued.

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. *Sh. Hen. vi. 2, v. 2.*

Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war. *Sh. Jul. C. III. 1.*

Tell me, he that knows,
Why are such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart of implements of war?
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me? *Sh. Ham. i. 1.*

To my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain. *Sh. Ham. iv. 4.*

No war is right but that which needful is. *Sam. Daniel.*

Wise men ever have preferred far,
Th' unjustest peace, before the justest war. *Sam. Daniel.*

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them and they blaze;
Cain had already shed a brother's blood. *Lord Brooke.*

He is unwise that to a market goes,
Where there is nothing to be sold but blows. *Aleyn, Hen. VII.*
Great cities seldom rest; if there be none
T' invade from far, they'll find worse foes at home.

Bloody wars at first began, *Herrick, Aph. 252.*

The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That if the heavens should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay;
Nor seek recruits of death so far;
But plague themselves with blood and war. *Butler, Sat. II.*

To broach a war, and not to be assur'd
Of certain means to make a fair defence,
Howe'er the ground be just, may justly seem
A wilful madness. *W. Hemings, Jew's Tragedy.*

WAR—*continued.*

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying. *Dryden, Alex. Feast, 39.*
 No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
 But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
 Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field. *Ib. Love Triumph.*
 War wastes the noblest part of the creation,
 The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
 That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
 Unprivileged from thee ! *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

My voice is still for war,
 Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ? *Addison, Ca. II. 1.*
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions bear away their rage.

Pope, Ode on Cecilia's Day.
 Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls ! *Pope, Iliad, II. 967.*
 Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
 Is only splendid murder. *Thomson, Edw. and Elsonora, I. 1.*

War, my lord,
 Is of eternal use to human kind ;
 For ever and anon when you have pass'd
 A few dull years in peace and propagation,
 The world is overstock'd with fools, and wants
 A pestilence at least, if not a hero. *Geo. Jefferys, Edwin.*
 Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

Shenstone, Judgment of Hercules, 168.
 One to destroy is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame. *Young, L. of E. 7.*
 So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.

Darwin, Loves of the Plants.
 War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
 Kings would not play at. *Cowper, Task, v. 187.*

WAR—continued.

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
 Can give the philosophic mind delight;
 No triumph please, while rage and death destroy:
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.

Bloomfield, Farmer's Boy, Summer.

We know, too, they are very fond of war,
 A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear. *Byron, D. J. II. 156.*

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
 To wield them in their terrible array.

The army, like a lion from his den,
 March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay—
 A human Hydra, issuing from its fen

To breathe destruction on its winding way,
 Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
 Immediately in others grew again. *Byron, D. J. VIII. 2.*

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic.
 And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
 Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic;
 Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills!
 Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
 Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
 Past, present, and to come; but all may yield
 To the true portrait of the battle-field. *Byron, D. J. VIII. 12.*

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
 All that the body perpetrates of bad;
 All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
 All that the devil would do, if run stark mad;
 All that defies the worst which pen expresses;
 All by which hell is peopled, or is sad
 As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
 Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose. *Id. D. J. VIII. 123.*

War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
 Unless her cause by right be sanctified. *Byron, D. J. IX. 4.*

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
 The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
 And havoc scarce for joy can number their array. *Ch. H. I. 40.*

War, war is still the cry, war even to the knife! *Id. C. H. I. 86.*

WAR—continued.

Oh, world !

Oh, men ! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime ?
And slay, as if death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make their sword superfluous ! *Byron.*

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life ?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield ?
The smoking ruin and the crumbled wall ?
In this the struggle was the same with all. *Byron, Lara.*

Thus, as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drive along. *Byron, Giaour.*

The death-shot hissing from afar—
The shock—the shout—the groan of war—
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale :
Though few the numbers—their's the strife,
That neither spares, nor speaks for life. *Byron, Giaour.*

I own my natural weakness ; I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering ; and the sight
Of blood, which spouts through hoary scalps, is not,
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised, a glory. *Byron, Doge of Ven. III. 2.*

With common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance of sweet peace, and for a king,
'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than lov'd. *Ib. Sardanap, I. 2.*

War is honourable
In those who do their native rights maintain ;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak ;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl. *Jo. Baillie, Ethwald.*
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.

WAR—*continued.*

And he said " Alas ! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man !" *Chas. Mackay, Tubal Cain, 3.*
 Such is war !

O heavens ! when will the spiritual Sun arise,
 And with His beams effulgent, drive away
 The mists of error that so long have hung
 Their dark, unnatural drapery o'er the mind,
 That broods o'er human carnage ! when will man
 Turn from the path of Cain, and learn to see
 A brother without hating ? *Rufus Dawes (Am.).*

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
 And every nation that should lift again
 His hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Should wear for evermore the curse of Cain. *Longfellow.*

WARNING—*see* Caution.

Men, that stumble at the threshold,
 Are well foretold—that danger lurks within. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, iv. 7.*
 How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell,
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. *Sh. Lear, i. 4.*

WARRIOR.

He was a man of rare, undoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
 And glorious spoils purchas'd in perilous fight;
 Full many doughty knights he, in his days,
 Had done to death, subdued in equal frays. *Spenser, F. Q.*

The painful warrior, famed for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foiled,
 Is from the books of honor razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled. *Sh. Son. 25.*

WASHINGTON.

Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
 Shall sink while there's an echo left to air. *Byron, Age of Bronze.*

WATER—*see* Thirst.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep.
Sh. Hen. VI. 2, III. 1.

More water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of ; and easy 'tis
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Sh. Tw. And. II. 1.*

Water the first of all things we do hold. *Pindar (A. Moore) O. 1.*

WATER—*continued.*

Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school :
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best ; the lightest then, which bears the touch
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts the air ;
 The most insipid, the most void of smell.

Armstrong, Art P. H. II. 406.

Till taught by pain,
 Men really know not what good water's worth :
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise *Byron, D. J. II. 84.*
 Have ever been echo'd in minstrel lays ;
 But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
 To fill up a niche in the temple of fame.
 Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
 What treasures exist in the cold deep well ;
 Sink in despair on the red parch'd earth,
 And then ye may reckon what water is worth. *E. Cook, Water.*

Water is the mother of the vine,
 The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
 The adorning and refresher of the world.

'Tis a little thing *Chas. Mackay, The Dionysia.*
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drain'd by feverish lips
 May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarian juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Talfourd, Son. III.*

WEAKNESS—*see Tears.*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms !

Sh. Wint. T. I. 2.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Sh. Jul. C. I. 2.

If weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness ; that plea, therefore,
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.

Milton, Sam. Agon. 833.

WEALTH —see Gold, Income, Independence, Money, Riches.

If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bears't thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. *Sh. M. for M. III. 1.*

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
 Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
 Gold thou may'st safely touch ; but if it stick
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick. *Herbert, Temple.*

'Tis not those orient pearls our teeth,
 That you are so transported with :
 But those we wear about our necks,
 Produce those amorous effects. *Butler, Hud. Lady's Ans. 65.*

That wealth, which bounteous fortune sends
 As presents to her dearest friends,
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase
 Of two yards long in parish churches. *Butler, Sat. II.*

For wealth is all things that conduce
 To man's destruction or his use ;
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things from heaven down to hell. *Butler, Sat. II.*

We frequently misplace esteem,
 By judging men by what they seem,
 To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
 Precedence, and our lowest bow. *Gay, Fable 3, pt. 2.*

We know that wealth well understood,
 Hath frequent power of doing good ;
 Then fancy that the thing is done,
 As if the power and will were one ;
 Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
 The thriving knaves that keep them poor. *Ib. 3, pt. 2.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd ;
 As poison heals in just proportions us'd ;
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
 But well dispers'd is incense to the skies. *Pope, M.E. III. 263.*

Can wealth give happiness ? look around, and see
 What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
 Whatever fortunes lavishly can pour,
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more. *Young, L.of F. sat. 5.*

Wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts. *Goldsmith.*

WEALTH—*continued.*

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life, can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No; all that's worth a wish—a thought—
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought;
 Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind. *Dr. Johnson, to a Friend.*

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
 To build a college, or to found a race,
 An hospital, a church—and leave behind
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face,
 Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
 Even with the very ore which makes them base;
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
 Or revel in the joys of calculation. *Byron, D. J. XII. 10.*

Wealth is substantial good the fates allot:
 We know we have it, or we have it not.
 But all those graces, which men highly rate,
 Their minds themselves imagine and create. *Crabbe.*

These grains of gold are not grains of wheat!
 These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
 These jewels and pearls and precious stones
 Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
 Nor keep the feet of death one hour
 From climbing the stairways of thy tower!
Longfellow, Kambalu.

WEDDING, WEDLOCK—*see Love, Marriage.*

How happy a thing were a wedding,
 And a bedding,
 If a man might purchase a wife
 For a twelvemonth and a day;
 But to live with her all a man's life,
 For ever and for aye,
 Till she grow as grey as a cat,
 Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me from that. *Thos. Flatman.*

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing. *Pope, Jan. & May, 21.*

Talk but six times with the same single lady,
 And you may get the wedding dresses ready.
Byron, D. J. XII. 59.

WEDDING, WEDLOCK—*continued.*

Now, whether fate decreed this pair should wed,
 And blindly drove them to the marriage bed ;
 Or whether love in some soft hour inclin'd
 The damsel's heart, and won her to be kind,
 Is yet unsung: they were an ill-match'd pair,
 But both disposed to wed—and wed they were.

WEEDS.*Crabbe, Birth of Flattery.*

Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
 Suffer them now, and they 'll o'errun the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. *Sh. Hen. VI. 2, III. 1.*

WEEPING—*see Distress, Misery, Mourning, Sorrow.*

The eye that weeps, shall yet be dry,
 And cloudless as a summer sky :
 Though watering now with countless tears,
 The garden of departed years.
 The eye that weeps shall yet be bright
 As golden morning's flashing light ;
 Though clouded be its ray awhile,
 That eye shall beam a radiant smile. *W. H. Prideaux.*

WELCOME.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
 It must appear in other ways than words,
 Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. *Sh. M. of Ven. v. 1.*

A general welcome from his grace
 Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad; he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
 Can make good people. *Sh. Hen. VIII. I. 4.*

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
 And I could laugh; I am light and heavy—welcome!

Sh. Coriol. II. 1.

To say you are welcome, were superfluous. *Sh. Peric. II. 3.*

I am glad to see you well,

Horatio—or I do forget myself. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
 And when she disappears, begins the night.

WHIGS—*see Politicians.**Lansdowne, To the Duchess.*

Nought's permanent among the human race,
 Except the Whigs not getting into place. *Byron, D. J. XI. 82.*

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
 So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

Thos. Moore, Corruption, 161.

WHITTINGTON.

Be it fable or truth, about Whittington's youth,
 Which the tale of the magical ding-dong imparts;
 Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells,
 Has a might and a meaning for many sad hearts.
 That boy sat him down, and look'd back on the town,
 Where merchants, and honours, and money were rife;
 With his wallet and stick, little fortuneless Dick
 Was desponding, till fairy chimes gave him new life,
 Saying, 'Turn again, Whittington!'
 And up rose the boy, with the impulse of joy,
 And a vision that saw not the dust at his feet;
 And retracing his road, he was found, with his load,
 In the city that gave him its loftiest seat.
 Hope, patience, and will, made him bravely fulfil
 What the eloquent tone of the chimes had foretold;
 And that echo still came, breathing light on his name,
 When by chance his hard fortune seemed rayless and cold,
 Saying, 'Turn again, Whittington!' *Eliza Cook.*

WIDOWS.

May widows wed as often as they can,
 And ever for the better change their man;
 And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
 Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.
Dryden, Wife of Bath, 543.
 Why are those tears? why droops your head?
 Is then your other husband dead?
 Or does a worse disgrace betide?
 Hath no one since his death applied? *Gay, Fable 37.*

Thus, day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts—as wretched widows must:
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.

Pope, Wife of Bath, 307.

The widow can bake, an' the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew.

Ramsay, Gentle Shepherd.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
 Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil!
 Alone she wanders where with him she trod,
 No arm to stay her;—but she leans on God. *O. W. Holmes (Am.).*

WIDOWS—*continued*

When'er you see a widow weeping
 In public sight,
 And still in flagrant notice keeping
 Her doleful plight,
 Aye talking of her dear departed ;
 One truth is plain,
 She will not languish broken-hearted,
 But wed again. *Chas. Mackay, Safe Predictions.*

WIFE, WIVES—*see Love, Marriage.*

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
 By nature wise, not learned by much art ;
 Some knowledge on her side will all my life
 More scope for conversation then impart,
 Besides her inborn virtue fortify ;
 They are most good who best know why. *Sir Thos. Overbury.*
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
 But she may learn ; and happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours, to be directed. *Sh. M. of Ven. III. 2.*

She is mine own ;
 And I as rich in having such a jewel,
 As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Sh. Two G. II. 4.*
 We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
 Wives may be merry, and yet honest too. *Sh. Mer. W. IV. 2.*

I will be master of what is mine own :
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing. *Sh. Tam. S. III. 2.*
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace :
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. *Sh. Tam. S. V. 2.*

Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. *Sh. Wint. T. I. 2.*

You are my true and honourable wife ;
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. *Sh. Jul. C. II. 1.*

As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another :
 The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. II. 2.*

WIFE, WIVES—*continued.*

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone for ever. *Middleton, Anything for a Quiet Life.*

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains :
God is thy law ; thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

Milton, P. L. IV. 634.

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire. *Ib. VIII. 450.*

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote. *Ib. IX. 232.*

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures. *Ib. IX. 267.*

When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call 'em wife
But a new married wife's a teeming mischief,
Full of herself. Why what a deal of horror
Has that poor wretch to come, that married yesterday ?
Otway, Orph.

I look on wives, as on good dull companions
For elder brothers to sleep out their time with :
All we can hope for in the marriage bed,
Is but to take our rest ; and what care I
Who lays my pillow for me. *Dryden, Rival Ladies.*

If I but hear wife nam'd, I'm sick that day ;
The sound is mortal, and frights life away. *Dryden, Aurengz.*
Here lies my wife : here let her lie !
Now she's at rest, and so am I. *Dryden, suggested Epitaph.*

Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling. *Prior.*

The man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing :
For how precarious is the blessing ! *Gay, Fable 39.*

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd. *Hammond.*

WIFE, WIVES—*continued.*

Lycoris of her friends still makes an end :
I would she were to my wife such a friend.

Martial, IV. 24 (Wright).

A wife becomes the truest, tend'rest friend,
The balm of comfort, and the source of joy !
Thro' every various turn of life the same.

Savage, Sir Thomas Overbury.

What so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair,
With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil ;
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard. *Pope, Jan. & May, 43.*

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy ;
But wives, a random choice, untried they take ;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake ;
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day. *Pope, Wife of Bath, 101.*

Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. *Pope, lb. 247.*

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise ?

What is there in the vale of life *Young, L. E. sat. 5.*

Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine ? *Cowper, Love Abused.*

Lord Erskine, on woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife " a tin canister tied to one's tail ;"
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading ? consider'd aright,
A canister's polish'd, and useful, and bright ;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied. *Sheridan.*

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life. *Byron, D. J. III. 8.*

WIFE, WIVES—*continued.*

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak;
She could not think, but would not cease to speak.

Crabbe, Struggles of Conscience.

Oh! 't is a precious thing, when wives are dead,
To find such numbers who will serve instead.
And in whatever state a man be thrown,
'Tis that precisely they would wish their own. *Ib. Learned Boy.*

At home my wife will supervise
Each meal I take. I wish her eyes
Were sometimes touch'd with blindness!
But no—they move not from my plate:
God bless her! how I love, yet hate
Her ever watchful kindness.
"My dear! you know you're bilious—pray
Avoid the turtle soup to-day,
And do not touch the salmon;
Just take a chicken wing, or leg,
But no rich sauce—and let me beg
You will not taste the gammon."

Horace Smith, Answer to an Old Man's Praise.

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife. *N. P. Willis (Am.).*

A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage—a most perfect wife. *Tennyson.*

A man may spare,
And still be bare,
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt;
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt.

The Gipsy's Rhyme (N. & Q., Feb. 10, 1866).

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life. *Simonides.*

WILFULNESS.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will—and there's an end. *Sh. Two G. i. 3.*

To wilful men,

The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. *Sh. Lear, II. 4.*

WILL—*see* Argument.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

WILLINGNESS. *Crabbe, Birth of Flattery.*

A willing heart adds feathers to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.

WILLOW. *Jo. Baillie, De Montford.*

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found ;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd. *Herrick, Amatory Ode, 108.*

Willow's a sentimental wood,
And many sonneteers, to quicken 'em,
A relic kept of that which stood
Before Pope's Tusculum at Twickenham.

Horace Smith, Poet among the Trees.

Tree of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod ;
Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod,
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men ;
When the world is bright in a summer's light,
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
The golden moth and the shining bee
Will seldom rest on the willow tree. *Eliza Cook, Willow Tree.*

WIND.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

Thos. Tusser, Moral Reflection on the Wind.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Not the ill wind which blows none to good. *Sh. H. IV. 2, v. 3.*
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. *Sh. Hen. VI. 3, II. 5.*
Seas are the fields of combat for the winds ;
But when they sweep along some flowery coast,
Their winds move mildly, and their rage is lost.

Dryden, Rival Ladies.

The winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene. *Byron, Ch. H. II. 70.*

Many are the notes

Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth,
From rocks, woods, caverns, heath, and dashing shore.
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer, *Wordsworth.*
Kisses the blushing leaf. *Longfellow.*

WINDOWS.

Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. *Milton, Il Penseroso, 159.*

WINDSOR.

Whose are Windsor and Hampton, the pride of the land,
With their treasures and trophies so varied and grand?
The Queen's, you reply:—
Deuce a bit! you and I
Through their gates, twice a week, making privileg'd way,
Tread their gilded saloons,
View their portraits, cartoons,
And, like Crusoe, are monarchs of all we survey.
Horace Smith, Unpossessed Possessions.

WINE—see Drinking, Nectar, Spirits.

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast
No name to be known by let us call thee devil! *Sh. Oth. II. 3.*
Three cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The first of them for constitution sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third, and last, to lull him to his rest. *Athenæus, III.*

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul, it bids the coward fight:
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free. *Horace, Francis, 1, v. 23.*

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant, and propagate the vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done. *Butler, Sat. 2.*

Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood. *Waller.*

Wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast. *Parnell, Anacreontic, II.*
From wine what sudden friendship springs! *Gay, Fable 6.*

WINE—*continued.*

Let all my soldiers quaff
That gen'rous juice, by juggling priests deny'd,
Lest it should help to whet our understandings,
And ripen reason, to see through their crafts.

Jas. Darcy, Love and Ambition.

I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun: the feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
The obstructed tubes.

Armstrong, Art of P.H. II. 460.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups;
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with calm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life

Gliblier to play. *Armstrong, Art of P. H. II. 490.*

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please—the more because they preach in vain—
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after. *Byron, D. J. II. 178.*

Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,
And fear her danger: opens a new world
When this, the present, falls. *Byron, Sardanapalus, I. 2.*

Wine is like anger, for it makes us strong;
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong;
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long. *Crabbe.*

WINNING.

This swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

Sh. Temp. I. 2.

WINTER—*see Seasons.*

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Sh. Love's L. L. VIII. 2, Song.

WINTER—*continued.*

See, winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. *Thomson, Winter, 1.*

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day;
Faint are his gleams and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air. *Thomson, Winter, 41.*

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-contracted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. *Thomson, Winter, 704.*

Miserable they!

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. *Thomson, Winter, 920.*

Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dread the vegetable kingdom lies:
How dumb the tuneful: Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. *Thomson, Winter, 1024.*

To-day is snow array'd, stern winter rules
The ravag'd plain; anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and Spring adorns the year;
And shall not we, while fate like Winter frowns,
Expect revolving bliss? *T. Smollett.*

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Goldsmith, Tr. 171.*

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know. *Cowper, Task, iv. 139.*

WINTER—*continued.*

Oh Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way ;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. *Cowper, Task, iv. 120.*

When winter stern his gloomy front uprears,
 A sable void the barren earth appears ;
 The meads no more their former verdure boast,
 Fast-bound their streams, and all their beauty lost ;
 The herds, the flocks, in icy garments mourn,
 And wildly murmur for the Spring's return ;
 From snow-topp'd hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
 Howl through the woods, and pierce the vales below,
 Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
 Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies.
Geo. Crabbe, Inebriety.

Let winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
 The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep !
 Through boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
 And the dim sun scarce wanders thro' the storm ;
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay
 With mental light the melancholy day ! *Campbell, Pl. of H.*
 The bleak wind whistles—snow-showers, far and near,
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;
 Autumn hath past away, and cold and drear,
 Winter stalks in, with frozen mantle bound. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*
 The dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
 And wither'd are the pale wild flowers ;
 The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
 The dewdrops fall in frozen showers ;
 Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
 Gone, summer's rich and mantling vines ;
 And autumn, with her yellow hours,
 On hill and plain no longer shines. *Barnard.*

WISDOM—*see Newton.*

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. *Sh. Ant. Cleop. III. 11.*

WISDOM—continued.

Wealth, without wisdom, may live more content
 Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth ;
 All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet
 Of any since Solomon that pray'd for wit.

John Taylor, The Hog hath lost his Pearl.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
 To take all that is given, whether wealth,
 Or love, or language ; nothing comes amiss :
 A good digestion turneth all to health. *G. Herbert, the Temple.*
 The wise do always govern their own fates,
 And fortune with officious zeal attends
 To crown their enterprises with success. *Abdicated Prince.*

What is it to be wise ?

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own. *Pope, E. M. iv. 260.*

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
 The only fruit that life's cold winter bears ;
 Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
 By the fierce storm of passion torn away ;
 Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,
 They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil ;
 Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
 No sooner born than the poor planter dies. *Lady M. W. Montagu.*
 Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,—
 What is she, but the means of happiness ?
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool. *Young, N. T. ii. 498.*

The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
 Wealth may seek us but wisdom must be sought ;
 Sought before all (but how unlike all else
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain. *Ib. viii. 620.*

Wisdom, awful wisdom, which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last :
 How rare ! In senates, synods, sought in vain ;
 Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few. *Ib. viii. 1247.*

Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to wisdom. *Ib. ix. 1314.*

Be wise with speed ;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Young, L. of F. ii. 282.*

Wisdom and Goodness are twin born, one heart
 Must hold both sisters, never seen apart. *Cowper, Exp 634.*

WISDOM—continued.

When did wisdom covet length of days?
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
 No:—wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite things, as blessings born to die. *Hannah More.*
 The bearing and the training of a child
 Is woman's wisdom. *Tennyson, Princess.*

WISHES, WISHING.

Take this in good part, whoever thou be,
 And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee. *Tusser, 500 points.*
 Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Sh. H. IV. 2, IV. 4.*
 Fate wings, with every wish, the afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.
Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, 15.
 Wishing, of all employments, is the worst,
 Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay! *Young, N. T. IV. 71.*
 Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines. *Young, N. T. V. 661.*
 But what are wishes? Wishes will not do:
 One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.
Bickerstaff, Thomas and Sally, a burletta.
 In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
 Be there a will,—and wisdom finds a way.
G. Crabbe, The Birth of Flattery.

WIT—see Brevity, Jests, Vacuity.

You can't expect that they should be great wits,
 Who have small purses; they usually
 Sympathize together; wit is expensive,
 It must be dieted with delicacies,
 It must be suckled with the richest wines,
 Or else it will grow flat and dull. *A. Neville.*
 Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
 By and by it will strike. *Sh. Tapp. II. 1.*
 Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
 And fall somewhat into a slower method. *Sh. Ric. III. I. 2.*
 A hit, a very palpable hit. *Sh. Ham. V. 2.*
 Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes an engineer;
 Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
 But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
 Many affecting wit beyond their power,
 Have got to be a dear fool for an hour. *G. Herbert, the Temple.*
 All things are big with jest, nothing that's plain
 But may be witty, if thou hast the vein. *Id. the Temple.*

WIT—*continued.*

Though wit never can be learn'd,
It may be assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By being transplanted and remov'd.

Butler, Hud.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

Butler, Hud. i. 1, 45.

Great wits and valours, like great estates,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights. *Ib. Hud. 2, i. 269.*

Too much or too little wit,
Doth only render the owner fit
For nothing but to be undone,
Much easier than if he'd none.

Butler, Misc. Thoughts.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood.
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known. *Butler, Misc. Tho.*
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, i. 163.

Wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange trees, 'tis housed from snow. *Pope.*
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

Pope, E. C. 80.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit. *Pope, E. C. 289.*

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. *Pope, E. C. 297.*

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
For works may have more wit than does 'em good.
As bodies perish through excess of blood. *Pope, E. C. 302.*
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. *Pope, Dunc. iv. 90.*

WIT—*continued.*

The pride of nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they rush at fame's imperious call,
And less than greatest, would not be at all. *Churchill, Ap.* 29.

Against their wills, what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone:
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.

Young, Ep. to Pope, II. 80.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still. *Young, N. T.* VIII. 1259.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease;
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare—wit abounds.
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash and madness rarely fails. *Ib. N. T.* VIII. 1219.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen:
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen. *Ib. L. of F.* II. 118.

What though wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh;
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart. *Ib. L. of F.* II. 153.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet memory oft no less requires the bit. *Stillingfleet.*

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend. *Stillingfleet.*

He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead;
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home. *Cowper, Conver.* 303.

WIT—continued.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
 A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight ;
 Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
 'Tis always active on the side of truth. *Cowper, Convers.* 599.

Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
 Treat those of common parts with proud disdain ;
 The powers that wisdom would, improving, hide,
 They blaze abroad, with inconsiderate pride ;
 While yet but mere probationers for fame,
 They seize the honour they should then disclaim :
 Honour so hurried to the light must fade,
 The lasting laurels flourish in the shade. *Crabbe, Tales, Patron*, 5.
 True wit is like the brilliant stone,
 Dug from the Indian mine,
 Which boasts two different powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine. *Notes and Queries, Aug. 11th, 1866.*

WITCHES.

What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't. *Sh. Macb. i. 3.*

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
 What is't you do ? *Sh. Macb. iv. 4.*

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Middleton, Witch II. (Quoted in Stage Dir. of Sh. Macb. iv. 1.)

These midnight hags,
 By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
 And conjurations, horrible to hear,
 Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
 And set the ministers of hell at work. *Rowe, Jane Shore.*

I spy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
 Her eyes with scalding rheum, were gall'd and red,
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
 The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold. *Otway, Orph.*

WOES—see Adversity, Grief, Sorrow.

So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. *Sh. Ric. III. iv. 4.*

WOES—*continued.*

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

Young, N. T. III. 63.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,

And truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Byron, Corsair, III. 22.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*see Anger, Coquette, Courtship, Frailty, Love, Maidens, Ruling Passion, Secrecy.*

He water ploughs and soweth in the sand
And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid on a woman's hand. *Sir P. Sydney.*

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tried,
For they are like unto the golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their baits do hide. *Ed. Spenser.*

Extremely mad the man I surely deem,
That weens with watch and hard restraint to stay
A woman's will, which is dispos'd to go astray. *Ed. Spenser.*

A woman's love is river-like, which stopt will overflow ;
And when the current finds no let, it often falls too low.

W. Warner.

There cannot be a greater clog to man,
Than to be weary of a wanton woman. *Sir J. Harrington.*

He bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly. *Sh. Two G. v. 3.*

Women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. *Sh. Tw. N. II. 4.*
Women are frail.

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women ! help heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. *Sh. M. for M. II. 4.*

We cannot fight for love as men may do ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Sh. Mid. N. II. 2.

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
And being watch'd that it may still go right!

Sh. Love's L. L. III. 1.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

All that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call. *Sh. All's W.* II. 1.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts. *Sh. Tam. S.* v. 2.

'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward :
But a harsh hearing, when women are froward. *Sh. Tam. S.* v. 2.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud ;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired ;
'Tis modesty, that makes them seem divine. *Sh. Hen.* VI. 3, I. 4.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Sh. Hen. VI. 3, I. 4.

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.
Sh. Hen. VIII. I. 4.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. *Sh. Troil.* III. 3.

O most delicate friend !
Who is't can read a woman ? *Sh. Cymb.* v. 5.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman. *Sh. Lear,* IV. 2.

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Sh. Oth. II. 1.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught ? *Sh. Pass. Pilg.* 17.

Among the many rare and special gifts,
That in the female sex are found to sit,
This one is chief, that they at merest shifts
Give best advice, and shew most ready wit ;
But man, except he chew and think and sift,
How every part may answer to their fit,
By rash abuse doth often over-shoot him,
And doth accept the things that do not boot him. *J. Weaver.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

Women! Keep me from women!

Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure:

Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation:

But woman! woman! O the devil, woman!

Curtius' Gulph was never half so dangerous!

Beaumont & Fletcher, Custom of the Country.

Woman, they say, was only made of man:

Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!

It may be all the best was cut away,

To make the woman, and the naught was left

Behind with him. *Beaumont & Fletcher, Corcomb.*

Women never

Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever. *Geo. Chapman.*

The fox,

Hyæna, crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
Have been distill'd to make one woman. *Randolph, Jeal. Lov.*

Who trusts himself to woman, or to waves,

Should never hazard what he fears to lose.

Oldmixon, Governor of Cyprus.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!

It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks,

It ravishes all senses. *Massinger, Old Law, iv. 2.*

There's not a grain of faith or honesty

In all your sex: you've tongues like the hyæna,

And only speak us fair, to ruin us;

You carry springs within your eyes, and can

Outweep the crocodile, till our too much pity

Betray us to your merciless devouring. *Shirley, Love's Cruelty.*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill

To turn the current of a woman's will. *Tuke, Five Hours, v. 3.*

Oh fairest of creation! last and best

Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet! *Milton, P. L. ix. 896.*

The souls of women are so small,

That some believe they've none at all;

Or if they have, like cripples, still

They've but one faculty, the will. *Butler, Miscel. Thoughts.*

Who can describe

Women's hypocrisies! their subtle wiles,

Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies!

Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,

The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods. *Otway, Orph.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you :
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love. *Otway, Venice Pres. 1.*

Their sex is one gross cheat ! their only study
 How to deceive, betray, and ruin man !
 They have it by tradition from their mothers,
 Which they improve each day, and grow more exquisite !
 Their painting, patching, all their chamber-arts,
 And public affectations, are but tricks
 To draw fond man into that snare, their love ! *Otway, Atheist.*

As for the women, though we scorn and flout'em,
 We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.
Dryden, The Will, v. 4.

Women, with a mischief to their kind,
 Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
 A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
 And made her man his paradise forego,
 Where at heart's ease he lived ; and might have been
 As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
 For what the devil had their sex to do,
 That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
 And could not see the serpent in the grass ?
 But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Dryden, Cock and the Fox, 555

No woman takes herself to be a monster ;
 Yet she would be so, if her eyes were stars,
 Her lips of roses, and her face of lilies ;
 Why, traps were made for foxes, gins for hares,
 Lime-twigs for birds, and lies and oaths for women.

Sir Francis Fane, The Sacrifice.

Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange ;
 Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
 That masters ev'n the wisest of us all. *Rowe, Jane Shore.*

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
 Burst out in thunder, and impetuous showers :
 But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
 And all the fair horizon is serene. *Rowe, Tamerlane.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

Mankind from Adam have been women's fools,
 Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools :
 Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell ;
 Not left us women, or not threaten'd hell.

Lansdowne, She-Gallants.

So many shapes have women for deceit,
 That man's a fool whenever they think fit. *Ib, Jew of Venice.*
 Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
 Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind. *Lansdowne.*

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. *Gay, B. Opera, II. 1.*

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.
 Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best works, forms but a softer man. *Pope, M. E. II. 269.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
 But every woman is at heart a rake :
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
 But every lady would be queen for life. *Pope, M. E. II. 215.*

Our grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade ;
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best, reserv'd of God. *Pope, Jan. & May.*
 Shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found. *Pope, Jan. & May, 637.*

Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race. *Ib. Wife of Bath, 160.*
 A woman will, or won't, depend on't ;
 If she will she will, and there's an end on't.

Aaron Hill. Epilogue to Zara.

Women were made to give our eyes delight ;
 A female sloven is an odious sight. *Young, Love of Fame, v.*
 If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
 But turn her o'er one moment to her will. *Ib. v. 425.*

A shameless woman is the worst of men. *Ib. v. 472.*

One only care your gentle breasts should move,—
 Th' important business of your life is love. *Lord Lyttelton.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight. *Lord Lyttelton.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

Why, what a wilful, wayward thing is woman !
 Even in their best pursuits so loose of soul,
 That every breath of passion shakes their frame,
 And every fancy turns them. *Francis, Eugenia.*

Charming woman can true converts make,
 We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;
 Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,
 We hear with pleasure, and with pride obey. *Benj. Franklin.*

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
 "I do not care for you three skips of a louse."
 I forgive it ; for women, however well bred,
 Will still talk of that which runs most in their head. *C.J. Fox.*

And nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses O. *Burns, Green grow the Rushes.*

One moral's plain—without more fuss ;
 Man's social happiness all rests on us :
 Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—
 Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
Sheridan, Fp. to the Rivals.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
 Or any interesting beast of prey,
 Are similes at hand for the distress
 Of ladies who cannot have their own way. *Byron, D. J. v. 132.*

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
 Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
 Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth,
 Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
 Than are your mighty passions. *Byron, D. J. vi. 53.*

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
 And pity lovers rather more than seamen. *Ib. vi. 53.*

What a strange thing is man ! and what a stranger
 Is woman ! What a whirlwind is her head,
 And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
 Is all the rest about her ! Whether wed,
 Or widow, maid or mother, she can change her
 Mind like the wind ; whatever she has said
 Or done, is light to what she'll say or do ;—
 The oldest thing on record, and yet new ! *Byron, D. J. ix. 64.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

Some waltz ; some draw ; some fathom the abyss
 Of metaphysics ; others are content
 With music ; the most moderate shine as wits,
 While others have a genius turn'd for fits. *Byron, D.J. xii. 52.*

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
 A woman ; so she's good, what does it signify ? *Ib. xiv. 57.*

The very first

Of human life must spring from woman's breast :
 Your first small words are taught you from her lips ;
 Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
 Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
 When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
 Of watching the last hour of him who led them. *Ib. Sard. i. 2.*

Oh, woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !

Scott, Marmion.

Ladies, like towns besieg'd, for honour's sake,
 Will some defence, or its appearance, make. *Geo. Crabbe.*

The fair not always view with favouring eyes
 The very virtuous or extremely wise,
 But, odd it seems, will sometimes rather take
 Want with the spendthrift, riot with the rake. *Hon. G. Lamb.*

Nought can to peace the busy female charm,
 And if she can't do good, she must do harm. *Hon. G. Lamb.*

Now, had not woman work'd our fall,
 How many, who have trades, and avocations,
 Would shut up shop, in these our polish'd nations,
 And have no business to transact at all !

In such an instance, what, pray, would become
 Of all our reverend clergy ?

They would be thought uncommonly hum-drum.
 And banish'd, in a trice,

Who, zealously, for pay, should urge ye
 Not to be vicious, if there were no vice ?

Again,—if we should never die, nor dress,
 But walk, immortally in nakedness,

'Twould be a very losing game for those
 Who furnish us with funerals and clothes.

To sum the matter up, then, briefly,
 Losers through innocency would be, chiefly,—

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

The lord chief justice, undertakers,
 Hatters, shoe, boot, and breeches makers ;
 Jack Ketches, parsons, tailors, proctors,
 Mercers and milliners—perhaps, quack doctors ;
 Hosiers, and resurrection-men,
 Sextons, the Bow Street officers, and, then
 Those infinitely grander drudges,
 The big-wigg'd circuitering judges.

Colman, Vagaries, Two Parsons.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
 The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
 And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
 The weathercock upon the steeple point
 Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,
 Secure the sunshine will not end in showers ;
 But when was woman true ? *Southey, Madoc, II. 23.*

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up. *Ib. II. 186.*

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
 Without the home that plighted love endears,
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh ! what were man !—a world without a sun. *Campbell, P. H.*

Oh woman ! who from realms above
 Hast brought to earth the heaven of love,
 Terrestrial angel, beautiful as pure !
 No pains, no penalties dispense
 On thy traducers—their offence
 Is its own punishment, most sharp and sure.

Horace Smith, Lachrymose Writers.

Oh woman ! whose form and whose soul
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;
 Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
 If woman be there, there is happiness too.

T. Moore, On Leaving Philadelphia.

My only books were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me. *Moore, The Time I've Lost.*
 Away, away—you're all the same,
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
 Oh, by my soul I burn with shame,
 To think I've been your slave so long ! *T. Moore.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
 Short as it is violent. *Joanna Baillie, Basil.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

Join to a slender shape a syren's head,
 Two eyes of basilisks, a serpent's tongue,
 The heart and whining of a crocodile,
 The dazzling of the sun, the moon's inconstancy ;
 To this odd compound give but hands and feet,
 And cover all with a soft skin, and fair complexion,
 You'll make a perfect woman. *H. Smith, Princess of Parme.*

Fairest and loveliest of created things,
 By our great author in the image form'd
 Of his celestial glory, and design'd
 To be man's solace. *Hon. William Herbert.*

The man, who sets his heart upon a woman,
 Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air :
 From air he takes his colours, holds his life—
 Changes with every wind—grows lean or fat—
 Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
 Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
 Varies from north to south—from heat to cold.
 Oh, woman ! woman ! thou should'st have few sins
 Of thine own to answer for ! Thou art the author
 Of such a book of follies in a man,
 That it would need the tears of all the angels
 To blot the record out ! *Bulwer Lytton, Lady of Lyons, v. 1.*

Not for herself was woman first create,
 Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
 To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate ;
 But for one woman who affronts her kind
 By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
 A thousand make amends in age and youth,
 By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
 By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
 By love, supremest in adversity. *C. Mackay, Praise of Women.*

Whene'er a woman vows to love you
 In fortune's spite ;
 Makes protestations that would prove you
 Her soul's delight.
 Swears that no other love shall win her
 By passion stirr'd ;
 Believe her not ;—the charming sinner
 Will break her word. *Chas. Mackay, Safe Predictions.*

Woman is the lesser man. *Tennyson.*

WOMAN, WOMEN—*continued.*

O woman! woman! thou primitive seducer,
 That with the serpent clubb'd for our damnation!
 Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his guile;
 But thou, the greater fiend, not being suspected,
 Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew!

Mountford, Successful Strangers.

Men have many faults; poor women have but two:
 There's nothing good they say, and nothing right they do.
 Where is the man who has the power and skill *Anonymous.*
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
 And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

On a Pillar at Canterbury (See Notes & Queries, III. 285).

The man's a fool who tries by force or skill
 To stem the current of a woman's will;
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
 And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

WOODMAN.

See N. & Q. I. 247.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
 The cheerful haunts of man to wield the axe
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear;
 From morn to eve his solitary task;
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrew'd, with pointed ears,
 And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
 His dog attends him. *Cowper, Task, v. 41.*

WOING—*see Courtship.*

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
 If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cur'd when love itself forgets to please.
 Woo the fair one when around *Byron, Ch. H. II. 35.*
 Early birds are singing;
 When o'er all the fragrant ground
 Early flowers are springing;
 When the brookside, bank, and grove
 All with blossoms laden,
 Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
 Woo the timid maiden.

W. C. Bryant (Am.).

WORDS—*see* Calumny, Eloquence, Heedlessness, Letter, Slander.

Few words well couch'd do most content the wise. *R. Greene.*

One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking. *Sh. M. Ado.* III. 1.

Words

Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries,

Let them have scope : though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. *Sh. R.* III. IV. 4.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. *Sh. Ham.* III. 3.

Words are words ; I never yet did hear,

That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear. *Sh. Oth.* I. 3.

Men do foulest when they finest speak. *Sam. Daniel.*

Words are the soul's ambassadors, that go

Abroad upon her errands, to and fro ;

They are the sole expounders of the mind,

And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind. *James Howell.*

Words beget anger : anger brings forth blows ;

Blows makes of dearest friends immortal foes.

Herrick, Hesp. 485.

Apt words have power to 'suage

The tumours of a troubled mind,

And are as balm to fester'd wounds. *Milton, Sam. Ag.* 186.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,

To draw the lines and features of the mind ;

The characters and artificial draughts,

T' express the inward images of thoughts ;

And artists say a picture may be good,

Although the moral be not understood ;

Whence some infer they may admire a style,

Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile ;

Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind

With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd. *Butler, Sat.* 1.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend ;

But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Roscommon, Art of Poetry.

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave

To coin new words well suited to the age.

Words are like leaves, some wither every year,

And every year a younger race succeeds. *Ib. Art of Poetry.*

WORDS—continued.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

Waller, to Mr. Creech.

Where do the words of Greece and Rome excel,

That England may not please the ear as well?

What mighty magic's in the place or air,

That all perfection needs must centre there?

Churchill, Rosciad, 201.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink,

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Thy words had such a melting flow,

Byron, D. J.

And spoke of truth so sweetly well,

They dropp'd, like heaven's serenest snow,

And all was brightness where they fell!

Thos. Moore.

WORDSWORTH.

Pedlars, and boats, and waggons! Oh ye shades

Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?

That trash of each sort not alone evades

Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss

Floats scum-like uppermost, and these Jack Cades,

Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—

The 'Little Boatman,' and his 'Peter Bell,'

Can sneer at him who drew 'Achitophel.' *Byron, D. J. III. 116.*

WORKS.

If faith produce no works, I see

That faith is not a living tree.

Thus faith and works together grow,

No separate life they e'er can know:

They're soul and body, hand and heart;—

What God hath join'd, let no man part.

Hannah More.

WORLD—see Age, Time.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

Sh. Mer. W. II. 2.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

Sh. M. of Ven. I. 1.

You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it, that do buy it with much care. *Sh. As Y. L. I. 1.*

O, how full of briars is this working-day world! *Id. I. 3.*

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely,

Envenoms him that bears it!

Sh. As Y. L. II. 3.

WORLD—continued.

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play it. *Sh. As Y. L. II. 7.*

This earthly world ; where to do harm
 Is often laudable ; to do good, sometimes
 Accounted dangerous folly. *Sh. Macb. IV. 2.*

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! oh, fie ! it is an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. *Sh. Ham. I. 2.*

The world contains
 Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,
 Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor ;
 The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
 By which remote and distant countries meet. *Donne.*

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
 That had read Alexander Ross over,
 And swore the world, as he could prove,
 Was made of fighting and of love. *Butler, Hud. I. 2, 1.*

The world's a wood, in which all lose their way,
 Though by a different path each goes astray. *Buckingham.*
 Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
 E'en kings but play ; and when their part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mounts the throne.

Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, III. 897.
 Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook,
 Fraud, avarice, and force their places took. *Dryden.*

What is this world ?—A term which men have got,
 To signify not one in ten knows what ;
 A term, which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of men than herds of asses ;
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions joined. *Churchill, Ni. 353.*
 What is this world ? Thy school, O misery !
 Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
 And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.

Young, Revenge, 2. 1.
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ? *Young, N. T. VIII. 1272.*

WORLD—*continued.*

The world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set:
Where all fare as well as they're able,
And scramble for what they can get.

Bickerstaff.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

Byron, Epigram.

How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
A breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.

Byron, Manfred, I. 2.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay the taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

Byron, D. J. II. 4.

This same world of ours;
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in every tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
The weaker needs must break.

S. T. Coleridge.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

T. Moore, The World is all a Fleeting Show

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

Old Song.

WORLD—*continued.*

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!

Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Longfellow, Translations.

The world is just as hollow as an egg-shell,
It is a surface not a solid, round;
And all this boasted knowledge of the world
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.

Bailey, Festus.

WORMS.

A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a king.

Sh. Ham. iv. 3.

WORSHIP—*see* Devotion, Prayer.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day. *T. Randolph.*

WORTH, WORTHINESS—*see* Courage, Misery, Poverty.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella. *Pope, E. M. iv. 203.*

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine;
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true:
But all that is gold—ought to shine.

S. Bishop.

WRATH—*see* Anger, Passion, Rage.

Come not within the measure of my wrath. *Sh. Two G. v. 4.*

WRETCH.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.

Sh. Com. of Er. v. 1.

WRINKLES—*see* Age.

Fled are the charms that grac'd that ivory brow,
Where smil'd a dimple, gapes a wrinkle now.

Robert Treat Paine (Am.).

WRITERS, WRITING—*see* Authorship, Criticism, Poetry.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well,
And when philosophy directs your choice,
To proper subjects richly understood,
Words from the pen will naturally flow.

Roscommon, from Horace.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.

Pope, E. C. 1.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs'd hard reading. *Sheridan, Clio's Prot.*

YEARS—see Time.

Jumping o'er time,
Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an hour-glass. *Sh. Hen. v. i. 1, Chorus.*

Years following years, steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Pope, Imit. of Hor. 2. ii. 72.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Byron, Ch. H. III. 8.

YEOMEN.

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. *Sh. Hen. v. III. 1.*

YES AND NO.

Yes, I answered you last night ;
No, this morning, sir, I say :
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Lady's Yes.

YEW-TREE.

Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine. *Blair, Grave, 22.*

YOUTH — see Age, Boyhood, Childhood, Disparity, Education, Flogging, Home.

For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveness. *Sh. Ham. iv. 7.*
That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry. *Herrick, Amatory Odes, 93.*

YOUTH—*continued.*

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair. *Waller, Go, lovely Rosa.*

Intemperate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound. *Sir Jno. Denham.*

Something of youth I in old age approve ;
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind. *Sir Jno. Denham.*

Grief seldom join'd with youthful bloom is seen ;
Can sorrow be where knowledge scarce has been ?
Howard, Indian Queen.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. *Pope, E. C. 438.*
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Gray, Bard, II. 2.

The charms of youth at once are seen and past ;
And Nature says, " They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid ;
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade. *Sir W. Jones.*

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.

Oh ! the joy *Cowper, Tirocinium, 296.*

Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely. *Hannah More, David and Goliath.*

I can remember, with unsteady feet,
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please ; which when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish,
I were the little trifier once again
Who could be pleas'd so lightly. *Southey, Thalaba.*
What is youth?—a dancing billow,
Winds behind, and rocks before ! *Wordsworth.*

YOUTH—*continued.*

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
 Would cloud the sunshine of his little day !
 Now is the May of life. Careering round,
 Joy wings his feet, joys lift him from the ground !
Rogers, Human Life.

Let them exult ! their laugh and song
 Are rarely known to last too long ;
 Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
 To knock their fairy castles down. *Eliza Cook.*

Live that thy young and glowing breast
 Can think of death without a sigh,
 And be assured that life is best
 Which finds us least afraid to die. *Eliza Cook.*

There is nothing can equal the tender hours
 When life is first in bloom,
 When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
 Finds everywhere perfume ;
 When the present is all and it questions not
 If those flowers shall pass away,
 But pleas'd with its own delightful lot,
 Dreams never of decay. *MS.*

ZEAL, ZEALOTS—*see* Bigotry, Faith, Saints.

Zeal and duty are not slow ;
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait. *Milton, P. R.* III. 172.
 His zeal

None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
 Or singular and rash. *Milton, P. L.* v. 849.

No seared conscience is so fell
 As that, which has been burn'd with zeal ;
 For Christian charity's as well
 A great impediment to zeal,
 As zeal's a pestilent disease
 To Christian charity and peace. *Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

Easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel, i. 180.

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